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JULIUS,

AND OTHER

Tales from the German.

BY

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THE second of these Tales is the only one of the collection that now appears for the first time in an English dress. The rest have been thought worthy of being brought before the public in a shape more permanent than the annual in which they originally appeared. They are the works of writers, within a few years deceased, of high and deserved popularity abroad. With the "novelettes" of Heinrich Zschokke our young students of German are, doubtless, more or less familiar, and no word is needed to recommend them. Topffer, is widely known as the author of a very pleasing French volume, admirably illustrated by his own pencil, entitled "*Voyages en Zigzag*," and relating the adventures of himself and his pupils on their summer excursions



among the Alps. He is understood to have been a man of most amiable character, of eminent skill and promise as an artist until his eyesight began to suffer, and of excellent judgment and success as a teacher of youth. He established an academy in Geneva, to which lads from France, England, and America resorted. To his fine qualities, the stories of his contained in this little volume, written originally, we believe, in both French and German, and edited in the latter language by Zschokke, bear abundant testimony.

DECEMBER, 1855.

# TALES FROM THE GERMAN.

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## JULIUS, OR THE TWO PRISONERS.

R. TOEPFFER.

### PART I.

[THE author of the following story was a Professor of Rhetoric and Polite Literature at Geneva. His "Geneva Novels," (1839,) from which we make this selection, we have met with only in a German translation edited by H. Zschokke, who, in the preface, bestows hearty commendation on the work, remarking that "recent French Literature has nothing of a similar kind to show. It may indeed be doubted," he adds, "whether the simple pictures, the faithfully conceived representations of human nature, the purity and the repose which mark the narratives of our author would satisfy the vitiated French taste, which finds almost its only excitement in the ingenious caricatures and fantastic distortions of Victor Hugo, Dumas, Balzac, &c."—TRANS.]

I DWELT when a boy in a very quiet quarter of Geneva, behind St. Peter's Church, not far from the Bishop's Prison. Through the boughs of an acacia-tree I saw the Gothic pinnacles of the temple, the lower part of its huge tower, and opposite, an air-hole of the prison, and beyond, through a vista beyond the houses, the lake and its shores. What a school-room! how rich in good lessons, had I used it better! How had fortune blessed me beyond other boys! And yet,—although I gathered not therefrom the true treasure, I am not a little proud that I stepped forth

from a school so much nobler than the threshold of a shop, so much more comfortable than a dead attic. I should certainly have become a poet, if the stuff in my little brain had only been of the right sort.

---

But why all this? I wished particularly to tell of the residence in which I spent my boyhood, not much in the company of my teacher, and all the more in my own, and still oftener in the company of Eucharis and Galathea, and especially Estelle. There is an age, indeed the only age and the most transitory, when Florian's pastorals have an uncommon charm. I was at that age. Nothing seemed to me more lovely than those elegant shepherdesses; nothing more delicious than their speeches full of rose-dust; nothing more rural than their garlands, their wreathed crooks, and the pipes of the shepherds. I found scarcely half as much grace, spirit, and feeling among the pretty daughters of the city, as among those shepherdesses. To them I belonged heart and soul, and to them my childish fancy vowed eternal allegiance. It was love in the bud, the first spark of the fire which was afterward to flame out and consume!

---

Much to my sorrow, however, I did not by any means venture to yield myself to the bent of my inclinations, in consequence of a very serious conversation which I had had with my teacher. The occasion was the conduct of Prince Telemachus on Calypso's magic island, when, from pure virtue, he forsook the beautiful Eucharis.

*"And he pushed Telemachus into the sea." . . .*

Which I had to translate into bad Latin, thus: Et Telemachum in mare de rupe precipitavit.

Here it occurred to Mr. Ratin, my teacher, to ask me what I thought of this proceeding of Mentor's. The question caused me some embarrassment. This much I knew, that it would never do to find fault with a Mentor before a teacher. I thought, however, that Mentor had behaved very brutally on this occasion, and I said, "It seems to me that Telemachus might think himself happy to have got off with a couple of mouthfuls of sea-water."

"You don't understand my question," replied Mr. Ratin: "Telemachus loved the nymph Eucharis. Now love is the most dangerous, the most despicable of the passions, and the most hostile to virtue. A young man gives himself up to effeminacy as soon as he is in love, and is good for nothing but, like Hercules at the feet of Omphale, to sigh before a woman. The conduct of the wise Mentor was therefore excellent, admirably fitted to preserve Telemachus from the brink of destruction. Look you, this is the way you should have answered me."

Thus I found that my own case was extremely serious, and that I had already strayed a good way from the path of virtue; for, according to my own belief, I evidently loved Florian's beautiful shepherdess Estelle, as much as Telemachus loved Eucharis. To be wise and not to tumble into the abyss of destruction, I waged a war of extermination upon my innocent love, and strove with all my might to penetrate the sense of Mr. Ratin's ominous words.

---

The prison, of which I have already spoken, had only one narrow window opposite to me. Prisons are seldom rich in windows.

The one opposite was in a gloomy, rough wall. Iron bars prevented the prisoners putting out their heads, and

a sort of shed beneath made it impossible for them to see any thing in the street. The sight of this air-hole, that scarcely gave admission to the light, always awakened in me great horror of the prisoners. It seemed dreadful to me that in a community of virtuous people any one could permit himself to be a robber or a murderer. Justice, which protects society against monsters of that sort, I considered as a grave matron, who could not be terrible enough in her holy severity. In later days I changed my views somewhat. Justice came to appear less sacred; the community of virtuous people sunk considerably in my estimation; and in those monsters I frequently recognised only the victims of temptation, of unjust legislation, and of justice itself. Thus my horror came to be moderated by sympathy. This, however, by the way.

One day a fellow was carried to prison against whom I was violently stirred. He was an accomplice in a dreadful murder. Two of them had killed an unarmed old man for the sake of his money, and afterward a child, by whom they had been seen in the act. One of the criminals was sentenced to death, the other to imprisonment for life, either because mitigating circumstances appeared in his favour, or his defence had been more skilfully conducted. At the moment he was led under my windows to prison, he looked up with curiosity at the neighbouring houses, and his eyes met mine. The wretch smiled as if he knew me.

Hateful smile! The whole day I could not forget it. It made a terrible impression upon me. I resolved to tell Mr. Ratin of it, who only took occasion to lecture me on the waste of precious time incurred by gazing out of the windows.

---

A strange fellow, my Mr. Ratin, as I still remember him. Honest and pedantically stiff, worthy and ridiculous, respectable and at the same time so queer! Notwithstanding, such is the force of first impressions and of the feeling of the proper, Mr. Ratin had a much greater influence over me than any other teacher would have had, in whom, had he been ten times more skilful, I might have remarked contradictions between his lessons and his practice.

He was uncommonly modest and bashful. We skipped whole pages of *Telemachus*, which seemed to him contrary to good morals. He took the greatest care to prevent me from feeling any tenderness for the enamoured Calypso, and thought that I should meet in the world a multitude of dangerous women who resembled her. This Calypso was his abomination; this Calypso, although a goddess, was a genuine monster, a she-wolf. The Latin classics we read only in the well-expurgated editions of Jesuit Jouvency, and still we skipped many passages which had not proved objectionable to the prudish Jesuit. Hence I had horrible ideas of many things, and was terribly afraid of letting Mr. Ratin perceive in me the most innocent thought which looked towards Calypso, the monster.

Much might be said on this matter. A mode of education like this awakened more than it suppressed, concentrated more than it prevented, implanted more prejudices than principles, and endangered especially that purity of mind—that tender flower—which a trifle may destroy.

For the rest, Mr. Ratin, filled full of Latinity and old Rome, was withal a worthy man, whose bark was worse than his bite. At sight of an ink-blot, he quoted Seneca

to me; at any boyish jest of mine, he pointed me to Cato of Utica as an example. Only one thing could he not pardon, a silly giggle of mine. The worthy man saw in this laugh the strangest things, the spirit of modern times, premature dissoluteness, the symptom of a deplorable future. On this point he got excited, and never knew where to end when he once began to talk. I attribute it to a wart which he solemnly carried about on his nose.

This wart, of the size of a pea, was covered on the top with a growth of little fine hairs, which obviously possessed hygrometrical properties. For I had remarked that, according to the state of the weather, they became stiff or curly. This little growth was often the object of my silent observations, but quite involuntarily and without any thought of the ridiculous; but then I used to get an exhortation in good set terms upon my want of attention. Many a time an importunate fly would insist upon alighting on the wart in defiance of the resistance of my teacher. He would make me then hurry on with my translation, in order to fasten my attention on my book, so that I should not notice the comical conflict. But that I always considered as a hint that something was going on, and irresistible curiosity impelled me to cast stolen glances up toward Mr. Ratin's nose. According to the position of things, I was seized with the impious inclination to giggle. If the fly showed the least disposition to insist upon its own will, all self-restraint was out of the question, and I broke out into downright laughter. And then Mr. Ratin would thunder forth terribly, as if he could not see the slightest cause for such a scandal, and portray to me the dreadful consequences of my folly.

It must be confessed, that for the laugher himself there

is something supremely agreeable in this wicked, immoderate, unbounded laughter; especially when it is forbidden fruit, is it delicious. Years have cured me of it, and not the sermons of Mr. Ratin. For the pure enjoyment of this delightful sin one must be a school-boy, and if possible, have a professor who has a wart upon his nose, with a funny little bush of hair upon it. At the school-boy age one is wholly without mercy.

I suppose that almost all people who are very sensitive and irritable have some physical or moral defect, a visible or invisible wart, which they always suspect other people are looking at or thinking of. In the presence of all such, one must suppress all laughter; for they believe that you are laughing at their warts.

It was the season for May-beetles. I am not so much interested in beetles as formerly. How one changes! When I was labouring in my little room at my task under deadly ennui, I was by no means sorry to see one or two of these little creatures near me. I did not indeed care about tying a thread to them and setting them flying, or harnessing them to a little paper cart. I was above such childish tricks. But do you think that this was all that was to be done with beetles? Far from it! Between such boyish playthings, and the grave studies of the natural historian, there are innumerable gradations.

I kept a beetle by me under a tumbler. The little animal kept clambering up the smooth glass only to fall down and then begin anew. Sometimes it fell upon its back; and that, as everybody knows, is a real misfortune to a beetle. Before I undertook to render him any assistance in such cases, I loved to observe with what un-



wearied patience he stretched out his six arms on all sides in the hope of grappling with some object that would help him to right himself. A beetle, thought I, is a stupid animal!

Sometimes I extended the end of my pen to him and so helped him out of the difficulty; and this led me to a most important and fortunate discovery, so that I could say with my "Children's Friend," that a good action never goes unrewarded! My beetle climbed upon the feather of my pen; there I allowed him to collect himself while I wrote a line, although I was more attentive to his proceedings than to Julius Cæsar, whom I was just translating. The question arose, Would he fly away or crawl about? In the first case it would have been all over with my discovery. Fortunately he decided to crawl down the pen; as he approached the ink, I already had a dim presentiment that something extraordinary would follow. So Columbus had a presentiment of the nearness of America before he saw the coast. My beetle actually moved down to the pen's point and dipped his little forefeet into the ink. Instantly I put a piece of white paper close to him—it was a moment of high expectation—the beetle gets upon the paper, and with the ink writes strange characters thereon. Several times, whether it were his mere humour, or because the vitriol rendered his walking tools uncomfortable, he lifted his feet very high, set them down again, and crawled on. Thus was formed a punctuated character of uncommon delicacy. Now and then he changed his mind and turned round, again changed his direction, and to my great astonishment I distinguished on the paper the letter S. There broke on me a new light. One might teach a beetle to write!

I set the little animal immediately on the first page of my translation with well-inked forefeet, armed myself with a straw to guide the little artist in his work, and forced him to write my name. It took only a couple of hours, but then, what a masterpiece!

"The noblest conquest man has ever made is,"—says Buffon, (and I finished the sentence,) "the May-Beetle."

To accomplish the work better, I got nearer to the open window. We were just completing the last letter when I heard a voice call, "Dear little friend!" I turned round; I saw no one. I looked out into the street; no one was there.—"Here, here!" said the same voice, softly. "Where?" answered I.—"In the prison!"

Now I perceived that the words came from the iron-barred window, and from the same wretch whose smiling at me had so filled me with horror. I started back.

"Fear not!" said the voice; "it is an honest man who speaks to you."

"Wretch!" cried I, "if you don't stop speaking to me, I'll tell the keeper!"

Then came a pause. At last he began again—"As I recently passed through the street below I saw you, and thought you had a heart to feel for a man who has become the victim of human injustice."

"Silence!" cried I, "you horrible wretch! You have murdered an old man and an innocent child!"

"I see plainly that you are deceived, young gentleman, like the rest!" sounded the voice back: "still so young and yet believe already in evil!"

Here he suddenly became silent, because he heard a footstep in the street below.

As soon as the man had passed, the other resumed,

"There is the prison chaplain, quite a different person! He knows, thank God, that my heart is pure, and my soul without guilt." He was silenced again. This time it was a guard who passed by. I bethought myself whether I should not mention to this man the prisoner's talking. But my credulous good nature was now sufficiently awakened to suppress the intention. Besides, it seemed to me it would have been somewhat treacherous, as the prisoner had put faith merely in the honesty of my looks. I could not possibly give the lie to his confidence. But the fellow was now silent, and I turned again to my beetle on the table.

---

Oh mercy, what mischief! I certainly grew deadly pale. The evil was great, irreparable. I immediately seized the author of the mischief and hurled him out of the window, and then surveyed with horror the desperate condition of things.

Julius Caesar's Gallic War lay open at the fourth chapter, from the beginning of which, to the left margin of the page, the beetle had printed his footpath, and there, as the animal found a precipice, he had turned northward and marched to the inkstand, and there tumbled into that Gehenna, that abyss of destruction, the ink.

The simple beast had then evidently begun to perceive that he was in an error; accordingly he scrambled out, and, attired from head to foot in a black mourning garment, had taken up his march again over the Gallic War. But, what horrible black painting! There were monster black splashes, real elephant tracks, lakes and rivers, a complete chain of comets, daubed on without genius or delicacy. And the beautiful book! It was an Elzevir edition of

Mr. Ratin's! an Elzevir in quarto! a costly, rare Elzevir, not to be replaced, intrusted to me under a heavy responsibility, with repeated cautions to take care of it. And now,—I was lost!—I endeavoured to repair the mischief with blotting-paper, but it only made matters worse.

The sight created in me more agony than remorse. It troubled me, particularly, that I had to confess the existence of the beetle. With what eyes would the good Mr. Ratin regard this new method of spending, or rather killing time, at the age of discretion too, at which, as he said, I had now arrived!

Without any doubt, it was Satan himself who now presented himself to me, offering ways and means to get out of the scrape; for, in the hour of trial, Satan is always at hand! He immediately suggested a pretty little lie to help me; namely, that it was the neighbour's wicked cat, that had got into the room in my absence, and overturned the ink upon the Gallic War. As I was forbidden to go out in school-hours, I should necessarily have to add that I had gone out to buy some pens. But as I had pens in a little closet, I should also have to say that I had lost the key in going to bathe. Bathing was indeed forbidden, and I really had not gone to the bath; thus, a new lie. However, the penitent confession of having transgressed in this last particular, would get me credit for the rest of my story, and, inasmuch as I had frankly confessed one fault, I—

So far I had got in my plans, when I heard the steps of my teacher on the stairs.

In my agony I shut the book, and then opened it, and shut it again, and again opened it, and at last left it lying

open, that the awful blot might speak for itself, and spare me the mortification of a self-accusation.

Mr. Ratin, who proposed to give me an hour, entered. He laid down his hat without observing the book, drew up a chair, seated himself, and took out his pocket-handkerchief for its ordinary purpose. To obtain some composure, I drew out my handkerchief also, and for the same ordinary purpose. Mr. Ratin looked at me rather suspiciously, for the point of interest was the nose.

I did not at first perceive that Mr. Ratin regarded my simultaneous exercise of the pocket-handkerchief as a suspicious movement. I thought he had caught sight of the beetle-painting, and I timidly cast down my eyes. His fixed and inquiring look discomposed me more than if he had put a direct question to me; for a question, I had an answer all ready. With solemn tone at last he begun: "Julius, I read in your face that ——"

"No!" stammered I.

"I read, I say, that ——"

"No, it was the cat that——" I exclaimed.

Here he changed colour. He appeared to be struck with amazement. Such repeated interruptions, such contradictions exceeded all bounds of respect. All at once, the Julius Cæsar with the monstrous blot caught his eye. That overthrew his self-possession entirely.

Now was the moment, and I must conjure down the storm. "Ah, Mr. Ratin! while I was away—the cat—to buy some pens—and the cat—I had lost the key—and the cat——." The more I stammered, the more fearfully Mr. Ratin looked at me. I lost all thought, and concluded that it was best to make full confession at once:

"No, I am telling a lie, Mr. Ratin—I—I did the mischief."

A long silence ensued.

"Julius," said he at last, in his most solemn tone, "it is no wonder if my indignation almost deprives me of words and voice. Yes, language is wanting to designate such a ——"

Here came a fly, and he slapped it away. But, as if possessed, it kept buzzing at his face. The confounded laugh seized me, but I suppressed it as well as I could. Then arose another pause. Once more Mr. Ratin began: "Julius, you must remain two days in this room; not a step out! You must consider your conduct. I will, in the mean time, decide what is to be done under such extraordinary circumstances." This said, Mr. Ratin retired without another word, locking the door after him, and taking away the key.

---

It comforted me that I had confessed the truth and told no falsehood. The departure of my teacher spared me the deepest mortification, so that the first moments of my imprisonment seemed like freedom. And without the express command to reflect for two whole days upon my fault, I should have been quite at my ease, as one is apt to be after a great crisis.

So I set to work to think, according to Mr. Ratin's command. But nothing special suggested itself. The fellow over in the prison opposite, and the plaguey beetle—the blame was all theirs. I saw nothing in my share of the affair particularly bad but the lie, and for that I had atoned by my confession. However, in accordance with all good lessons, I sought seriously to repent of my con-

duct; but my repentance did not get on very well. That distressed me not a little, for it seemed to prove that I was really as thoroughly hardened as Mr. Ratin said, and so, with real contrition, I resolved to leave off in future that thoughtless trick of laughing.

When I had got thus far in the work of self-improvement, I heard a cry of sugar-cakes in the street. The cake-seller usually passed about this time. A desire for some of the cakes naturally awoke within me; but I considered that it behoved me to resist this fleshly temptation, since I was bidden to employ myself with my spiritual state. I let the man cry, and remained perfectly still.

But, whoever knows these cake-fellows, knows very well how obstinately they persist in crying their goods. Although the rogue could not see me, yet he did not allow himself to be led astray, but steadily shouted out his wares under my window, in perfect reliance on my sweet tooth, adding at last, to the word "sugar-cakes," the further designation of "quite fresh!" I could not deny that this addition caused some disturbance of my principles; I became conscious of it at the right moment, and instantly recovered myself. To save the cake-man from indulging in vain hopes which might cost him precious time, I stepped to the window and said, "I will not have any to-day; off with you!" But he below had, as I have already intimated, more faith in me than I had myself, and called up, "Make haste, pray! I cannot wait." "Off! I have no money!"—was my answer.

"I'll trust you!"

"I have no appetite."

"I don't believe it."

"And I am very busy."

"Be quick, then!"

"Besides—I am locked in."

"You would keep me here forever!" cried he with vexation, raising his basket, as if about to proceed on his way. This movement had a decisive effect with me. "Wait!" cried I.

In a few minutes, a couple of cakes were drawn up in my cap, which I let down from the window by a string—two cakes *quite fresh!*

The silly beetle! thought I, as I munched my cakes; he has four wings to fly away with, and yet he must tumble into the inkstand. If it had not been for his inconceivable stupidity, I should have quietly got my lesson, Mr. Ratin would have been satisfied, and I too; no lie, no locking in! The stupid beetle!

Thus, I unexpectedly found a scapegoat. I could now lay all my misdeeds upon him. My conscience became perfectly easy. I suppose my peace of mind was confirmed by the fact that Mr. Ratin had departed without setting me any lesson. Verily, two days, and no lessons! Of all the punishments in the world, I myself could not have chosen a prettier.

---

With my conscience at rest, and two whole holidays before me, I resolved to make myself comfortable. The first thing was to put aside the damaged Elzevir, then the dictionary, and all my books and writing materials. This done, I had a feeling as pleasant and novel as if I had just been relieved of heavy chains. In this way I learned, for the first time, in imprisonment, the charm of freedom.

Delight of liberty! To sleep, if one is so inclined, or do nothing, or dream! and this at an age when one is will-



ing to be by himself, when amusement and pleasure are so cheap, when walls, skies, tables, chairs, every thing talks to us, when an acacia-tree, with waving branches is a world, when a beetle is good company! Youth is the season of poetry.

When my books were all cleared away, the question arose: What next? I was just pondering this matter, when a noise in the next room attracted my attention. I was instantly at the keyhole. And there I caught sight of our neighbour's cat fighting with a rat; I immediately took sides with the cat, for we were old friends, and my aid would come in very good time, as she had already received a wound on the nose, and evidently assailed her spiteful opponent with increasing caution. But after I had been a witness of the combat a few moments, the courage and skill of the weaker party moved my sympathy, and I determined to observe the strictest neutrality.

But it was no trifle for me to remain neutral, especially when I remarked, that the rat and I were, in Elzevir matters, birds of a feather. The rat had ensconced himself against the cat in a folio that lay on the floor, and, indeed, in a hole in the folio which he had himself gnawed out. I determined now to save the besieged, and so, to frighten the cat, struck my foot against the door, but with such force that although it was fastened, it flew open.

I entered. The folio lay there, but friend and foe had vanished. The place appeared to be an old library; against the walls, on shelves, stood musty old volumes, in rows; in the room stood an invalid electrical machine, some cabinets of minerals, and an old arm-chair near the window. On account of the books, the room had been kept

locked, so that I had never entered it before. Whenever Mr. Ratin spoke of it, it was always with a mysterious air, as of a suspicious place. Accident came now strangely to the help of my curiosity.

First, I resolved to try physics, but the machine would not go; then mineralogy; and at last I turned to the mutilated folio. The rat had mined in it pretty thoroughly. On the title-page I read the letters of a half-eaten word: Dictio . . . . A dictionary, thought I; this is not a dangerous book. But what sort of a dictionary? I opened it. At the top of the page stood a woman's name, then a parcel of Latin, and below appeared notes, one upon another. The subject treated of was *Love*. Strange, in a dictionary! Love! I could not restrain my amazement. But folios are heavy things to hold, so I seated myself in the old arm-chair at the window. I read.

The name was *Heloise*. She was a young maiden, and wrote Latin, was an abbess, and had a lover. These contradictions disturbed me by their strangeness. A maiden love Latin! An abbess, and have a lover! I saw very well that I had got hold of a terribly bad book. Already the thought that a dictionary could deal with such subjects had lessened my respect for this otherwise so venerable sort of books. It could hardly have been worse if Mr. Ratin, or Mentor himself, had suddenly begun to trill of love and wine, and wine and love.

But, just for this reason, I did not lay the book aside, as I should have done, but read the article, and, ever more interested, even the notes and the Latin too. Here were strange things; many very moving, many unintelligible, and a part of the history was gone; that is, eaten up. I no longer felt so kindly affected toward the rat. Upon

second thoughts, the cat, I felt, should have had my support.

In old mutilated books, I always want to read the missing leaves. I am seldom curious enough to open a book that belongs to me, but all wrapping-paper, if printed, I always smoothe out and read. The fate of books, it seems to me, is much more endurable, when they wander into the grocery shops, then when they grow yellow on booksellers' shelves.

---

After I had taken into my heart all the raving melancholy in the words of Heloise, I sought in the dictionary for Abelard. And how did I find him? Ah, the once so renowned, an exile, outlawed, wandering from place to place; accused by ecclesiastics, condemned by the monks, his writings condemned to the flames by church councils! Bowed down with tribulation, he hides himself in a wild desert.

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I had long ended the reading of this history, but still I lingered over it in imagination. With the book on my knees, and my eyes turned out of the window toward the evening sky, I was in the Abbey of the Paraclete; wandering within its silent walls, tracing the gloomy passages where Heloise walked, and, with Abelard, worshipping the beloved sufferer. With the pictures of my inner world, the things of the outward world dreamingly mingled,—the soft breath of the evening air, the distant shore of the lake floating before the window in the last light of the sun, and the water, and the silver crowns of the Alps. Amidst the din of the streets below, the wind brought to me from a distance the sweet dying tones of an *Æolian*

harp. The shade of Heloise amid old beeches and cloister walls imperceptibly faded from my imagination, before which rose nearer recollections, and the sudden ceasing of the harp brought me completely back to reality. The thick book grew heavy, and I put it aside.

How poor and barren is the first hour of awaking from these delicious dreams, when, after a voyage upon the ideal, we rest again on the desolate actual! The evening became uncomfortable, my imprisonment odious, my idleness wearisome. A dim longing drew me away, not to the ideal, but to another Heloise, not like Abelard's suffering, but cheerful and tender; not a sinner like her, but as beautiful. Then, again, I was all flame. I had known her now just a week, but for six days I had not seen the Eucharis, the Estelle of my heart. I now named her Heloise. I talked to her now like Abelard, but not with the intent that she should forget me and exalt herself above earth; I had not got so far as that. Could I only have seen her then, only for a moment, only in the distance, or only her picture! That would not now be altogether impossible. She was, indeed, present in her portrait, in the room over mine. I found myself, to be sure, locked up by the anger of my teacher. But there was a shorter way over the roof, and through this garret window to the picture.

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Under these circumstances, the temptation was too strong, and lo! I was out on the roof. I paused a little while to gain courage, and to consider, for the beginning of the adventure made me so anxious, that but little was needed to induce me to turn back.

But, only think of my horror! Down in the street I

caught sight of Mr. Ratin, striding along with great dignity. I laid myself down on the roof, with only my head up, so that I could see over the eaves. He disappeared. Probably he was coming into the house; in less than a minute he might be up the stairs, and catch me in my adventure. Ah, how my conscience reproached me now for my thoughtlessness. How wickedly I was doing! How bitter my penitence!

No, Mr. Ratin came again in view, and went quietly down the street. With him vanished, but still more quickly, all my remorse. Soon he was wholly out of sight.

But I could not remain where I was, without being discovered by the prisoner opposite through his narrow window, into which I now looked down with horror. So I pursued my way on all-fours, and was, after a few steps, at the window which I sought. It stood open. My heart beat. I scarcely breathed. Perhaps she was no longer there, or not alone. I trembled. Suddenly I heard a voice call—

“In with you! jump in, young gentleman. Don’t be afraid; nobody sees you.”

It was the voice of the convict. But it startled me so that with one leap I bounced into the window, and unexpectedly found myself on the shoulders of a richly-dressed lady, who tumbled with me to the floor!

What happened in the first few moments, I cannot say. My senses vanished. As I picked myself partly up, there lay the lady with her face to the floor, without sigh or groan; she did not move a hair. I was half dead. “Madame!” said I, in a low, agonized voice. No answer. “Madame!”—no answer.

Horrible event! A respectable lady killed, a school-boy the murderer! I sprang up, I gently raised the unfortunate lady. A somewhat insipid smile hovered round her vermilion-colored lips; her nose alone had suffered severely. I set her up as well as I could. It was only a large artificial figure, in costly drapery, for the use of the painter in whose studio I now was.

But, after all, this beauty had done more mischief than enough. When she lost her centre of gravity, she had struck with her nose against a palette and oil-jug; and now lay colors, brushes, great and small, boxes and bladders all scattered about, while, in the midst of all, flowed lazily along a huge stream of oil. To complete the mischief, the overturned oil-jug, rolling on, struck against the foot of an easel, which, tumbling over, had fallen flat, like me and the vermilion-lipped lady. In falling, it had hit the breast of a handsome gentleman in effigy, who leaned against the wall, surveying the spectacle with his sky-blue eyes. He, too, seemed to take pleasure in following the general example, and had fallen over, carrying with him a lamp, breaking a glass, and upsetting a kettle.

I stood stupefied with horror at the devastation, unable to decide whether it were the devil or I who was most at home, or whether the place were bewitched. And the lady sate there smiling steadily all the while.

Fate, I saw very plainly, had doomed me to destruction. First, there was the Elzevir, so badly illuminated, then the sinful lie, then entering the forbidden room, and the reading of forbidden books, then escaping from confinement, and clambering over roofs, and finally, the laying waste an artist's studio, mutilating the pretty lady, and

boring a hole in the breast of a painted gentleman with sky-blue eyes.

I scratched my head. What was I to do next? Put every thing in its place? Erase? Repair? It was out of the question; the mischief was this time too great. Invent a lie? I had found out, in the affair of the beetle, that this was no easy matter. Confess? No, any thing in the world but that! For I should then have to disclose my love; and the mere suspicion of such a monstrous immorality would have brought the deepest blush of shame over Mr. Ratin's face. His look alone would have killed me.

So I resolved just to betake myself back to my room, and there go to work and study, as I had never before studied in all my life, both to forget myself and every thing else, and to gain over Mr. Ratin, who certainly would be very well satisfied with my morality, if I should present him a great amount of work, industriously done, handsomely written out. But I had to wait a while until it grew darker. I was afraid that the prisoner might again see me on the roof.

Gaping about in my dismay, I perceived a picture turned toward the wall. I turned it round. It was she whom I particularly sought! It was Lucy, the beautiful English girl, sitting in a graceful attitude by her father's side, her hand resting carelessly on the neck of the Spanish dog, in the shadow of an old beech-tree, through whose branches a palace-like castle on the sea-shore appeared in the back-ground. The picture, almost finished, reflected the perfect charm of Lucy's animated, smiling melancholy. Ah, that she was now so soon to be so far distant, and I was nothing in her eyes! Why, thou dear

one, sighed I, why art thou not my sister? How gladly would I be thy tender, faithful brother, and help thee to cheer this old man! And were we in a desert, O Lucy, Lucy! desolate as Abelard's desert in St. Gildas, how willingly would I serve thee with my life and my death!

I tore myself mournfully from the picture. Out on the roof! Soon I stood again in my little room, just as a light was brought, and my supper.

My reader probably does not understand why the portrait was so interesting to me. There were a multitude of things that passed through the young head and heart, which the boy himself did not wholly understand. He was still a school-boy in every thing. But I will explain myself.

The room over mine was an artist's studio. The artist was a man of rare talent, and knew how to treat his subject on its bright side without sacrificing truth. No wonder that he was much employed, and that people preferred his magic pencil even to the looking-glass. For who would not rather see himself in a successful portrait than in an honest looking-glass? Before his own portrait one stands as before that of a stranger, and considers it as the likeness of another with secret pleasure and admiration. In this pleasure one passes out of himself into the soul of another, and so judges his interesting person with much greater freedom. And, in this freedom, he sees himself adorning the wall in a gilt frame, with his best coat on, in a striking attitude, always serene, noble, ever young, intelligent, amiable, estimable. The picture convinces us that, compared with the faces of others, ours certainly has something in it distinguished, remarkable. The



looking-glass, on the contrary, is sometimes very impolite, rude even, in its love of truth.

Seldom did a day pass that an elegant carriage did not draw up at our door, whose occupant came to offer his fashionable physiognomy to the artist to study for an hour or so. I enjoyed the delightful occupation of looking at the beautiful horses, and seeing how they brushed away the flies, examining the liveries, and the coachmen as they whistled or handled their whips.

One Monday, about a week before the lamentable devastation of the artist's room, a carriage had stopt at our door. I was immediately at my post at the window. A brilliant equipage, four horses, splendid housings, footmen behind! A feeble old man alighted, carefully assisted by two servants; his head, partly bald, showed a few silver hairs. After him came a young lady. The servants stepped respectfully back, and the old man took the arm of the maiden. They came into the house, followed by a large dog of Spanish breed.

The look of the young beauty, in the attitude of supporting venerable age, touched me—inspired me; I saw in her the only human being who approached the high ideal which had now for some time hovered before my dreaming imagination; she awakened in me feelings that had no object, and moved my heart in a way of which I could give no account.

Another circumstance impressed me no less. It was the simple, modest dress of the maiden, in the midst of so much splendor, a fine straw bonnet, a white frock, without ornament, but all delicate and becoming. She would have attracted attention for herself alone; still, her whole air betrayed rank and wealth. I will not disguise

it; accustomed to the company I was wont to see under my window where rank, splendor, fine taste, graceful deportment awakened in me an irresistible interest, I had no pleasure in any thing common. The most beautiful of the beautiful, in humble circumstances, would have made no impression on me.

In short, the lovely new Antigone had fascinated me, awakening in me a feeling which I did not understand. I never once thought to ask whether she might not be one of Calypso's nymphs, of whom Mr. Ratin had so often spoken. For a single smile of the young maiden I would have thrown the four Elzevirs of the Vatican into the fire.

When the strangers had reached my room in their ascent to the painter's room, I softly opened the door. The spaniel bounded into my room. A beautiful animal. His very gait and air, to say nothing of his great beauty and the glossy cleanliness of his silk hair, announced rank and distinction. I looked at him almost with envy. He was of a rare breed, the associate of high personages who scarcely thought me worthy of a look, the pet of that lovely creature, who, in her exaltation, hardly marked my existence. The name upon the dog's collar confirmed my conjectures. The strangers were English.

As soon as the spaniel quitted the room, I stretched myself out of the window, to see whether I could catch any thing of the conversation going on above. The painter and the old gentleman were talking together; the young lady was silent.

"You have, in me," said the gentleman, "a poor figure for your pencil. And as the copy is destined soon to survive the original, it is quite right that I should wish my

effigy to frighten my grandchildren as little as possible. I ought to have chosen an earlier period to sit to you."

"By no means, my lord," replied the artist: "one seldom meets with so venerable a figure as yours, and it awakens a deeper interest than much younger faces."

"A compliment! I gladly accept it, for I shall not have much more time to receive favors of that sort. Only, don't be sad, Lucy! Why do you not look to the inevitable future as cheerfully as I do? Which of us two will lose most by the separation, dear child, you or I? I will make this gentleman judge."

"Pardon me, my lord," said the painter, "I think with the young lady, that one should rather turn away his eyes from a moment so sad to both."

"No, that I call weakness, sir! I admit, when fate plucks from the tree of life a flower just blooming, that is sad indeed. But when the weary one falls asleep at the close of the day, and longs to go to rest in the arms of a dear daughter, why should he turn away his eyes? Lucy, I pray you, no tears! I would accustom you to the thought."

I could hear no more.

I never missed a day, when my lord's carriage came or went, to take my station at the window. I followed the noble pair with my eyes sparkling with delight. Afterwards, Lucy came to the artist alone. She, too, then was sitting for her portrait. But how could the painter hold his brush without trembling, without fainting?

The second time she came alone. I was, as usual, listening at the window.

"You had the goodness," said the artist, "to promise to bring me a sketch of the castle and park, as your

honored father wishes them to be introduced into the picture."

"I have not forgotten it," said the young lady; "but I have left it in the carriage."

And with this, she leaned out of the window, and called, (in English,) "John, bring me my album, if you please. But I see John is away."

Her servants had, in fact, betaken themselves to a coffee-house close by, and left the horses in care of a poor devil. "I will get it," said the painter. But in an instant I was down stairs, and up again with the album which I secretly kissed, when the painter met me and took the book with thanks. Ah! I hoped to have got into the room, and seen her face to face! So I turned carelessly, or rather with great vexation, back to my window. However, but for this little incident, I should not have heard what she now said of me.

"An interesting child! He understands English then?" said she.

"Perfectly," replied the painter. "He is sometimes my interpreter with your countrymen. An excellent lad! Pity he is not allowed to be an artist; he has great talent and fondness for painting. Look, miss, there lies a sketch of his, which he took from his window—the lake, a part of the prison opposite, the old hat hanging there to receive alms from the passers-by, of whom the prisoners can see as little as of this fine scenery."

"A pretty composition, and well conceived!" said the lady. "But why is he prevented from following his manifest bent?"

"His guardian wishes him to be a lawyer."

"Guardian? Then he is an orphan."

"He has only an old uncle, who sees to his education."

"Poor boy!" said the young lady in a tone of sympathy.

Her voice, her tone, filled me with rapture. She had pitied me. That was enough to make me proud of being an orphan, enough to convert my greatest misfortune into a privilege. But my joy was of short duration. I heard her speak of her approaching departure for England. What would then become of me—of me, left alone with Mr. Ratin? I was inconsolable.

On the following day, her carriage came not. I would gladly have seen her only once more. This was the reason why Alebard's fate had touched me so deeply. Only once more! Could I at least only see her portrait! Who can blame me that I availed myself of the opportunity to crawl out over the roof? But who could have foreseen such a miserable result of my adventure? And when Mr. Ratin should learn it?

I laboured with unwearied industry after this frightful adventure, in order to surprise Mr. Ratin, and convince him of my sincere repentance. First I translated out of Cæsar, then out of Virgil, until deep in the night.

At break of day, the next morning, I was startled out of sleep by a loud psalm-singing. I listened. It was the prisoner opposite; I dressed myself, and opened the window. This pious exercise gave me a better opinion of the fellow; the singing at last ceased, and I turned again to my studies.

"You studied long last night," said he opposite.

"Do you sing every morning so?" asked I.

"From my youth up. Do you suppose I could bear my hard lot without the consolations of religion?"

"No, but I wonder that religion did not keep you from committing that murder."

"I am innocent. But God has ordered that the eyes of my judges should be blinded. The will of the Lord be done! Ah, if I only had food for my soul; but I have no Bible!"

"How? Do they deny you a Bible?"

"To an unfortunate man they deny every thing."

"You shall—you must have a Bible for your soul's good. Be quiet. I'll bring you mine."

"Ah, my dear young gentleman, God reward you! But no one is admitted to me, and I would not have you see my horrible abode. But it occurs to me that I saw you yesterday draw up your cakes with a string. I saw it through a crack in the board below my narrow window; then I sighed in my heart: Oh, if there were only some merciful soul who would send me up the bread of life in the same way!"

"But, you have no string."

"A good Providence has furnished me with one, for this very purpose, I believe."

"Good! the Bible you must have!"—cried I, and happy to be of service to an unfortunate man, I instantly searched for my Bible among the books which I had stowed away the day before in the closet.

While I was engaged in this search, I heard, proceeding from the prison, the most horrible groaning, and then a melancholy moan. I listened anxiously.

"Prisoner, is that you?" called I. He returned no answer, but the groans grew louder.

"What is the matter? What ails you?" asked I alarmed.

"Ah, excellent young gentleman, a dreadful case—suffering without end, without help—one of the irons is too small for my leg; the leg is swollen over it, and now the iron is cutting into the flesh—oh! oh!——"

"Tell me then, tell me!"—cried I, all in a tremble.

"The torture robs me of all rest, all sleep. And so I saw how long you studied last night—oh!"

"Poor man! why do you not ask them to loosen your irons?"

"Ah, they come to me only once every five days—oh! oh! I must wait three days; then, indeed, I will beg—oh!——"

"I am very sorry. But, if I could only——"

"No, no, young gentleman, you must not—but your sympathy is enough for me! If I only had a—oh! oh!——"

"A what ——!"

"Oh! for God's sake!—the blood is running over my foot!—could I only—oh! only loosen my irons a little!"

"A file!" cried I, in fright and agony. "A file! I'll put it in the Bible!"

I had a file. I put it in the Bible and tied it up. But, I bethought myself that I myself was a prisoner, locked up. I wrung my hands. Every groan of the poor man went to my heart. I was about to break open the door, when I fortunately caught sight of a little beggar-boy in the street.

"You there!" cried I: "here, tie this book to that string which you see hanging down by the wall over there. Be quick! quick! it is for the relief of a poor sufferer!"

The beggar-boy did as he was bid, and the packet was quickly drawn up.

Shortly afterwards, I heard some one with a key at my door. It was Mr. Ratin.

He found me busily engaged at my studies, of course.

"In the indignation with which I left you yesterday," said Mr. Ratin, "I forgot to set you a lesson for two days."

"I have, however, done something," said I, trembling.

He looked over what I handed to him, rather suspiciously, but soon convinced himself that it had all been written during my imprisonment.

"It pleases me, Julius," said he, "that of your own accord you avoid the dangers of idleness. A young man without employment is exposed to the most perilous things, to the most wicked thoughts. Remember the Gracchi, those noble youths, who gave their mother so much delight, because they so early, and of their own accord, devoted themselves indefatigably to their studies."

"Yes, Mr. Ratin!" said I.

"Your supper, I see, still standing. Have you not taken time to eat your supper?"

"No, Mr. Ratin."

"Julius, it pleases me much to see how deeply you feel the impropriety of your conduct yesterday."

"Certainly, Mr. Ratin."

"Have you seriously considered it?"

"Yes, Mr. Ratin."

"Do you see how very disrespectful that silly, foolish laugh of yours is?"

"Yes, Mr. Ratin," said I, humbly, and in a half whisper, hearing at that moment the door open of the room above. My blood ran cold.



"And that falsehood besides ; but what is that horrible noise overhead?" he added, quite startled, pointing upward, where the ceiling shook, and threatened to tumble in under curses, and questions, and outcries, and imprecations. I was near to fainting, and stammered out—

"Yes, Mr. Ratin."

I represented to myself at this moment the rage and frenzy of the poor painter, to whom his studio, in its confusion, must have looked as if an invading army had broken into it. But now every thing depended upon drawing away Mr. Ratin's attention from the tumult overhead.

"Since you left me yesterday——," said I.

"Wait, Julius——" interrupted he, growing more absorbed in what was going on in the studio. He stepped at last to the window. The painter shouted as if possessed, "Lost! lost! Some one must have got in over the roof!" And leaning out of his window, he called to me several times by name, and asked whether I had been at home the evening before. I should have had to answer this terrible question on the spot, but fortunately Mr. Ratin relieved me of the trouble.

"Certainly the young man was at home," said he, "and, indeed, by my express command."

"Well, then, Mr. Professor," shouted the painter, "only think! my room is all topsy-turvy. My paintings are ruined, the easel lies on the floor, the lamp is smashed!—and your pupil must have heard it all."

"Will your honor listen to a poor prisoner?" said a third voice, that now mixed itself in the conversation, and came from the window in the Bishop's prison! "I saw it all. I can tell you how it all happened."

"Speak! say what you know," cried the painter.

"Good!" replied the invisible speaker. "Yesterday evening there was a great company on the roof, and just by your honor's window. I counted no less than five cats, or perhaps tom-cats. You know how it is when such a company——"

"Be quick! What did you hear over here!" cried Mr. Ratin.

"The members of such an assembly, admirers of beauty, are usually overloud. The little cat nearest to the window behaved very coquettishly ——"

"We don't want to know that. Come to the point!" shouted Mr. Ratin again, to whom topics of this sort were not the most acceptable.

"I humbly pray your honor's pardon, for if it had not been for this coquetry, and the jealousy of the four gal-lants——"

Mr. Ratin drummed very impatiently with his foot, turned round, and bade me go out a few moments, and wait upon the stairs. I did not wait to be bidden twice, but left the door partly open.

"All would have been well," continued the prisoner—"all would have gone off well. They mewed most tenderly to their lady, who, however, listened to none of them, but sate stroking her face with her velvet paw."

"Be quick, tell what you know!" cried the painter.

"Well, then, in the midst of the consultation, one of the cats struck another on the nose. The other took it ill; and the rest joined in the fight. And so, as upon a signal, the battle became general. War to the knife! The whole suddenly became a bunch of hair, claws, and teeth. But, while they are in the midst of their scratch-

ing and biting, the little cat jumps into the window, and the whole troop dash in after her. I could see no more. From the noise, I guessed they had done some mischief. It was about eight o'clock."

So spoke the prisoner. But the service which the fellow undertook to do me humbled and shocked me. His bold lie, after the great piety he had professed, his impudent story after that horrible groaning, amazed me. All the sympathy I had felt for the man vanished at once. Nay, if Mr. Ratin had not been present, I would have given the lie to the rogue on the spot, and told the simple truth. But Mr. Ratin was there, and in my unfortunate history there was the crime of—love! Mr. Ratin's abomination of that was the rock upon which I must be wrecked without mercy or salvation.

As this was going on, a carriage drew up at the door. I heard the old Englishman and his daughter coming upstairs, and just then the painter shouted, "My heavens! The gentleman is coming up to his last sitting! And you there, you imprisoned scoundrel, have told me a confounded lie. Here's a picture which I left with the face turned to the wall, and I find it turned round with the painted side out! How could the cats have done that! Somebody has broken in, and through the window! Dear Julius, speak! what did you hear yesterday?"

"Julius, drive the dog away!" cried Mr. Ratin at the same moment. The beautiful spaniel had run into my room, and was smelling about Mr. Ratin's new umbrella.

I hastened to drive the dog down, following him into the very street, in order to give the painter time to forget his fatal question. When I returned, the unhappy artist

was just receiving his visitors. I heard him apologize for the disorder of his room, and say, "If you do not leave to-morrow, I would beg you to postpone the sitting another day." The old gentleman replied, "It is impossible to delay our departure; but, I pray you, don't let my presence prevent you trying to discover, as soon as possible, the author of this mischief." The painter, eager for the inquiry, got out of his window upon the roof, to see whence and how the mischief-maker had got into his room.

Fortunately, Mr. Ratin was a hundred miles off from any suspicion of me. He carefully put his silk umbrella into its case, stepped to the table, turned over my books, and pointing out how far I should proceed with my translations, said, "In consideration of your industry, and of the evidence you have given of a better mind——"

Here the painter entered, and full of his business. "Have you not,"—said he, "—is there not a room joining this—Ha! look! yes, here is a door—I beg you open it for me, if you please. That is the only possible way of getting upon the roof. There is no other way!"

Mr. Ratin shook his head incredulously, or rather amazedly, but immediately signified his assent, sought, in a little cabinet, of which he had exclusive possession, for the key, put it into the key-hole, which I had repaired as well as possible. I was, without doubt, pale and red with terror, and my heart beat like a hammer. I bent over the table as if I were absorbed in study.

While the two gentlemen were pursuing their search, there arose a dreadful tumult in the prison opposite. I heard the loud voices of men calling to one another. The single ominous words, "Gone!" "Escaped!" met my ear.

"Here is something!" cried a voice.

"A file, look! under this stone here, a file!" shouted another.

This was terrible for me. In the next room I heard Mr. Ratin exclaim, at the same moment, with the greatest astonishment, "Ha! it is really his handkerchief! How! is it possible?—what! Julius!"

I rose from the table. Trembling with fear, I flew out of the house, down stairs, with no thought but to get clear of the torture of confession, the agony and the shame.

When I had got about a hundred steps from the door, I looked back, and saw the beggar-boy whom I had employed directing an official-looking person to my room. I understood what was meant. I doubled my speed, and scarcely had I turned the corner, before I made, with all might, for the city gates, not without fear of the gendarmes who stood chatting at their posts.

As I got further on my way, I had to think of my situation, which seemed to me desperate. Should I turn back?—never! I should now have to do, not merely with Mr. Ratin, but with the police, with the remorseless gendarmes. I was almost out of my senses. Fear gave me strength and courage to run in the direction of the boundaries of the Geneva republic. There, in a meadow, near Coppet, I at last seated myself on the grass, to take breath.

Even here, in this distant region, I did not feel myself secure from the police. I looked right and left, to all points of the broad landscape, and every little cloud of dust caused by a cow, or an ass, or a carriage, frightened me, and I supposed the whole collected gendarmerie were

at my heels. My death-agony, which increased every moment, drove me at last to the determination to run straight to Lausanne, where my uncle then was.

To wander into banishment is bad enough at any age; but, for a child, who clings so to the neighborhood of the paternal abode, what a bitter fate! I had hardly got three miles on my way, before it seemed to me that I stood lonely and forsaken in the immeasurable universe, without help, and without refuge. With heavy heart I approached the shores of the beautiful lake which had smiled so kindly upon me, when I saw it from my window. The further I proceeded, and the more my fear of pursuing policemen decreased, the deeper became my grief. Two or three times I sat down by the wayside. Sorrow and home-sickness tormented me so, that I was upon the point of turning back to implore pardon of Mr. Ratin.

But, it was now too late. I found myself at last about as near to Lausanne as to Geneva, not farther from my uncle than Mr. Ratin. I took heart at the thought. I kept on, and gradually became more composed, and began again to think of the young English lady, and to reunite the threads of those dreams which had been so delightful the day before. In the midst of that beautiful lake-scenery which surrounded me, the lovely one seemed to me more lovely. The clear blue of the heavens, the splendor of the broad mirror of water, the atmosphere in which the mountains floated, threw a halo round Lucy's image. The gloom of exile vanished.

As the day declined, I turned off from the road across the fields, to seek shelter among the peasants. They received me kindly, contented with the single piece of

money which I had with me, and which I offered them. I shared their supper and their bed. At break of day, I left them and pursued my way.

I had run away from home without my cap. The sun burnt my face. I paused several times under the trees by the roadside, and refreshed myself in the cool shade, until the looks of the passers-by alarmed me; for I fancied that it was suspicion that arrested their curiosity, while it was probably only my youth and dress.

On this side of a quiet village, on the left of the highway, appeared huge oaks, which formed the edge of a large forest. From them the eye swept away over the broad mirror of the lake, to the picturesque foreground of the high Alps, or wandered to the left, towards Geneva, over a chain of hills gently rising in the distance, until, like air, they melted away into the background of the sky. I could not resist the beauty of the scene, and sate down under the green shelter of the broad oaks to rest myself. While I comfortably devoured a piece of black bread which the peasants had given me, I thought, full of delight, of my uncle. I should soon be in his arms. I lost all faint-heartedness when I thought of him. "O my good uncle!" sighed I, while tears ran down my cheeks, "My dear uncle! could I only see you, only tell you all; if I were only with you!"

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A travelling carriage came along the highway, with six horses, throwing up a cloud of dust. The postilion cracked his whip, while the footmen nodded on their seats behind. The carriage had already passed by, when it suddenly drew up. A servant sprang down, and came towards me.

I was about to take to my heels, when I thought I recognised John, the young English lady's servant.

"Are you the lad who disappeared yesterday from the house where the painter lives?" asked he.

"Yes."

"Then follow me."

"Whither?"

"To the carriage. Your teacher is in a pretty mess, you may depend."

"Where is he?"

"My little sparrow, he is seeking for you everywhere."

These words led me to fear that Mr. Ratin was in the carriage. I had not the least inclination to accompany John. But, lo! out of the carriage came a white female figure. I quickly rose, and hastened towards the young lady, to save her from walking far in the dust. As I drew nearer to her, I hesitated; shame and confusion held me back. At last I stood stock still.

"Is it not you, Master Julius?" said she kindly. "Come hither. It is you—is it not?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Oh, how the sun has burnt you! Come get in, I pray you, quickly, into the carriage with us. Your teacher is in great trouble on your account; I am delighted that we have met with you."

The old gentleman now looked out of the carriage. "Just get in, my young friend," said he, "we will talk about your history. You must be very tired."

I got in, and the carriage rolled on. I was entirely overcome. In my confusion I could not utter a syllable. Surprise, joy, shame, overpowered me at once. My heart



beat loudly; my sunburnt face was on fire. In my hand I still held my piece of black bread.

"You have not had a very good dinner, I see," said the old gentleman, smiling. "What inn did you put up at to-day?"

"I have been sheltered by the country people."

"Where do you mean to stop to-night?"

"I shall remain in Lausanne, my lord."

"How!" exclaimed the young lady, "so far, and without a hat!"

The tears filled my eyes. I felt all my loneliness, and said: "Ah, dear lady, still further perhaps, till I find my uncle."

"Only think," said she to her father, "he has no one in the world but his uncle!" and then turned her eyes upon me full of sympathy. She was all that I had fancied her in my dreams at the window.

"Dear child," said the old gentleman, "you shall remain with us till we reach Lausanne, where we will deliver you into the hands of your uncle. You have committed a strange freak. What were you afraid of, that you ran away?"

"Ah, my lord, it was I that gave the file to the prisoner I assure you he seemed to be suffering dreadfully; he only wanted to loosen one of his irons."

"It was nothing then, my young friend, but pity that moved you? At your age one is not bound to know that a prisoner can use a file for various purposes. But you tell us nothing about the painter's room. You were at the bottom of that affair too; is it not so?"

"Yes, my lord. And I would have told the painter himself, or my dear uncle, or even you; but I was terribly afraid of Mr. Ratin."

"Ah! a dreadful man that Mr. Ratin must be! But tell us, what did you want in the painter's room? It was you then that turned my daughter's portrait round?"

I felt that I was red to my very ears. How could I answer that?

He laughed heartily, and said, "Aye, aye, the matter begins to grow serious, for certainly the picture was not turned round merely for the sake of *my* figure; Lucy! it is now your turn to be right angry!"

"Oh, not at all!" replied she, smiling very kindly upon me: "you know, dear father, as well as I, that he has shown talent. Was it not very natural that he should wish to see the work of a skilful artist?"

"Lucy," said the old gentleman, roguishly, "it is not becoming in you, when a young man turns round your portrait, to consider the act perfectly natural, for"—(here he became aware of my blushes.) "No, dear child, don't grow red; I do not esteem you one whit the less, and my daughter is perfectly willing to forgive offences of this sort. Is it not so, Lucy?"

These words caused me a little embarrassment. I had to answer all sorts of questions. The old gentleman expressed himself with increasing cordiality, while the young lady, although she showed no diminution of sympathy for me, appeared a little reserved. But I could not glance at her without feeling it to my inmost heart.

"We are near the city," said my lord; "will not your uncle scold?"

"Oh no, my lord!" answered I; "and if he does, I shall only be too glad to see him."

"Dear child!" said Lucy softly, in English.

When we stopped before my uncle's residence, I feared

that he might not be at home. We got out; a little boy said that he dwelt in the second story, and that he was in.

"Request him to come down," said I to the boy.

"No, we will go up to him," said the old gentleman. And the young lady again supported her father as she had done at the painter's, and led him into the house.

My uncle had just returned from making a visit. I threw myself into his arms. "Is it you, Julius?" cried he. I could not answer. I heaped him with caresses. "Do you come without a hat?" he continued, "but I see, in good company. Sir, my lady, let me pray you be seated."

"We only wished to give this dear boy into your hands," said the old gentleman. "He has been engaged in a somewhat thoughtless freak, but he has a true heart. He will himself relate to you how we chanced to have the pleasure of his company, and the honor of being introduced to you. Now, then, adieu, my young friend!" he continued, extending his hand. "There, take this card with my name, that you may know who I am, in case you should ever do me the pleasure to claim my friendship."

"Farewell, Master Julius," said the lovely maiden, giving me her hand.

I looked after them with moist eyes.

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So, I found myself with my good uncle again. After some days, we returned to Geneva. My uncle dismissed Mr. Ratin, and took me to himself.

## PART II.

### JULIUS, OR THE LIBRARY OF MY UNCLE.

MY uncle has advised me to make good use of my time, and read Grotius and Puffendorf, and then Burlamaqui. Accordingly, I rise early every morning, go to my study-table, lay every thing in perfect order, cross my legs, open the book at the right place, but what then?—not half an hour passes, before my attention and my eyes are anywhere but on Puffendorf. I see a yellow spot on the cover of my quarto, and I go to work to scratch it out. I blow away a hair off the page. I split a straw with admirable art and skill. Then, the stopper of the inkstand attracts my notice, and I observe on it a hundred curious little peculiarities which I have to examine, one after the other. Or I take up a ring on the end of my pen, and let it run round, till it forms a circle of light—a very pretty sight to look at. Then I throw myself with outstretched legs on the sofa, and clasp my hands over my head. In this very comfortable position, I cannot help whistling a little tune, while I steadily watch, at the same time, the motion of a blue-bottle bumping against the window-pane, which he probably mistakes for enchanted or petrified air.

When at last my joints get stiff with lying, I get up, and, with my hands in my pockets, go carelessly up and down the room. But here I find nothing to attract me

but the paper on the walls. So I turn, of course, to the windows, where I drum on the glass a tattoo, at which I have attained considerable skill. Then a carriage goes by, or a dog barks, or neither of these things happens; one must see, however, what is going on in the street. So I open the window, and, once there, I don't get away from it again in a hurry.

Aye, the window! No better observatory and lecture-room for a student than that! I mean, for a student who sits diligently at his books; that is, does not run about to coffee-houses, with a parcel of good-for-nothings. "An excellent young man!" is he called, the hope of his parents, who consider him so industrious. And the gentlemen professors, when they meet him on their walks, or see him canter by on horseback, break out in praise of him: "There's a young man for you! He will come to something!" The hopeful youth, in the meanwhile, looks industriously out of the window.

I do not wish to praise myself, but such an one am I. I speak of myself. There at the window I can look around the whole day long, and, if I may say so, I have never, in all my life, learned so much from professors, from Grotius and Puffendorf, as from the study of what passes in the street.

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My window affords me a grand outlook, an interesting *orbis pictus*.

Opposite, stands the hospital, a large building, where nothing goes out or in that does not have to pay toll to my science. I conjecture the motives of the people who enter or leave the house, guess at their motives, surmise the results. Seldom am I wholly mistaken. In every new

case the physiognomy of the porter comes to my assistance. I read in his features a hundred noteworthy things concerning persons. His face is a changing but faithful mirror. One sees therein at a glance all the gradations from the most abject submissiveness to the proud air of condescension and the most brutal want of feeling, accordingly as it is some rich hospital-director, or some subordinate officer, or poor foundling that seeks admission.

In the second story is one of the wards of the hospital. From my study, I see up the ceiling of the long room. I see the cross attendant when he comes and looks down into the street. If I get upon my table, I get a sight of the whole interior of the melancholy abode, where pain and death hold their victims stretched out on two long rows of beds. A mournful spectacle! nevertheless, its gloomy appearance sometimes attracts me, especially when I distinguish some dying one, and my imagination hovers round his pillow. Then I look back into the life which is soon to be extinct, and forward to the gates of an unknown future just about to open. There is a melancholy charm for me in the mystery which surrounds the state of the dying.

To the left, below in the street, stands the church; through the week very lonely; filled on Sundays, and then sounding with sacred songs. I then see the pious throng tolerably well, and pass judgment on them, but not indeed with any great certainty. For the play of the porter's face is wanting. And even if it were not, it would not help me much; he thinks only of the clothes. Beyond the dress, people of his sort care nothing. On Sunday every thing appears dressed out. I most prefer

to study the character and spirit of the devout churchgoers. But the spirit is not, by any means, always apparent under the Sunday-coat, under vest, shirt, and skin. I go to work then only by guess, and in this way, do not, in the end, find myself so very much at a loss. For the uncertain, the doubtful, the equivocal is the very sweetest honey to the gaper.

To the right, stands the fountain, around whose clear streams, maid-servants, hostlers, cooks, and grandams gather themselves from the friendly neighborhood. While the jugs and ewers are filling, they tease one another, complain of their service, scold about their mistresses, tattle about family affairs and family secrets. This is my gazette, which becomes all the more attractive, when I have to guess at half, because I cannot understand all.

Above, between the roofs, I see the sky, now blue, now dark-blue, now gray, and now full of floating clouds. Oftentimes a long line of birds appears, travelling over land and city to distant quarters. By means of the sky, I stand in alliance with the universe, with infinity; it is a great deep wherein I sink myself in thought, with my chin supported by my fists and elbows.

When I let myself down again to earth out of the ethereal heights, I first touch upon the roofs. There are the cats in the loving May season, lank, tender and grim, or in August, lying stretched out, licking themselves. Under the roof, colonies of swallows house with their young, coming in spring to depart in the fall, ever busy, ever on the wing, seeking and bringing food for the yellow beaks of their twittering broods. I know them all, and

they know me, and regard my head as little as the waving of the flowers at my window.

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Yet, one thing more! In the room over me dwells my dear Uncle Toms. Usually, and as long as daylight glances on the silver white hair of his head, he sits in his comfortable easy-chair, which is set on castors, and bends over some books. He reads, marks, searches out passages, compares, makes extracts, and has in his head the quintessence of some thousand volumes, which hide the walls of his room all round. Quite the opposite of his nephew, my uncle knows every thing that one learns out of books, nothing from what one learns from street-life; believes even more in his science than in reality. He could become a doubter in his existence, and yet, wrapt in the cloud of some philosophical system, the most arrant dogmatizer. He is, moreover, heartily good, simple as a child, and as if he had never lived among men.

I discover, by three sorts of noises, almost every thing which he does in his library. If he rises from his seat, the castors creak; does he get a book? the rollers of his book-ladder announce the movement; and does he amuse himself with a pinch of snuff? he slams the box down upon the table. These three signals of his activity are accustomed to follow in such regular order, and I am so used to them, that they do not even disturb the course of my meditations.

One day, however, the castors indeed creaked, but the rollers of the ladder did not let themselves be heard. I listened for the snuff-box in vain. I was startled out of my dreaming, like the miller from his nap, when the mill-wheel stops. I pricked up my ears. Uncle Toms



was talking; my uncle laughed, "Aye, aye!—another voice—I thought as much!" said I, and walked restlessly about the room.

The reader must here be informed that, since I had accustomed myself to be busy at the window, I had not been satisfied with mere general observations, but had now for some time directed my attention to a single object, which caused me to be tolerably indifferent to every thing else. This new direction of my labors had changed also the whole order of the day. In the morning I was at my observatory, the window. At two P.M. my heart began to beat. The particular observation over, my day's work was at an end.

Formerly it never had occurred to me that, orphan as I was, I was alone in the world. Were not I, my uncle, the swallows, and the company round the fountain, in short, all the world, existing? But now I was alone, wholly solitary and alone under heaven, except towards three o'clock in the afternoon. Then the liveliest interest animated all things around, and the universe again received a soul! Formerly, as I have intimated, my days passed away very smoothly and swiftly; but now I no longer knew what to do with them. I could neither study, nor be idle, nor gape out into the blue. So changed was I, that a large feather might come floating within two inches of my nose, without stirring within me a single thought of blowing it away. I could adduce a hundred other proofs in point.

Instead of all which I dreamed with open eyes—dreamed that she knew me, that she smiled on me, that she felt, or even that I sought ways and means to become acquainted with her, that I met her on a journey and took

her under my protection, defended her, rescued her in my arms. Methought I saw her in a dim forest, assaulted by robbers, whom I, bleeding from a severe wound, put to flight.

But I must explain myself, or I shall not be understood. Only I know not how to go to work; for words are much too wooden and stiff to describe how it is with us when first the female form makes the pulses of the youth beat quicker. A new language ought to be invented for this purpose. I wonder greatly that, as yet, no academy of sciences has ever fallen upon the excellent plan of proposing a prize-essay on this subject. Doubtless, most academicians have found themselves under the same embarrassment which I suffer.

I confine myself, therefore, to the simplest narration. She went every day, about three o'clock, along under my window down the street. Her dress was simple, of a blue color. No one would have been less disposed than I to remark any difference between this and other blue dresses of ladies passing by, only this particular dress was folded with special grace round the slender waist of the youthful form. And this waist seemed to owe all its grace to the modest air of the neat maiden. It was impossible to take one's eyes off. I did not think it possible that there was a dressmaker within a hundred miles round, had she been ever so skilful, that could have made a more beautiful dress than this. So long as it was in sight, it fastened my eyes; and when it vanished I had to look up into the blue sky in order to accustom myself to other colors.

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On the above-mentioned day, then, when the usual series in my uncle's movements lost their old order, I had seen

the accustomed apparition at the accustomed hour. She had just got under my window, whence my eyes were all ready to follow her down the street, when she suddenly turned and came towards our front door. I was so surprised that I drew back my head and looked round, as if she were about to enter my room. But I recollected that our house had a passage through from one street to another. But now came the unusual things in the library of my uncle above, which I have already mentioned. What? She speak with my uncle! I stretched my auditory nerves to catch only a single word. But an unforeseen event tumbled into ruins the whole kingdom of possibilities which had already begun to rise before me.

The weighty event was in itself inconsiderable. The book-ladder rolled, and I heard my uncle get up on it while she said, and I thought I heard him say, "Hebrew!" Hebrew! Impossible. What could he be thinking of, to talk about Hebrew with a young maiden? Evidently he could not be speaking to her, but to some learned gentleman, some Oriental old Towzer, who wanted to pull to pieces some philological rag with him. No, her pretty little head had something better to trouble itself about than learned fooleries of that sort; and her little hands were certainly not made to busy themselves with a dusty folio in hogskin. It was not to be thought of!

Mechanically, I stepped again to the window and looked out. Two jackasses were standing in the street, philosophizing together, fast bound to the same post. After a while, one of them made a reflection, as I perceived, by a slight shake of his left ear; then stretching out his head, he showed his old teeth to the other, who, evidently understanding him, did the same; and then they went to

work, rubbing one another's necks with such mutual goodwill, but yet so lazily, so lost each in his own dreams, that I would willingly have made a third. There is, in the natural simplicity of certain things, something sympathetic, that irresistibly impels one to imitation, and seduces the mind into unfaithfulness to its best thoughts; such as laughing, weeping, gaping, &c.

But, lo! out of the passage under my window appeared a blue dress. It was she! Involuntarily a loud "Ah!" escaped me. She heard it, slightly raised her head, but yet sufficiently from under her bonnet to catch sight of me, reddening all over with the glow of shame and delight. She too blushed and went on. It is a charm of youth to grow fire-red at a breath of air, at the smallest straw. But that she, she had blushed on my account was unspeakable favor of fortune.

What, however, made me redden again was, that, as my "Ah!" escaped, I was gaping at her with open mouth and embarrassed looks, like a simpleton whose hat has just fallen into the gutter. It vexed me bitterly.

But think! What was she carrying under her arm? A thick octavo volume, fastened with silver clasps—a miserable, old, smoky thing from my uncle's library; a book which I had seen times without number. And now, as she bore it away, softly pressed to her side, it seemed to me a book of all books. I now understand perfectly that even such a piece of rubbish might be good for something. Health to my wise uncle, who had all his life-long been heaping things of that sort together! Ninny that I was, that this beautiful, fortunate book did not belong to me! I did not even know the title.

She tripped over the street, straight to the door of the

hospital, where she said a few words to the porter. He appeared to know her, and to be barely condescending enough to induce her to venture to go in. Although this vexed me in the fellow, yet I was secretly gratified to learn that the beauty of my heart was not too far above me; I might raise my eyes to her without being ridiculous. And I was especially delighted that she still breathed in the neighborhood, and I might perhaps catch sight of her again. I waited in vain till it grew dark. When all hope had vanished, I flew with all speed up to Uncle Toms.

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The argand lamp was already lighted in his room. He sate at the table, examining, with great attention, a blue fluid in a phial. "Good-evening, Julius," said he; "sit down. I shall soon be done."

I seated myself, very impatient to question him about his visitor. I looked round the library. It seemed to me entirely changed. I considered the rows of venerable volumes, all brethren of that same book which she had carried away under her arm. Even the air of the place had something peculiar in it, as if the young maiden, since she had breathed there, had rendered it finer, fresher, purer. At least, I breathed in it easier and deeper.

"I have done," said my uncle; "hearken, Julius, do you know ——"

"No, dear uncle."

"You must thank a young lady who was with me." Here he rose from the table, proceeded a few steps, and then turned round to me. "Now, just give a guess!" he exclaimed, as if he wished to feed himself on my asto-

nishment. I did not know what in the world I was to guess.

"She has, perhaps, spoken about me!" stammered I.

"No, better than that!" replied he, looking very archly.

"Do tell me, then, dearest uncle, do tell me, for heaven's sake!"

"Well, then, only see! I have found my Burlamaqui for you again!"

At this odd conclusion, I fell from the clouds, and knew not what to reply. What had Burlamaqui to do here?

"You are astonished," he continued, "and with reason. See, child, while I was looking after Buxtorf for her, the old Burlamaqui fell into my hand; I had given it up for lost. By-the-way, one thing, Julius, let me tell you: that young lady is a very lovely maiden. Upon my word, this modest, bashful little one is worth more, in my eyes, than a whole dozen of your professors!"

Here I was entirely of my uncle's opinion. Besides, although it was delivered only by the way, it made my uncle himself ten times more dear and estimable than ever. He was, I perceived, evidently something more than a mere bookworm. He had, contrary to my expectation, a real knowledge of character, and was not insensible to beauty.

"She must be an angel!" said I, eager to learn more.

"Yes, a real angel, Julius! Only think, she reads Hebrew! and as fluently, as sweetly as it was ever spoken in Paradise."

"You don't say so, dear uncle! Hebrew! You certainly meant to say something else, or you only jest. How should a lady, and such a lady, know any thing about Hebrew?"

"She's a masterly reader! You ought to have heard how she read the forty-eighth Psalm, in Buxtorf's edition. There was real music in the language of David. Yet, it struck me she sounded the Hebrew *Ajin* rather peculiarly; for example, she did not, like me, say *Gnamat*, but *Njamat*. I must, to-morrow, get the opinion of my learned old friend, the Oriental professor, upon it."

"Dearest uncle, you see I cannot get over my astonishment."

"I can well believe it. It was no better with me at first. But I showed her afterwards that Buxtorf's text is far preferable to that of Crœsius, and I compared with her the various readings."

"But no! Did you really talk with her about Hebrew things of that sort?"

"Indeed did I."

"My sweet uncle, she was actually then in this room; she stood here before you, and you said nothing to her but that? What sort of faces did the poor child make at Buxtorf and Crœsius? Did she understand a word you said?"

"And why not? With such a careful education as a Jewess seldom enjoys, she could not but understand me."

"What do you say? A Jewess!" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Certainly, a Jewess," replied my uncle, very quietly.

At first I was somewhat surprised. But—I know not whether it be with others as with me—that single word "Jewess" enhanced the beauty of the delicate girl infinitely in my eyes. I was suddenly more enthusiastically in love than ever. This sounds perhaps a little unchristian. How can I help it? She was no longer at all

what she had been, and what had previously enraptured me was no longer the same, but something higher, lovelier. She was no beautiful Christian; no, but one of the daughters of Israel, consequently—perhaps in this “consequently,” the reader will be at a loss for the consequence. I grant it. There is none. Any tyro in logic might prove that, let alone my uncle. I took care not to breathe a syllable to him about it. But whether an error or not, that she was lovelier as a Jewess than as a Christian—the error was dearer to me than all logic.

Just think of a Jewess, surrounded by all the enchantment which chains the soul, a beautiful Forsaken, neglected by the world! that brought her close to my heart.

“How, then, dearest uncle?” asked I further: “she certainly does not intend to devote herself to the study of the Oriental languages?”

“Oh no, but I did my best to encourage her to do so. Over there, in the hospital, an old man is at the point of death. He is of her religion. She wanted to borrow a Hebrew Bible of me to read to him. I gave her Buxtorf’s edition, as the most correct.”

“She will come to see you again then, perhaps?”

“She promised to bring the book back to-morrow forenoon,” said my uncle, and seated himself quietly again at the phial with the bluish fluid.

I did not venture to disturb him in his investigations with any new questions. “But,” thought I, “to-morrow forenoon she will appear again, come into this room, come to see my good, fortunate uncle, and I—I have no interest in her eyes. That phial there is more interesting to her than I can be.” I left the library rather downhearted.

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As I entered my room, and was about to call for my candles to be lighted, I found it dimly illuminated. It was nothing but the reflection of a bright light that fell into my room from the hospital opposite. Usually, it was dark about this time in the hospital. I was attracted to the window; the windows opposite were open. I saw nothing. Whence the light? I got up on a chair, and saw opposite the shadow of a human figure on the wall. I stood on tiptoe, and discovered hanging on the same wall a woman's bonnet. I knew it.

"I have found her! Quickly! it is she!" cried I. To place the chair on the table, Grotius and Puffendorf on the chair, and myself on Puffendorf, was the work of a moment. To widen and sharpen my eyes, I held my breath.

There she sat, by the dying bed of the old man, devoutly self-collected, surrounded by a halo of youthful grace, her neck and head somewhat bent, her beautiful eyes cast down upon the book from which she read holy consolations to the dying man. She looked up now and then, as she paused to allow the weary spirit of her listener to rest, or she supported his head, or kindly took his hand, while she regarded him with heavenly pity.

"O thou happy one, though struggling with death!" I exclaimed. "But who, like thee, could depart while the holy words of an angel were still inspiring him!"

As if she heard me, and saw me in my dark room, she suddenly raised her head, and turned towards me!—— I started in my fright, and my staging began to totter. In an instant I lay stretched on the floor. Chair and table and Grotius fell over me, and Puffendorf struck me on the head. I lay for some time motionless under the in-

fernal ruin, in order to collect myself. When I arose, my uncle entered with a light in his hand.

"What is the matter, Julius?" said he, in alarm, looking now at the confusion on the floor, and now at me.

"Oh, nothing at all—Up there, look you, on the ceiling——" (my uncle held the light up.) "I wanted to hang something up there——" (my uncle threw his eyes about to see what there was to be hung up;) "and while I was about it I fell—and afterwards—I've only had a fall."

"You talk rather incoherently; the fall has probably jarred your brain. It may produce cephalalgia. Compose yourself. Do not try to talk."

At his request I sate down, and rested myself. In the meanwhile he lifted up the table and chair, and then the two folios, which, after carefully examining them, and blowing the dust off, he put in their places. At last, he approached me, and asked, "But what did you want to hang up to the ceiling, and in the dark too?" With these words, he slyly stole his forefinger towards my pulse. He appeared to be thinking more of this than of my answer; so I remained silent. The true occasion for the erection of the observatory which had just tumbled down I could have disclosed to him without fear, he was so good and loving. He would, perhaps, have laughed heartily in the end. But that very laugh—it would have intruded upon the sanctuary of my heart, and desecrated it.

"Dear Julius, what was there now to be hung up?" he asked again, letting go my hand with an air, as if he knew now what he was about.

"Nothing to be hung up!" replied I, "it was only a

piece of foolery. The bright light in the sick room opposite made me curious, and I thought——O God, so soon gone! so soon!——”

This sudden exclamation, with which I interrupted my self in my story, was quite involuntary. It was drawn from me by the disappearance of the light in the room opposite, and with the light vanished also my hope of seeing her once more in all the glory of her devotion.

“What’s the matter again?” cried my uncle, looking at me inquiringly. “What is so soon gone?”

“No matter, dear uncle. It is over, all over. I am calm—it is over!”

“What is over?”

I was silent. My situation became to him serious. He compelled me, early as it was, to go to bed. I readily obeyed, and he left me while I undressed myself.

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My uncle’s last suggestion was just what I wished. I was left to myself and my own thoughts. Man is completely at home only in his bed, nowhere else. In this comfortable solitude between the pillows, in this soft home of dreams, one reviews the course of the day and the world from a distance, like the seaman in his harbor, listening to the play of the storm out at sea. Are we not from morning to night continually, as it were, on our travels, meeting with all sorts of men, circumstances, incidents? Only, when at evening we turn into our dear little harbor, do we wholly belong to ourselves alone; and collected in ourselves, we are then disengaged from all the rest of the world.

I took a book to bed with me, Moses Mendelssohn’s *Phædon*, or the Immortality of the Soul. I had no par-

ticular thoughts of dying, and no fit of philosophy. I had long had the book, beautifully bound in green morocco, out of my uncle's library, without having looked into it. I took it up now, because, through a kind of association of ideas, the name, Moses Mendelssohn, suddenly became very interesting to me. This association presented itself in the shape of a mystical connection between the wise Israelite of Berlin and the most beautiful of his fair sisters in the faith. There was much in common in the idea of the philosopher as he sat pondering the immortality of the soul, and the image of the lovely Psalm-reader at the deathbed of the aged Hebrew. The object of both was to strengthen and exalt the soul, when it breaks the ties of the body.

So I took the book and read, only the title. That said enough. In the bare word, "Immortality," eternity, with its mysterious realms and unknown delights unfolded itself before me. I lost myself there, and in the thought of the blessedness of an endless union with her, a transfigured saint, I let the book fall without looking further than the title. The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought which it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in its tones, but in the echo of our hearts. I always find a book and a piece of music most excellent when I forget myself over both.

The excursion which my mind made over the world and the grave, and time and space, I will not describe here. How could I? The highest that we think is unutterable.

In this great and blessed moment I could have breathed away my soul with rapture. One dies in youth readily, joyfully, with the consciousness of passing from one heaven

to another; and in that other, to meet her again! I, transfigured to meet her, the transfigured of God! her, who now perhaps scarcely has a thought of my existence! Overpowered by melancholy and fervent longing, I took up a pencil and wrote on a blank leaf, at the end of the book, the following:

THE FAIR HEBREW.

Might I dwell with thee on high,  
Pure one! where the pure are dwelling,  
Where no heart is proudly swelling,  
Where no pride nor vanity  
Gentle loving hearts shall sever,  
Loving on and on forever,—  
Might I dwell with thee on high!

My eyes grew dim with tears. I threw book and pencil aside, and gave myself up to the still stream of thoughts and images, until, in the gentle transition from waking to sleeping, the confusion of my reverie dreamily shaped itself into distinct forms. In this evening twilight of the inner world, where the sunlight of consciousness, half set, still throws its last faint beams through the soul's night upon the highest objects of the mind, I fancied myself wandering in a labyrinth of dim passages. I was alone, but without fear. I heard a light step as of some one ascending from a deep vault. A female form, which I knew not, approached me. In her looks beamed a smile of melancholy tenderness. I appeared gradually to know her, until I recognised the most beautiful of the despised daughters of Zion—my rose of Sharon. I went hesitatingly towards her in anxious delight. But she turned to avoid me. "Stay," cried I, "only a moment.—" "The person I seek I do not find," said she, and retreated still

farther.—“Ah, lady, if we always found what we sought!” sighed I, with quiet sadness. “One often finds,” she replied, “even better than one seeks! Farewell!” With these words she retired in the darkness to a dim portal, which she could not open. I hastened to her assistance. In our united efforts to open it, our hands were unintentionally clasped. I was embarrassed. She vanished with the words, “We shall meet again!” I sank weeping on the ground in bitter anguish. She returned. There was a twilight around her, which grew into a bright halo. It did not appear as a light from another quarter, but as it radiated from her person. Her beautiful face was pale, but unspeakably lovely. I saw her head gently incline towards my brow. I felt her soft breath, and her hand at last found mine. I fainted in a blessed tumult of mind, or rather my dream faded away. The images before me grew dim and swam together, taking now one shape and now another, and at last, with amazement, I saw my uncle. He had taken my hand to feel my pulse, and his face, with spectacles mounted, was close to mine, examining my looks.

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A little more, and I should have shrieked out in my first surprise, so ghostly and horrible appeared my uncle's head to my bewildered senses. The size of his head, on account of its nearness, seemed gigantic, almost transcending the scope of my vision; and the spectacle-glasses seemed to me like two huge frozen seas hanging over me, in whose abysses grotesque monsters were dancing.

“Don't be disturbed, Julius,” said he, with his accustomed good-nature. “I am on the track of the mischief. It will all be over by to-morrow. Fear not; but why these

hypocondriac whimsies? Why these preparations for death? You have fifty years of life before you yet."

"I preparing for death, uncle! I'm sure I don't know on what account! I am as well as ever I was in my life."

May be so, but reading does you no good at present, and least of all, busying yourself with Mendelssohn's speculative philosophy. It will only increase your fever."

"I have no fever, nor have I philosophized nor speculated."

"So much the better. Lay the Phædon aside then; it is not a fit book for the table of a sick man. I have taken it away. You only want rest."

While he thus spoke, he continued to observe me narrowly. He then went aside, and turned over the leaves of an old quarto on the table, probably to seek out the medicines appropriate to my symptoms. There actually stood by the thick book a medicine phial, with a silver spoon! Genuine fear seized me at these preparations.

"Don't trouble yourself, uncle, on my account, I pray you. You are mistaken, I am not sick. I have already slept right soundly, and have had the most delightful dreams in the world."

"Indeed, Julius! delightful dreams! excellent! excellent!" Upon my uncle's countenance was depicted a secret joy, with a mixture of gratified pride, as he murmured to himself, "Just so! the cure works with speed and power."

"What have you then been doing to me?" I asked.

"You shall learn all in good time. Look here! at page sixty-four of Hippocrates, Haager edition, I have your whole case. But, tell me, what have you been dreaming

of so pleasantly? The nature of one's dreams, in sickness, is often a sure index of the malady. Bethink yourself."

But, let me bethink myself as I would, the dream had vanished, to the last vestige.

"Don't perplex yourself," said he, carefully counting some drops of his mixture into the silver spoon, and approaching his bed with it. "Take this, Julius, these drops will do you good. Take it, my dear boy!"

An invincible repugnance seized me at the sight of the silver spoon. In my childhood, I had, regularly every spring, been tormented, no matter how well I might be, with a prevention-dose, that always made me deadly sick for a whole day. I begged, I protested; in vain! My good uncle urged me so earnestly by all that was dear to me, that I could not possibly deny him the joy of seeing me obedient to his treatment. I took the spoon, but, as he turned away his eyes, the healing drops flew between the wall and the bed, and I returned him the empty spoon. He was satisfied, and promised speedy recovery, in which by the way, I had not the smallest doubt.

"Observe how you feel," said he, after a pause. "Do you feel any oppression, any slight pain, any unusual sensation? Consider attentively. It lies within the ability of the soul to feel perfectly the condition of the body when the latter is suffering; it acts like instinct with the brutes."

"I feel nothing," I replied, "but a biting or tickling sensation in the heart, or about there."

The mysterious manner in which my uncle smiled at these words, seemed at first to convey some satire, as if he would say, "Such a tickling in the region of the heart



is a natural circumstance in young people." But when he began to nod his head with a satisfied expression, the affair looked suspicious. I put my hand to my heart, and with the points of my fingers felt a huge plaster which had been put upon me while I slept.

"My dear child, keep still; don't disturb the cataplasm in its place. It has done excellent service. The drops will give you a good long sleep. So I will leave you. Tomorrow you will be well. Good-night."

And with his thick-bodied Hippocrates, he left me. The very next moment the cataplasm flew under the bed after the drops, and I nestled myself again among my pillows. Here had been no imaginary patient—only an imaginary doctor. The shapes of the stars and serpents, wrought upon the shade of the night-lamp, appeared in confused forms of light on the ceiling, and spread a faint brightness, which reminded me of the window of the hospital. No wonder, that in imagination I again saw the fair confessor of the Mosaic Law, as she sate reading at the deathbed in infinite grace, and surrounded by a halo of heaven. The first awaking of innocent passion in the bosom of a youth has a deifying power. It is a magic sunrise over the clouds of childhood. The universe becomes a grand temple, in which one wanders alone with God and the beloved one. All else is beautified only by her presence, has reference only to her, speaks only of her. And all this is not the creation of fancy; it is not mere poetic invention; it is nature, reality, life, and truth.

It will not seem strange, then, that in fancy I got engaged in earnest conversation with the young Israelite, and found words for things for which otherwise no language on earth affords articulate signs. I did not forget

that she would perhaps appear the next morning with the borrowed book in my uncle's library. This *perhaps* passed with me for indubitable certainty. Only the first step, only the first address, seemed a mountain to my bashfulness; this overcome, the rest would take care of itself. I tasked myself to prepare the opening address of a conversation full of soul and love. Never was I richer in beautiful phrases.

In this agreeable employment, which gradually grew more and more disconnected, I fell asleep.

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The sun shone dazzlingly through my window-panes when I awoke. The swallows were in full activity on the roofs, and in the streets was the noise of men, beasts, and rolling carriages. I was about to leap from my bed when a suspicious noise held me back. I heard the steps of my uncle upon a private staircase which led down to my room from his sleeping-chamber adjoining his library. "Heaven help me!" sighed I, "he is certainly coming with the silver spoon, and I shall have to take the rest of the mixture!" I instantly shut my eyes to escape the danger, and placed myself as if I were sound asleep.

He gently opened the door; I heard him approach the bed. After awhile I felt his breath on my cheeks. I remained motionless as a dead person. A long pause succeeded. "Good, good!" he muttered to himself, "he lies as quietly as before. Good color. It all goes on as it stands written." Again there was silence. Then I felt the gentle pressure of his fingers on the pulse of my arm which lay extended on the coverlid. An inclination to laugh almost overcame me, but luckily I conquered it. "Regular!" he muttered. I trusted now that I was re-

leased from the inquisition, but I was mistaken. He laid the palm of his hand very lightly on my forehead. Having assured himself of the temperature of that, he withdrew his hand with a murmur of satisfaction. But then I fell into an agony lest he should want to examine the plaguy cataplasm in the region of the heart. Already I felt the approaching warmth of his hand and a slight tickling in the threatened region. I was about to open my eyes, and undeceive my uncle as to my sleep, when I caught a sound that indicated a different movement on his part. I heard the light jingling of the rings, watch-keys, and a dozen little jewels which formed a considerable weight at the end of his watch-chain. I rightly guessed that he was ascertaining the hour. "Just a quarter after nine!" whispered he to himself. "According to the book, he must sleep a couple of hours longer, till a quarter past eleven. I shall be back before then." His Hippocrates had probably prescribed that I should not wake earlier, but I was by no means resolved to obey. A slight creaking of shoes announced the withdrawal of my uncle. I blinked towards the door and saw him, in full dress for a visit, in his coffee-brown coat, round hat, and with his Spanish cane in his hand. It was just as I wished. He was probably on his way to the Oriental professor to solve his doubts respecting the pronunciation of the *Ajin* of the Hebrew.

The moment he had left the room, and, as I hoped, the house, I sprang joyfully up, hurried on my clothes, and ordered breakfast, which, at all other times, I took sociably with my uncle. I gathered, by-the-way, to my great satisfaction, from the old cook, that my uncle had had no visitor, male or female, that morning. The fair Israelite

was then still to be expected, *perhaps* only to be expected, and *perhaps* my good star would lead her to me in the absence of my uncle. I hastened as upon wings up into the library, swallowed my breakfast, which stood there on the table under the great looking-glass, and then took my stand at the window. It was closed. I did not venture to open it, for fear she might be already coming down the street.

With my nose close to the window-pane, I stood with my eyes turned towards the corner of the street where she was wont to appear. The longer I stood in uncertain and anxious expectation, the more uncomfortable I became, especially as that which only the evening before seemed so easy now caused me the greatest embarrassment—namely, how I should address her, and by the first introduction of our conversation win in some measure her confidence and good-will. I tried in vain to recollect some of the beautiful thoughts and phrases of yesterday. They had all vanished, and what I could patch up had no intelligible connection. And so I gave up for lost the finest opportunity of becoming a little better acquainted with her. I fell into silent despair, and in my desperation began to whistle, in order with a violent effort to occupy myself and forget my fatal want of tact. I even began to wish that she might not come to see my uncle that day.

It struck ten on the tower of the neighboring church. I began to believe that, once ten o'clock, she would not appear. I counted the strokes of the clock, and between every interval my confidence increased. At last the clock ceased. "Thank heaven!" I exclaimed, with a lighter heart, "she will not come to-day." I strode joyfully

through the library twice; I had perfect command of myself again.

But every thing swam before my eyes when I looked again out of the window, for I saw a blue dress in the distance: it was she! I hoped she had come out this morning with some other intention, and I waited in the greatest anxiety to see whether, when she reached our house, she would pass by or come in. At last she crossed over. The window-glass prevented me from putting out my head, and I lost sight of her.

My entire presence of mind vanished. I ran to the door to escape; but stopped, and changed my mind, lest I should run directly against her. I turned round. The door-bell rung. I shivered all over. But, perhaps it was some one else. And why run away, even if it were she? What harm could come of it, even if I received her with the most formal politeness? The bell rung a second time. From very dread I took a long stride through the room. Then I chid myself for my ridiculous cowardice. I could have given myself a box i' the ear. "You lily liver!" I said to myself—"you lily liver! to take to your heels before a gentle, amiable child! She does not come to see you, but only your uncle. He is not at home. They will tell her when they open the door, that he is gone out, and she'll not take the trouble to come up here. So your worry is useless! You will not even see her. And perhaps after all, it is only your uncle who has just returned."

I sate down in order to gain some composure. I sprang up; methought I heard footsteps—sat down again, and then got up. At last, to escape the horrible suspense, I stepped to the door, to ascertain whether it were she or my uncle; I opened the door, and saw no one. Pluck-

ing up heart, I stepped forwards. In the dim light of the staircase I discerned the outline of a female. It was she? Lightly as a shadow she floated towards me.

"Is Mr. Toms at home?" she inquired in a soft voice—a voice which I now heard for the first time, and in which there was a melody never to be forgotten. Her question had nothing in it particularly abstruse or obscure, but really the answer was not right at hand. Silently bowing, and inviting her with a gesture to enter the library, I went before her, opened the door, and then followed her in. All this was less the effect of good manners on my part, than of an indescribable embarrassment. There was a singing in my ears, but not a living thought in my head. Something must be said. Blushing, I offered her a seat, and said, without looking at her, "You wish—you desire—" and there I stuck. For I glanced at her, and saw her face suffused with the most beautiful blushes.

"I beg pardon," she stammered, conquering her own embarrassment; "I will call again, in case Mr. Toms is not at home."

"Alas!—but—" said I, or stammered I, or, I believe, I sighed.

And as she slightly bowed, she turned and left me standing, not knowing in my flurry what to say or do, and never thinking of attending her, until she had already crossed the threshold; then I hastened after her. "Stay, only a moment," said I, half aloud, as we stood in the dim passage.

"The person I seek I do not find," answered she, in a still lower voice.

"Ah, lady, if one always found what one sought!"—— sighed I, and as I spoke, it seemed to me as if all this

had happened before, and I anticipated her answer—"O often finds better than he seeks." But I thought vaguely and transiently. Yet she answered as I thought—"One often finds better than one seeks." With this she went towards the door and sought the handle of the lock in the dim light of the distant entry-window. I hastened to help her. Our hands accidentally touched and instead of the latch, I had hold of her delicate finger. It went like a stroke of electricity through all my nerves. In much too delicious an embarrassment to give up that happy mistake immediately, I stood there, and she stood too, much too bashful and discomposed to draw away her little hand from my unexpected grasp: she and I speechless, how many seconds I know not. Alas! I know she departed without uttering a word. She vanished, and I returned, more dead than alive, as if I had seen a ghost, back in the library.

I threw myself on the sofa, overcome with shame and vexation at my awkwardness, my incorrigible absurdity, my——But when her image rose before me, her timid, embarrassed look, her own disquiet, her blushes, I began to be a little more reconciled to myself. I had also a strange vague impression that the whole scene had been acted over before—that the incident had only been repeated, and indeed, word for word. I was completely bewildered, for I could not believe it, and yet I was conscious of having known the whole, every word she uttered before she uttered it. All at once the dream flashed upon me, of which the evening before I could not recollect a trace. There seemed to be some witchcraft in it. I doubted whether I had had such a dream, and suspected that it had only then spun itself in my imagination. Full of super-

“tious dread, I sprang up, as it were, to fly from myself.

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At this moment I heard the loud voice of my uncle, and the closing of the front door. A leap, and I was in the adjoining cabinet, the glass door of which was covered by a curtain. I shut the door behind me, and stood there concealed just as my uncle entered the library.

“But—but, my pretty child!” exclaimed my uncle, “it is not possible what you tell me——”

These words fastened me to the spot. Then she had come back with him! I slipped cat-like close to the glass door, and, from behind the curtain of green serge, saw the two. It was she, and she answered my uncle—

“I assure you, Mr. Toms—a young gentleman.”

“A young gentleman? And here, in my room! An impudent fellow that! And you don’t know him? How did he look, the rogue?”

“He was—he had—no, there was certainly nothing very impudent in his looks; rather——”

“Pardon me; that is saying nothing, my dear child. To thrust himself, will ye nill ye, into a strange room, where he found nobody, and to receive you as if he were master of the house—a very suspicious fellow! I will call my people.”

“Perhaps it was some friend of yours, some kind acquaintance, some one belonging to the house.”

“Impossible! I tell you it was no one belonging to the house. I was not here, and Julius, my nephew——”

“I think—perhaps—it might have been he,” said she, with downcast eyes.

“Again, impossible, my pretty child! He’s asleep;



and must sleep till eleven o'clock, for he has taken medicine. It cannot fail. He lives here in the room under this. Perhaps you know my nephew?"

Here arose a pause. It seemed to me an age.

"Well, well, my child, don't blush so at the question. He is a good lad, a very good lad, a fine fellow, industrious, very retired. But, say, how have you come to know him?"

"I have—you say, Mr. Toms, he lives in the room below—I think I have seen him sometimes at the window—the same young gentleman who received me here."

"Absolutely impossible, my dear; you may, perhaps, have seen my nephew at the window, for he has his study-table there. But, that he has been here, and received you here—of that my poor Julius is obviously innocent. And I can tell you why. Yesterday evening, I believe it was about eight o'clock, the clumsy booby built up a stage in the middle of his room, and got up on it; I cannot yet understand for what purpose, unless for some foolery about a light in the hospital over there." (Here the young maiden, whose disquiet evidently increased, turned her pretty head away to hide her blushes from my good uncle.) "And all at once," he continued, "helter skelter! there was a frightful noise. I heard it, ran down, found him lying on the floor, and in such a condition that I sent him instantly to bed. And there he is still, sound asleep. But, mark you, what my opinion of the matter is. A young lady of your appearance always finds young flat-terers where she will. One of them, perhaps, was bold enough—you understand me—to run on before you to—but, my dear child, don't be ashamed. One need not be ashamed of being pretty. But, no matter! let it pass, if

you don't like to hear it. To change the subject—you have brought back the book. What do you think of Buxtorf's text?"

"I am very much obliged by your kindness, Mr. Toms."

"But wait a little moment. Take a seat; pray, take a seat. It occurs to me, I have something for you,—now where have I put it? You must take with you a little remembrancer of me. Perhaps you know something of Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher? The name tells you that he is of your religion."

"He is unknown to me."

"I suppose so. You would know him, if he had written his *Phædon* in Hebrew. It was a mistake in such a man to write in German. But that is a book for you, and by a fellow-believer. It is no book for my Julius. I had to take it away from him yesterday; it gives him the blues. He must mind his Puffendorf and Burlamaqui. But wait a moment."

And with this he went to his bookcase.

She remained standing, lost in thought, and full of graceful modesty. Not a glance of curiosity did she venture to cast around the room. It was my first opportunity of seeing her so close, and without any fear or embarrassment on my part. How can I paint her in her beauty, in the quiet dignity of her innocence! There was a grace in her attitude, in her look full of soul, and in her slightest motions. The venerable library of my uncle appeared to me now like a marvellous casing to the loveliest creature that had ever come from the hand of nature. Those dim rows of volumes standing side by side, before which a dust-laden sunbeam shot through the window like a web

of light—those folios and quartos, the authors of departed centuries, the pervading stillness of the place, the air and dust of antiquity which reigned there,—and then, in the centre of the whole, the young, blooming flower, standing in all the freshness and bloom of life—these are things for which I can fit together no words. While my eyes luxuriated in the sight, my soul trembled with confused emotions. Moments of mystery! Moments of blessed self-forgetfulness, who can comprehend you?

She appeared to be weary, looked at my uncle who was still searching among his books, and seated herself at the table. Resting her cheek upon her delicate hand, she looked thoughtfully, pensively upwards; then a slight smile flitted over her countenance, and then she glanced carelessly at a small book that lay open near her. Gradually she seemed to be attracted by its contents, but in a moment or two closed it negligently, and then playing with the cover, opened it again, where only a blank leaf appeared. But this she considered with peculiar attention, bending her head over it. I saw a strange disquiet in her lovely countenance. She looked, as if she were uncertain where she was, all round the room, shut the book and suddenly rose. I was frightened; my uncle turned round. She had certainly seen my verses, and was offended at my arrogance.

“Truly,” exclaimed my uncle, giving up his search, “I can’t imagine where I have thrown it. But you shall have it; it is a very good book, I assure you, and by one of your faith. The green morocco binding too is better for your fingers than the——”

And with this he approached the table, and interrupting himself with an expression of surprise—“Mehercule!

Am I blind? Here it lies right in sight, just where I threw it yesterday when I came from my young patient. I suppose I must have been somewhat disturbed. Take it, dear child; take this little book. I cannot give your learned brother in the faith a better place than with you. Take it, and remember old Dr. Toms, who is your friend."

She took the *Phædon* somewhat hesitatingly out of his hand, while she fixed upon the honest face of my uncle a singularly earnest look, which might have been expressive of wonder or inquiry. She then bowed very gratefully to him, and said—"I know that I have no claim upon your kindness, and I know too that I need nothing to keep you in my remembrance. Nevertheless, I accept this beautiful book with pleasure. You speak highly of the wisdom of its author. It shall be to me always the representative of a wise and kind man."

My uncle attended her politely to the door as she departed, and said—"But I hope you will not forget me in the representative; and whenever you need my services come to me freely. Rest assured, I am always at home for you; no one shall get before me in my house, as some one has done to-day."

I heard no more; for he led her through the entry to the stairs. Instantly I flew from my hiding-place down into my room, and to the window to catch a glimpse of her as she departed.

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My uncle came immediately to my room. "Oho! already up? since when?" asked he, in a cheerful tone, drawing out his watch, and looking for the time.

"Not long since. I have had such a sleep as I have not had for a long while."

Here the greatest self-contentment was depicted on his face. He nodded smilingly, delighted at the power of art, and at the honor which, through his treatment of my case, was reflected upon the wisdom of old Hippocrates. Assuming then a serious tone, "Now, Julius," said he, "you are out of danger; your situation was serious."

"Serious? Do you really think so, dear uncle?"

"I don't think, Julius; I know it, I know it perfectly well. Without prompt application of preventive means, you were in danger of cephalalgia, inflammation of the brain. Do you know how I found you yesterday evening? High pulse, wild look, complete delirium! But, my sedative, the mixture, the cataplasm—they have done you good service."

To have told the truth to the good man would have been almost too cruel. It would have robbed him of all his satisfaction. "I thank you, dearest uncle, for all your care, but indeed I feel perfectly well."

"Well? Convalescent, are you?" replied he, in a tone of decision. "We must take care that you suffer no relapse. I will apply a small plaster. But don't work to-day; rest, take care of your diet; no breakfast; I will order for you what is necessary in the kitchen!"

"But dear uncle, I have already breakfasted, with a most excellent appetite."

"You have done wrong, very wrong! Where? in the library? I thought they had forgotten to clear away the remains of my breakfast. It was you, then? God be praised! No stranger has presumed to play the master of the house. It was you then who received the pretty Hebrew?"

"Indeed, she waited only a moment."

"Very right and proper! I don't know a sweeter creature in the whole city. Beauty, modesty, every womanly virtue is personified in her. But, above all things, Julius, you must hear her read Hebrew! Even in regard to the Ajin she is right. Our Oriental professor agrees with her entirely. But let me go. You have done very wrong about the breakfast. I will give orders in the kitchen."

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He left me to the solitude I longed for, and to the enjoyment of my delightful recollections. What a heaven may the short space of a few quarters of an hour embrace, outweighing the value of a whole life. I went over all she had done, all that she had glorified, consecrated, by her presence. Every one of her words, every look of hers, every one of her motions, passed in strict review before me. She had not left me then unnoticed at the window; she knew or surmised how much she was to me. Her blushes, her fingers in my hand, and her disquiet at the table when she found my verses in the Phædon—O wondrous destiny! And my good Uncle Toms himself had become the mediator between her and me. I thought I saw plainly the hand of Providence which holds, arranges, and connects the threads of our mortal destiny. I recognised in these unlooked-for dispensations a friendly hint from heaven that the tie that bound our souls was consecrated in a supernatural manner, and that my love was involuntarily returned by her.

The day was spent in reveries. My uncle several times shook his head, several times felt my pulse, feared a relapse into the delirium of yesterday, and was right. Only he was mistaken in the nature of my delirium, and

suspected nothing of its true character, not even when I repeatedly asked him about the name and residence of his pretty Hebrew, although he had repeatedly declared that he knew nothing of either.

The next day I resolved no longer to endure this unpardonable ignorance on my part, but with all possible care seek to ascertain who she was and where she dwelt. I quitted the house, and walked several times up and down the long street, examined carefully every house, every window. After fruitless trouble, I extended my excursions into other streets connected with that from which she usually came when she passed the house where we resided. At last I turned to remote quarters of the city, but it was equally vain. I hoped to meet her somewhere accidentally, and resolved then to address her in the name of my uncle. I had thought it all out excellently well after my fashion. Yet all my plans and contrivings were useless. Instead of waiting at the window for her accustomed appearance about three o'clock in the afternoon, I hastened every day into the street with the greatest impatience. But she appeared not. I had continued my journeys of discovery for many days. Then I turned sadly back to my window, and left it no more. But even at the window she failed to appear. "Perhaps she has forgotten me," said I to myself; "perhaps my silly conduct at our first meeting has displeased her; perhaps she is angry about my verses in the Phædon."

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Late one evening, at our frugal supper in the library of my uncle, the servant brought in a sealed packet which an unknown person had left at the door.

"Open it, Julius," said my uncle.

It was the book in green morocco binding. I grew pale. There was a card inside, on which was written—

“When I die, I pray that this book may be sent to Dr. Toms, from whom I received it.”

And below appeared the words—

“If Dr. Toms will do me a pleasure, he will present this book to his nephew as a memento of her whom he received in the library of his uncle.”

I turned over the book to look for my verses. There they still were, and beneath them, written by her own hand, the words,—“We shall meet again.”

“For God’s sake!” shrieked I, “What does this mean? when she dies? Can she die? It is impossible! Why does she write of dying?”

“The good, poor child!” said my uncle, deeply shocked. “What has happened to her?”

“Where does she live, dear uncle?”

“I will seek her to-morrow. We will make inquiries after her and her health.”

My uncle kept his word. We went out together. It rained. We walked through the streets. As we turned into one street, we saw a collection of people. My uncle suddenly stood still.

“What is the matter, uncle?” I asked, with beating heart; “shall we not go further?”

“My poor Julius, we are too late.”

We saw a funeral approaching. She had been hurried off by a malignant disease two days before.

“Pure one, where the pure are dwelling,  
Might I dwell with thee on high!”



## PART III.

### JULIUS, OR THE ATTIC.

How I loved the Jewess, whose countenance, hardly seen, had so fascinated me! What an angel-image remained with me of this frail being, this exquisite mingle of grace, beauty, and humility!

The thought of death ripens slowly. In the first years of life the word is poor in sense. In the eyes of childhood every thing is of yesterday, blooming, budding. For the youth all is fulness, power, overflowing. This or that one vanishes, but dies not. To die! thus forever to be parted from all joy, from the laughing face of nature, from all those brightening expectations, which are so living, so near;—to be parted from one's own limbs, now glowing with the warmth of life, then cold, stark, crumbling in the lap of decay;—to think of oneself down in the grave, in the shroud, in the earth—these are thoughts which may occur to the old man, but he chases them away; to the youth they never suggest themselves. He laughs with life, and laughs away the idea of death.

And she dies whom he loves; he will never see her again; he saw her funeral, her coffin, her grave—but she remains to him the same; unchanging, ever beautiful, pure, and with her timid smile, her downcast look, her touching voice, chaining his soul. He loses her whom

he loves; his heart breaks; his eye is filled with tears; he seeks, he calls, he speaks to her, sees her still present, gives to the shade his own life, his own love,—unchanged she stands before him, ever beautiful and pure, with her timid smile, her downcast look, her touching voice. He loses her whom he loves; no, he is only separated from her; she is only elsewhere, and there transfigured. All around her there is invested with a mild light, with a charm, and a sweet mystery. And yet, where the beautiful body rests, it is night, cold, damp, and the loathsome ministers of death are busy.

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It is a happy thing, the light-heartedness of poor mortals, although not always their light-mindedness. How else would they endure the pain of life? I sought to occupy myself; willingly I wandered on Sunday evenings, into the neighborhood of shady vines, where, to the sound of glasses and songs, the so-called common people jested away the cares and troubles of the workday world. Oftentimes I joined them. I am glad to belong to the middling class, where are domesticated most of the virtues, which are rarely found among the highest or the lowest. Or I let Grotius and Puffendorf lie, because Teniers and Ostade were more alluring.

My good uncle had a prejudice against the profession of an artist. He held a chisel and pencil unworthy of a thinking being, especially of one who intends to eat, drink, and be married. Oddly enough, while he despised artists, he honored art greatly, especially in its relation to the domain of learning, and as it furnished material for investigation and learned dissertations. My uncle had written two volumes on the Glyptic of the Greeks.

I troubled myself little about the Grecian Glyptie. I saw more in the fresh green of the woods, the blue of the mountains, the nobility of the human form, the grace of women, the silvery beard of age. These things charmed me with a mysterious magic, and I stood before the successful copies of nature intoxicated with admiration and pleasure. I myself sketched, when a boy, in my books, and drew, now Dido, now Iarbas, and even Venus, as the verses of Virgil suggested to me one or another of these personages.

Uncle Toms had at first smiled at my figures, but found that they lured me from my studies. Yet, without wishing or suspecting it, he it was who was always tempting me to the love of art. When I had to accompany him on Sunday evenings in his pleasure-walks to the neighborhood of the vines, how could I remain indifferent to the beautiful changes of light and shade, the animated, picturesque groups of people, where merriment, friendship, intoxication, comic gravity, boyish roguery, and caricature in all shapes appeared. When my uncle saw that figures of a more familiar appearance gradually succeeded to the Didos and Iarbases on the cover of my books, these walks to the vines ceased. He led me, contrary to his inclination, and notwithstanding his years, to the remotest environs of the city, oftentimes even to the rocks of Saleve Mountain, where the Arve winds through the green valley, forming and embracing lonely islands, and presenting the mirror of its waters to the mild evening light. From the spot where we were wont to rest, we could see an old bark, as it floated with some country people towards the opposite shore, or a long row of cows slowly wading from the island to the mainland, the herdsman following upon

his old horse, with two chubby children. The lowing of the kine lost itself at last in the distance, and the long procession vanished in the blue twilight.

These spectacles delighted me above all things. I always returned to the city with a softened heart, and with my memory full of beautiful pictures, and longing to transfer the miracles to paper. I wasted the evening hours in the attempt, filled up my rude outlines with the most dazzling colors, and trembled with delight at the sight.

Although my uncle wrote upon the Glyptic and the labors of Phidias, and knew the three manners of Raphael by heart, he understood precious little of drawing and painting. He honored the beautiful age of the Revival of Art, but had a special preference for the medallions of Le Prince and the shepherd scenes of Boucher, with which he had decorated his library. Yet there hung by his bed a picture, in a rusty old frame, which equally interested us both—him, because, older than the age of Raphael, it threw light upon the question concerning the discovery of oil-painting; and me, because it revealed to me, more than any thing else, the mysterious power of beauty.

It was a Madonna with the Christ-child. A halo of gold surrounded Mary's chaste brow, her tresses fell over her shoulders, and a blue tunic with long sleeves hid neither her attitude full of simple grace, nor the tender form of the young mother. Beyond this, the picture showed no art of composition, and bore the strong stamp of a devotional age. But the youthful Madonna was the object of my admiration, my love, my adoration. And whenever I entered the room, my first look and my last were fixed upon it. But my uncle, who could find no connection

between the study of the law and the picture, had it taken away

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My jurisprudence went forwards not a hair the better for that. And when afterwards my Jewess died, then I died too to all work, all ambition, all pleasure. I took neither pencil nor book in hand, only one thing continued dear to me—the book in green morocco. So passed weeks, months, years. My poor uncle was troubled, but he uttered no reproach.

One day I came to him, and took my usual place at his table. He was at his books, just transcribing a quotation. I was struck with the trembling of his hand as he wrote. This mark of his great age alarmed me, and I could have wept out of a full heart.

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He was my Providence on earth, and as far as my recollections extended back, they showed me his parental fondness as my sole protection. I may be allowed to describe him more particularly.

He is not unknown among the learned, especially those who busy themselves about the Greek Glyptic and the bull *Unigenitus*. His name stands in the catalogues of public libraries; his work one sees on their shelves. Our family, originally from Germany, settled at the beginning of the last century, about the year 1720, in Geneva. Here my uncle was born in an old house, formerly a monastery, of which the corner tower is still standing. This is all I know of the descent of my uncle and his early years. He devoted himself, after he had completed his academic course, wholly, I believe, to the sciences, and, out of love to them, to celibacy, and occupied the house where he

spent his whole life without connection with the city, in the company of his books alone.

His name, known to some foreign scholars, especially in Germany, was scarcely mentioned in the quarter of the city where he dwelt. His housekeeping without noise, his old-fashioned dress without change, his habits ever the same,—people saw him, as they see every thing which remains unaltered—houses, trees, doorways—without observing him. Only twice or thrice was I asked by passers-by who the old gentleman was. But they were strangers, who were struck by the peculiarity of his appearance and dress. Their curiosity made me proud. “He is my uncle!” answered I.

This outward mode of life regulated the inward. A stranger to the busy world, to its interests and passions, he held only to his books; examined their doctrines and propositions, not with the suspicious doubts of a philosopher, but with that self-possessed mind which is in no haste to assent or deny. He interested himself in the nice questions of theology, without ever showing what he himself specially believed in matters of religion. He weighed all moral principles, but no one could tell which he actually adopted in life. Nothing startled him, nothing won him to theories and systems. If his own convictions were few, his tolerance was so much the greater.

It would grieve me, were the reader disposed to esteem my uncle the less on account of this neutrality, on account of his cold skepticism in matters of faith and moral philosophy. He was, in his character, so naturally good and well-meaning, that he had never perhaps been in a situation to require a help to his virtue, and still less to need protection against vice. A native tenderness of mind

as to the proper, kept him from every thing unbecoming; the solitary modest life he led preserved in him a primitive simplicity of morals, while his disposition, humane rather than sensitive, rendering him more dignified than attractive, devoid of all suspicion, and not constrained and frightened back into himself by disappointment, he preserved a certain youthful freshness, which expressed itself in deed and thought. And, as ever when virtue costs no struggle, the excellent old man, without pride or austerity, was adorned with a true modesty, a pure goodness of soul, and a touching charm of innocence.

When the week had passed away in work, he devoted Sunday to the enjoyment of rest and relaxation. Early came an old barber, a contemporary of his, to put his beard and peruke in due order. Then he betook himself, in his new chesnut-brown coat, of an old-fashioned cut, to church, leaning on his Spanish cane with a gold head, with his neat psalm-book bound in shagreen with silver clasps, under his arm. There, in his accustomed seat, he listened with conscientious devotion to the sermon, mingled his tremulous voice in the song of the congregation, put his alms, always liberal, and always the same, into the box, and then returned home. We dined at noon. In the evening we took our quiet walk.

Our old maid-servant had lived with him some thirty years. More robust than she, he chose rather to make up her deficiencies himself than give her a rival. Instead of being vexed at her forgetfulness, he was wont to cheer her with a rallying jest. It must be confessed, however, that he was many a time angry with her, when she refused to submit patiently to the prescriptions of Hippocrates. My good uncle, while he tyrannized over her with his Hippo-

crates, was himself in fact her servant. When she was ill, he gave her his own easy-chair, and I saw, when we had got her into it, how he himself made her bed for her, and by so doing allured to her pale lips a smile.

One evening, when she suffered unusual pain, he carefully noted all the symptoms, consulted his book, thought of an excellent medicine, and then hastened to the apothecary's to see it prepared with his own eyes. It was almost midnight. He did not return as soon as was expected. I had to go after him; but I found at the apothecary's that he had left. I took the way home he had taken, and saw in the darkness a human figure, dragging something heavy, laying it down in a corner, and then seeking to ascertain that it lay firmly. It was my uncle, who was surprised to see me. I told him why I came. "I should have been at home long ago," said he, "if it had not been for this monstrous stone, which I had almost fallen over." This incident was characteristic of the excellent old man. Hurried and feeble as he was, he had all alone dragged the great stone aside, that no one else might suffer injury.

It will be readily understood now, why I was so distressed at the trembling of his hand, especially when I connected with it his diminished appetite, his shorter walks, and his visible exhaustion at church on Sundays, all which he did not like to be noticed.

As I gave myself over to sad thoughts, I saw with astonishment the Madonna again in its old place. I had supposed that my uncle had sold it to a Jew, who had for a long time wished to possess it. Quite mechanically I rose and went and stood before the picture.



"This Madonna," said my uncle, with a weak voice, and then paused, surprised by his feelings. I knew very well, that nothing but his intense desire to see a scion of the family ennobled by the light of a learned profession could have induced him to take away the picture which threatened to seduce me from the Law to Art. And, undoubtedly, he reproached himself for having done so, as a piece of hard-heartedness.

"This Madonna," he began again—"I had put it away because—because—but I ought not to have done it—I will give it to you. Take it down into your room."

While he said this, he recovered his usual serenity; but I, on the contrary, lost mine altogether, his kindness touched me so deeply.

"But give me in return my books again," he continued, smiling. "My Grotius is tired down there with you, my Puffendorf only sleeps there. The old woman says there are long cobwebs stretching from one to the other. In God's name let every one go as nature draws him. The Law certainly offers an honorable career. But Art too has its good side; one may make a name by that too, although it rewards one badly. However, by economy, by laying up, and with some assistance—soon too, when I am no more, my little property——"

Here I was no longer master of myself. I wept bitterly. He was silent; he looked at me, at last approached me, and said, wholly mistaking the cause of my weeping, "Well, she was worthy of your tears. She was a good child—so beautiful, and still so young, and yet——"

"No, my dear uncle, I do not weep for the Jewess, no! but you say such painful things. What would become of me, if you were no more?——"

These words dissipated his error, and so lightened his heart that he immediately recovered his old cheerfulness.

"Now, now, poor Julius, you are weeping then on my account?" cried he. "Don't take it so much to heart; one lives still! At four-and-eighty one is evidently on the boundary; but I have my Hippocrates still. Take heart, dear child. We were talking only of the fine arts, of nothing else, and of—a little wrong I have done. See you, old age comes for you as well as for me—you do not like jurisprudence; well, then, devote yourself to painting. One must follow his bent. You take the Madonna. We will seek a room for you. Do you begin here, and finish at Rome. So will it be best; only don't vegetate! When one once knows his gaol, let him hasten forwards, reach it, take a wife——"

"No," cried I, "never!"

"Well, it may be so, Julius. But why would you never marry?"

"I have——" stammered I, "—I have made a vow."

"Yes, yes. She was a good child, so beautiful, and still so young! You are right. Do as you please. But you must choose a profession. That is the main thing."

I did violence to myself in seeming right glad that I was allowed to exchange the Law for Art; but it was impossible. I embraced my uncle, and retired to my solitude.

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I must here introduce a description of the boarders residing in the same house with us; for, besides my uncle and the painter, whose room I had, when a boy, thrown into such a horrible confusion, there were yet other persons dwelling there. I will begin at the lowest story and ascend to the highest, whose lonely occupant, nearest to

heaven, had actually taken his way thither, and made place for me in the pretty attic, where I could establish myself as an artist. The reader may perhaps ask what all these people have to do with my simple history. Nothing at all, perhaps. But the recollections of youth refresh me greatly. They breathe through me like the air of spring. And, why may I not say it frankly? I tell my story first for myself and my own pleasure, next perhaps for others. I am sure of pleasing the first, not so sure of pleasing the last.

To begin then, in the same story with us dwelt an old ex-professor, a kind-hearted, jovial man, who had earned his pension by forty years' honest labor in the dust of a school-room. Regularly every morning he watered the flowers of a little garden; in the afternoon he took his siesta; in the evening he opened all his windows, in order to drink in the fresh breeze in company with his canary-birds. A quantity of Latin phrases clung to him, which he had brought from his school, and which he shook off upon every occasion, especially for the benefit of his canary-birds and the reigning lady-housekeeper. Luckily the latter understood as little of his Latin as the former.

A story higher, lived a peevish old councillor of the republic, wholly retired from all business—a Geneva Cato. In summer he sat at the window, looking at the bustle in the street, and vexing himself with real delight at his own vexation, when he saw new-fashioned mansions rising, or instead of small-clothes, pantaloons, instead of queue and bag, short hair, or round hats in the place of three-cornered ones. He railed chiefly at the youth of young people. He saw in every thing the decline of morals, and the approaching ruin of the State. In winter he sat, his feet in furred

slippers, in the chimney-corner, and, to feed his vexation, read the newspapers, which, after reading them about four times over, in his rage at the folly of the world, and the multitude of political errors, he flung into the fire. To refresh himself, once a month he took his place, on an appointed day, at the house door. There he distributed alms to some old beggars, contemporaries, weather-beaten relics of the good old times.

Over him dwelt, silent and retired, the numerous family of a geometrician, who was employed as a surveyor. Every day he was engaged till night over his plans and tables, and only rarely allowed himself and his wife and children any little amusement or pleasure-party. Even then he partook of pleasure with a countenance as grave and dry as the mathematics themselves.

But, in the room adjoining his, all was perpetual noise. It was occupied by a professor of the violoncello, who gave lessons in music. Right and left, the small rooms and cabinets were taken by students, who were learning from the professor. The gentlemen were great smokers, learned their tasks aloud, sang ballads, sounded bugles and flageolets, so that the heaven-reaching symphonies in this region were perfectly horrible, and the ex-professor below often exclaimed : "Quousque tandem !"

From these realms of sound, one ascended to the large, quiet attic, where the geometrician had also a chamber for his labors. My chamber adjoined his, pleasant, light, and almost of equal height with the large Gothic ornaments under the cupola of the cathedral church. From this lofty place, the eye rested on the naked roofs of the city, the smoke of whose chimneys vanished before it reached that elevation. I looked out on the broad,

beautiful waters, on the mountains, and the glaciers. But—

But I was no longer at the age of happy boyhood, when things of this sort exercise a magic power over the heart. The young man, engaged from year to year with his pallet before the easel, casts only a glance abroad. The beautiful no longer rules him; he would rule the beautiful through imitation; he observes and watches only colors and outlines, whence the magic of beauty springs. In view of this commanding scenery, I felt my heart empty. In every thing there was something cold, dead. I thirsted after warm life, and my longings were without definite aim. Often, faint and sick, I threw aside my pencil, and gave myself up to gloomy reveries, or quitted the house, and sought a new direction to my mind, in the free air, in meadows and woods.

One day, as I returned from one of these excursions, I observed standing under the great linden, not far from our door, a brilliant equipage. I had scarcely passed it, when a voice, a well-known, sweet voice sounded in my ear, filling me with joyful surprise. I turned quickly round. "Mr. Julius!" cried the voice again, more movingly than before. I turned back. The carriage door flew open, and I saw before me the lovely Lucy. She was in mourning. In her eye glistened a tear.

"Ah!" sighed I. "And *he* was so worthy to live! How much have you, my lady, how much have you lost in him!" For now again I saw her in imagination as I had formerly seen her in her white dress, in her child-like, tender anxiety for her venerable father, as he leaned upon her arm. I remembered his words, his kindness to

me. My eyes were wet. Lucy, still too much moved, could not answer, and only pressed my hand with a fervor which was restrained only by a graceful modesty.

"I trust," said she at last, "you are happier than I; you still have your uncle with you."

"Yes, my lady, he lives; but he is bending beneath the weight of years. How often have I thought of your venerable father,—and every day I have learned better how to sympathize with your anxiety."

Lucy now turned to a gentleman sitting beside her, to whom she explained, in a few words in English, through what chance she had become acquainted some five years ago with me and my uncle, and how the sight of me had moved her, as it reminded her of her father; she added something flattering about me and my uncle; and when she spoke of my being an orphan, there was in her tones and in her features an expression of the same tender sympathy which had formerly touched me so deeply. The gentleman, who appeared to be master of no language but his own, extended his hand to me with an air of kind regard.

"This gentleman," said Lucy to me, "is my husband—the protector and friend whom my father himself gave me. I did not keep my father long after we parted with you. Eighteen months afterwards, God called him. He often smiled at the remembrance of your history. When, soon or late, dear Mr. Julius, you suffer a like loss to mine, pray write to me. I must see your uncle once more. Tell me—I stopped just at this spot to speak with the painter who painted my father's portrait—do you think I shall find him without company?"

"Undoubtedly, my lady; he does not indeed reside

here any longer; but you have only to give me your commands, and I will deliver them to my brother artist."

"Indeed! Then you have been allowed to follow your inclination? Well, then, Mr. Julius, I will accept your offer with thanks, and will appoint a time. But you will permit my husband and me to see some of your works? Do you still live here, in the same house?"

I answered her question, not without a little embarrassment. After some further conversation, I retired, and the carriage drove off.

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This apparition of Lucy, with all its recollections of earlier days, restored to me the energy which for several months past I had lost in brooding over my sorrows. But, may I confess it?—although I had hitherto loved my Jewess with tender melancholy, the bitterness of that remembrance from this moment vanished, and my soul, set free from the past, turned again to the present and the future. And yet the pleasure of my surprise at this meeting with the beautiful Lucy was not wholly unalloyed. I experienced a disagreeable sensation when I saw the strange gentleman at her side; and when she told me it was her husband, I felt my heart crushed together as by an ice-cold hand. What was the matter with me? I had long ceased to think of Lucy. But the disagreeable feeling was very transient, and it had vanished before the carriage had disappeared. I saw in Lucy only the amiable wife of a man who seemed to me worthy of all esteem.

I lived now for some days in the remembrance of this meeting and in the hope of soon seeing Lucy again. I set my works in order for her—some copies, among which was that of the Madonna, two or three portraits, and several

specimens of my own composition, not badly done, as my vanity whispered to me. All were set out in the best light when Lucy came, accompanied by her husband.

Could I only portray this lovely woman, those features full of gentleness, whose attraction was enhanced by the brilliancy of her rank and wealth, this natural, kindly being, whom neither the fashion nor the prejudices of the so-called great world had sophisticated! If a certain melancholy was visible in her countenance, it vanished, when she spoke, in a gracious smile; and even when she was silent, there was something winning in her looks. The moment she entered my modest attic, her first words were encouraging congratulations. She surveyed my works with special sympathy. She spoke of them with enthusiasm to her husband; yet, only once, when they whispered, did Lucy's air and tone call up a blush on my face. I felt that she esteemed me too highly.

I heard the step of my uncle approaching. I flew to the door and opened it. Lucy, anticipating his appearance, had risen from her seat, and was hastening towards him, when, catching sight of the old man, she immediately drew back, unable to conceal how much she was affected by his looks. But my uncle, always cheerful, and true to his old-fashioned gallantry, took the hand of the young lady, and bowing, pressed it to his lips. "Permit me, lady," said he, "to return the visit with which you honored me some five years ago, when you brought me this naughty boy here. I know, I know," he continued, seeing Lucy's tears flowing, "you have been heavily afflicted. The noble old man was your father. I know, too, that this gentleman is your husband, and worthy is he to be so, since your father approved of him."



Lucy's husband pressed my uncle's hand with great cordiality, and offered him a chair. Lucy herself apologized for her great emotion. "When I saw you for the first time in Lausanne," said she, "you and my father in the same room, both about the same age, both happily necessary to two others, a presentiment came over me, which your presence at this moment calls back very vividly. I thank heaven that I see you so well. Had I not accidentally met Mr. Julius, I would not have left Geneva without inquiring after you. How sorry I am that you should have come up so high on my account!"

"You are very kind, my lady," said my uncle; "you are an angel! How one loves to hear you speak! Your father, in Lausanne—he mounted pretty high too, but was not rewarded with a reception like this—a reception which you alone, with your voice, your kind heart, your grace, could give. My dear, may you yet be happy, very happy! Soon, very soon, I shall have to mount up much higher, when—but my poor Julius stands by, and he does not like to hear me speak of it."

Thus, the conversation took a turn which caused our eyes to fill with tears. Probably this moved our good uncle to leave us sooner than he had intended to do. We three attended him to the door, full of those emotions of tenderness and veneration which such a venerable man inspires, and with which melancholy thoughts mingle.

When he had retired, we continued to talk of him. Lucy thought she saw a great resemblance in him to her father, especially in his cheerful humor, and his genuine, old-fashioned politeness. But she suddenly changed the subject of conversation. "Dear Mr. Julius," said she, not without a slight blush, "we have brought with us my

father's portrait. We wish to have two copies of it; and indeed, to make them still more dear to us, we wish them to be done by your hand. Will you? These productions of yours are a pledge of your success, although the remembrance which you cherish of my father is dearer to me than your talent."

Let the reader imagine my joy! I had to exert all my power to prevent them from seeing it. But Lucy and her husband might easily have guessed it from my first start of surprise. And the consciousness that the work did not exceed my ability increased my pleasure.

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Instantly, the very same day, I set to work. What an inspiring employment, to charm the venerable Englishman on to the canvas, and by his side his fair daughter in her fair spring-time, her sweet looks, the soft outline of her noble form, and the lovely position of the whole!

"The dear little soul!" exclaimed my uncle, when I related to him my good fortune. "I lamented, when I saw her, that I did not know English instead of Hebrew. But, Julius, it rejoices me you are in heaven again—it is all right. But do yourself honor with the pictures! Observe carefully the laws of *clara-obscura*, the laws of linear and aerial perspective, and the due arrangement of light and shade,—and then—The dear little soul! so beautiful, and as good as she is beautiful, the personification of goodness!"

The appearance of the brilliant equipage before our door, the splendid liveries, and the coat-of-arms on the coach-door, had indeed occasioned no small sensation, and led to a thousand conjectures among our house-mates. It was discovered, at last, what had occurred to no one, that

the distinguished visit was to me alone. The glory of my name, the greater for being unexpected, soon mounted from story to story. The old professor prided himself not a little, in having prophesied my success as an artist, and exclaimed—

Non ego perfidum  
Dixi sacramentum.

On the other hand, the violoncellist, with his whole musical troop, had been thrown into great commotion. Students love life at the windows. Fifteen heads at least appeared there, stretched out one over the other, when the footman sprang from the carriage, opened the door, let down the steps, and the young lady, leaning on her husband's arm, stepped out and entered the house. "It must be a dilletanti," thought the virtuoso, "whom Providence, at last—" And all now flew to the windows which looked out upon the stairs. Lucy ascended from story to story, and straight—such a beauty to the young artist! My fame rose to the stars.

The geometrician alone and his family troubled themselves little about the extraordinary event. He had gone out into the country to measure a piece of land. His wife was busy with her domestic cares, and the eldest daughter remained in the attic-room next to mine, immovable before the tables and calculations of her father.

In the mean while my work advanced. Early in the morning I went to my room, and there labored *con amore* until sundown. This regularity led me into a somewhat nearer acquaintance with the geometrician. He with his daughter went as early and regularly as I up to the attic. As he went into his working-room to give his daughter

her task for the day, I went into mine. This neighborhood, this uniformity of habits, brought us gradually together, so that the man, in spite of his economy of time, turned a few moments before we entered our respective rooms to chat with me. His daughter was wont to go before with the key of the door. She was of an agreeable figure, more noble than pretty, always very simply dressed, with her beautiful hair lightly wound around her comb; there was the freshness of youth in her whole bearing. Although, as is the case where the education is strict, the maiden was timid and modest, yet there appeared in her feature a certain fearless pride, which was more strongly marked in the countenance of her father. Unversed in the courtesies of the polished world, she had her own attractive ways, a dignity and gentleness, which, humble as her condition was, never betrayed her lowly rank in her deportment. I was chiefly moved by the self-devotion of the young maiden, which led her in the age of joy, without rest, almost without relaxation, to give herself to occupations so foreign to her sex, in order, in common with her father, to make provision for the support of the family.

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From this time onwards, I regularly took great care to be early enough to avoid the danger of being compelled to go up the stairs alone. But many a time it happened that the geometrician had given his daughter her work—her name was Henrietta—a day beforehand. She then went up in the morning to the attic alone. Those were lost days for me. For, from the fear of throwing Henrietta into the same embarrassment which I sometimes felt myself, I knew not how to mend the matter better than

by hurrying forward or loitering on the way, when she happened to be already on the stairs.

But once seated before my easel, it had for me quite a peculiar charm to know that my invisible fellow-laborer was so near. Every noise in the next room brought before me her person, her gait, her different movements. It became insupportably lonely to me when the hour called her to dinner; I could not, I would not pursue my labors, and, by-and-by, I began to break off at the same time and go out.

But one thing had struck me. In the first days, before I had established my morning habits, she had sometimes with her soft voice sung a little ballad, and just as I began to listen with increasing pleasure, it ceased. Was that accident? Was it on my account? Had she a suspicion that I would hear? Was it a sign that she busied herself in silence about me as I about her? A hundred questions arose, and a hundred things to be considered and weighed. After the copies for Lucy were finished, nothing would succeed with me; I left the canvas untouched, and the colors and the pencil where they lay.

I no longer indulged, as formerly, in a fantastic jumble of indistinct dreamings, no; Lucy was married, and why not I? And Henrietta!—After the wedding, without any great trouble, a door might be made in the partition between our two rooms. Hers might be the parlor. In mine we could work together, she before her papers and calculations, I before my pictures. How very simple! It was all ready to happen of itself.

Happy age! Last golden gush of heaven from the rosy dawn of life, soon to be lost in the consuming beams of the hot noonday sun! Yes, I thought in all seriousness

of making Henrietta my life-companion before I had exchanged a syllable with the young maiden. In marriage, which with the poet is the grave of love, and with the moralists a strong but sacred tie, I saw an Eden blooming in eternal spring, an earthly ante-heaven. How the house was to be kept, what new wants would rise, how children were to be educated and provided for!—things of this sort had never before occurred to me, certainly not then; and indeed they were quite too prosaic.

One morning, when I was settled at the window, thinking on the aforesaid ante-heaven, and looking at the professor who was watering his tulips in his garden below, I heard a slight noise near me. It was Henrietta opening her window. She looked out. We could easily have touched hands. That she had not known I was there, I saw at once; for she grew fire-red. Not to show that my nearness had occasioned her any greater embarrassment than it fitted her womanly pride to betray, she could not immediately retire from the window. So she maintained her position, but looked steadily at the roofs and the flying clouds to conceal her confusion,—I was frightened, and looked another way. Yet now or never was the moment to address *her* for the first time, who was to be my life-companion; that I saw plainly. I twice opened my lips, but my voice failed me. At last I made a mortal effort, and said, casting my eyes down towards the professor—"These tulips——"

I had scarcely uttered these two words, when Henrietta drew back her pretty head, and vanished from my side before the professor could look up.

"Aha! You are looking at my gardening?" cried he. "Purpureos spargam flores!"

There was nothing very agreeable to me in the professor's Latin.

"Verily, et carduus florem mittit," he continued, "but thistles, although they sting so nicely, are not therefore roses, let alone tulips. You, my admirable artifex, you should be a flower-painter; and see you this variegated tulip here, in the finest brilliancy of color. With your brush you might immortalize it for posterity. In Holland it would bring between brothers twenty ducats——"

What did I care for posterity and Holland? The professor, bent over his tulip-bed, no doubt went on with his German-Latin long after I had shut down my window and was seated there, overcome with shame and mortification.

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The miserable result of my first attempt to speak to Henrietta robbed me of all desire to repeat it. I was humble enough to content myself still with the passages on the stairs. So again passed away several weeks, silent and dull.

Henrietta seldom received visits. Now and then her mother, when her domestic cares allowed, came and worked and chatted with her a few moments. One afternoon, when I was at my window, I observed that Henrietta's was also open, for I could hear every word: I leaned out and listened.

"Your father will return home," said the mother, "about six o'clock. I have got the children ready, that we may go out a little while."

"Mother dear, I shall have to remain here; for if I leave my work, how shall I finish it to-morrow? It must be done on Thursday, you know."

"You are a good child to work so for us. I shall rejoice when your brothers will be able to help you."

"And so shall I, for father's sake."

"Father is, God be thanked, active and still young. When he grows old, or in case of sickness, I shall begin to be anxious about him. But you—you may leave us before then."

"My health is good, and I hope to remain where I am."

"I hope so too; but, dear child, the time will come when you will think of providing for yourself."

"Mother dear, I am well provided for with you and father. I belong to you, to no one else, and better that we should live somewhat straitened than that I should be in any way parted from you. That would be double want."

"You would have then a rich husband."

"No, by no means. I should not be the equal of such a one. But it will never enter my thoughts to work for another and not for our family."

"You are perfectly right, Henrietta, not to desire riches. In spite of our straitened circumstances, I am quite happy in your father and in you all; yet think, child, of living in still greater want, but to share it and bear it with an honest husband, is better than to remain unmarried."

"But there are few men, dear mother, as good as father."

The chatting continued, but it had for me a taste of bitter-sweet. The virtuous pride of the young maiden did indeed increase my respect for her, and it pleased me not a little that her heart was free; but this heart seemed



too calm and cold, and showed too little softness and susceptibility, to encourage a young man of my stamp. What still comforted me were the mother's words. When the worthy woman spoke the praises of a poverty honestly and nobly borne, there was something favorable for me. I was at least honest, of that I was conscious, and I was withal any thing but rich.

Unfortunately, however, Henrietta did not depend entirely upon her mother. The independent, proud character of all the members of this family was united in every individual, singularly enough, and yet very naturally, with the most entire submissiveness and devotion to the will of the head of the family. The geometrician—dry, grave, decisive, straightforward in his deportment, rough in his manner—exercised, by the example of his blameless walk and self-devotion, unbounded authority in his domestic circle. His wife loved him with an involuntary reverence, and Henrietta, who placed him so high above all men, cherished for him a filial affection more fervent than visible, more reverential than enthusiastic.

The more I became acquainted with this family, so little known in their obscurity, the more I found in them to admire. In all their poverty, yet rich in their virtue, they took rank with the noblest in the city. How truly great appeared this man in his humble relations! But this austerity, and this submissiveness, and all the collected virtues of the family, were of little advantage to me. What did they avail me, if I found not favor in the eyes of the father and master? What availed it that the geometrician was a grave, practical man, laborious, of rough republican virtue, when I saw very plainly that these qualities, which,

without doubt, he would require in his future son-in-law, were least of all prominent in my own character? All I had to do was to let him see my characteristic virtues, and offer them to him as substitutes of those in which I was deficient. But this was not so easy. For already the cold manner of this man, his proud, penetrating eye, his decisive tone, had given him, whenever we met, a secret power over me, a superiority which always embarrassed me and made me awkward. Under these circumstances, the prospect of showing him my worth was not the most inviting.

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As it always is, however, the greater the difficulty, the greater the charm in conquering it. Upon the father I did not venture, but I preferred to try to approach the daughter; and here I went to work as for life. I devised projects and plans of proceeding truly gigantic. The great point was to seek the best opportunity of accomplishing my enterprise in the most knightly manner. So I planned and planned long, and so long and so admirably, that always one opportunity after another escaped me before I could come to a declaration.

Of mornings, when we betook ourselves together wholly alone to our attic-rooms, I had already got so intimate with Henrietta, that I greeted her, inquired about her father, and gave her the benefit of my opinion now of the fine weather, and now of the rain. Ten times, at least, I was on the point of saying something else to her; but a hot glow would come up into my face, and in my agitation I could not utter a word; so I postponed the terrible business until I could find myself in her vicinity without blushing or discomposure. In the mean time, her father

again made one of the party, and Henrietta no longer went up stairs alone.

But, as everybody knows, love makes one inventive. At noon Henrietta usually went to dinner alone, and came unaccompanied back. I resolved to become her companion on these occasions. The matter went on finely. I should have nothing to do but to bring forward the main question. But just then the family suddenly changed their dinner-hour; so I had to go alone morning and evening.

A last resort remained—a very rash one it is true, but quite infallible. I was to go, upon some pretence, to Henrietta's room, and there open my heart. I was several times on my way thither; and all would have been well, had I not always turned back again, until Henrietta's mother gradually fell into the habit of coming to work with her in the attic.

One morning there came a knock at my door. I sprang to open it. It was Lucy. The visit of this lady quickly cheered me up. I was at once put in tune; I knew very well with what a flattering grace this beautiful Englishwoman was wont to say the prettiest things to me, and I thought too that Henrietta, on the other side of the thin partition, might catch a good part of what was said.

Lucy, just returned from a short excursion, came to inquire about the copies of her father's portrait. I showed them to her. She had the goodness to appear delighted, and to lavish her commendation on my talents. I was scarcely conscious of myself from joy when she changed the conversation by inquiring whether I had been at home the day before, and I had replied, "Did you take

the trouble to come up here? Yesterday my uncle called for me, and I had to accompany him."

"So I learned," said Lucy, "from a young person who works in the next room, and with whom I rested a few moments. What is the name of the pretty creature, pray?"

At this question I grew very red all over. Lucy observing it, not without some embarrassment, immediately resumed—"I have, very thoughtlessly, dear Julius, put a question to you which must make me seem very curious and impertinent in your eyes. Pardon me. I was prompted only by the interest I had taken in a young person, whose manners prepossessed me greatly."

"Her name is Henrietta,"—stammered I, still in confusion. "You are right, she is very amiable; I often repeat her name, and never without emotion, very amiable,—you smile; having once said so much to you, I may tell you what you have already guessed. By your question you have discovered a secret, which, hidden in my inmost heart, I had not revealed to a single soul. But why not to you? You stand amid all my remembrances of earlier times as a holy guardian angel. Yes, this young person—I see her daily; she works every day in the adjoining room, and yet, our acquaintance is the slightest possible; still I love her——"

We were here interrupted; Lucy's husband entered. We returned to the copies, and soon my visitors left me.

I rejoiced to be alone. I had to draw my breath again. And yet I was happy, beaming with joy, proud of myself. I had spoken the word, and so well, so exactly at the right moment—how I admired myself! And what, more than all the rest, made a god of me was, that Hen-

rietta, who had been perfectly free to leave her room, never quitted it until after the arrival of Lucy's husband. Henrietta, since she had heard my confession, had heard it willingly, and, as she had heard it willingly, her heart must be mine. Lastly, as a full hour passed, and she did not return as usual, I was convinced that, as an affectionate and dutiful daughter, she had told all, confessed all to her parents. One could easily guess what the family were about.

In these dreamings, in anxious and delighted expectation of the issue of things, hour after hour passed. At last, I heard steps upon the stairs, which suddenly turned to my door. The door was quickly thrown open; to my amazement it was the geometrician!

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My physiognomy did not probably present its ordinary expression; for the geometrician instantly began with his characteristic abruptness—"Why are you so pale at my appearance? You might have expected me."

"Really—I had flattered myself that—" so I stammered, and came to a full stop.

"Just recover yourself first. Let us be seated."

We took seats.

"It is a principle with me," he began again, (and his sharp eye was fastened on me,) "to go the *straight* way to work. For some time I have observed that you, sir, love the *crooked*. I have supposed myself hitherto sufficiently safe against that. But to-day, this morning, in the presence of a third person, you have permitted yourself to compromise my daughter. What is the meaning of this?"

"Compromise?"—I endeavoured to reply: "blame,

sir, if you will, my inexperience, but cast no suspicion on my intentions."

"With honorable intentions one goes openly to work. Your way of proceeding has something ambiguous in it, and the more, as your situation, so far as I know it, is not calculated to make me easy about your conduct."

"Sir, it seems you seek a quarrel with me!" I exclaimed.

"Very possibly," replied the geometrician, drily: "I am always ready to give satisfaction. Perhaps I judge you too severely. It may be that, timid, inexperienced, awkward in your behaviour, you still have a definite and honest purpose. Give proof of it, then. That you tattle about Henrietta to others, and even set another to talk about her,—all this is offensive to me, although there may be nothing wrong intended. What do you wish, then? Explain yourself. You have, perhaps, serious views. Are you authorized to entertain such views? How much do you make with your brush and colors in a year? What is the average?"

This horrible question—I saw it already approaching from afar—destroyed what little self-possession I had gained entirely. For hitherto I had earned precious little. I possessed precisely just so much as nothing, and had thought only of love, and mutual love; in short, only of a new door in the partition; of all that pertains to the prose of life not a word had as yet occurred to me.

"I make yearly," I answered hesitatingly—"I earn certainly—at present indeed less than I shall earn in future. But I have—a profession and——"

"For this very reason," interrupted he, "because you have a profession, and indeed the profession of a painter,

I put the question very distinctly. You know the proverb: Art seeks bread; your business, now and then, brings fame, but seldom bread into the house. My daughter has nothing. What have you? or rather, I ask again, what do you make on the average in a year, in case you really have honorable intentions?"

"I make on the average"——

Now I either had to tell a lie, or—I was very near fainting. Some one knocked at the door.

"God be praised!" thought I. "Long live the *Deus ex machina*! who is to be sure more at home on the stage or in romances, than in every-day life. O Lucy! O my guardian angel!"

I had opened the door. A servant in livery entered with two fat money-bags in his hand and under his arm. I stood stupefied, and let him have his own way. He laid them down on the table, untied one, and shook out a silver stream of dollars, spread them out as he counted them; did the same with the sounding bowels of the other bag, counted me off the silver pillars, twenty dollars strong each, handed me a piece of paper, and said, "Please to settle for the two copies; my lady has directed me to take them and the original also."

"Good, the pictures are all here, ready packed," said I; and giving them to the Mercury, turned again to the geometrician, who, in the mean while, had risen and taken his hat, and to whom I hastily remarked—"As I have had the honor already to inform you, I make, on an average, every year——"

"You have your business now," he said, interrupting me, "as I have mine. This man here is waiting. At some other time."

With that he retired, just as I was about, with more confidence than I had ever before had in all my life, to talk with him about my affairs. "The deuce take geometricians and all mathematical certainties!" thought I, as I wrote a receipt for the servant.

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I had nothing better in the world to do than to contemplate the dollars before me. It was a pretty sight. The silver colonnade seemed to me to be of fairy fabric. I had never before seen so much treasure at once. And it had come from the beautiful Lucy, from the gentle, sympathizing woman, who was interested in my prospects, and would so gladly see me happy.

New cares now arose. Where should I deposit this capital, before I could spend it? I hid it away for awhile in my stove, as I had no strong box. Then I was off and out in the open air, in order to give myself up in solitude and unobserved to my joy, which was all the greater for the death-agony which had been so geometrically imposed on me. After I had rejoiced till I was tired, I turned homeward, to confess all to my dear uncle. As yet, he knew nothing—nothing at all of my plans, my riches, my intercourse with the mathematician, or the proposed door in the partition. I had kept silent, from the certainty that, if I had spoken to him at an earlier period, he would have listened to his kind heart and made new sacrifices for me. I knew he was not affluent, and that he had been at considerable expense in furnishing me with my materials as an artist. It was a sacred duty not to put his love for me to a great trial. Now circumstances were changed. The lovely Lucy hovered, with lavish hand,



like a goddess of fortune over my fate. How could I have merited so much favor in her eyes?

It was supper-time when I reached home. "To tea! to tea! dear uncle!" cried I, joyously: "important news!"

"I know, I know; my old woman (he meant Margaret, the maid) keeps me informed how things go on. We hear, for instance, of dollars, of one, of two bags full—the whole Pactolus has emptied itself on my poor Julius."

"Yes, yes; I have for the present stowed away the Pactolus in the stove. But let us only take our seats at the table; there is something else to tell."

I wondered that my uncle did not, in his usual way, sympathize in my joy. He moved slowly, silently, with an air which showed that he was thinking of something else. He threw a glance at old Margaret, as if he wished to be rid of her presence, but had not the courage to send her away. I gave her a hint, and she retired.

When we were alone, and seated at the table, he began—"I, too, have a word to say to you, and"—here he coughed, as was his wont when he had something disagreeable to communicate, and was therefore obliged to do violence to himself. "You know—" (he paused again, and then took another turn)—"the good lady,—she is truly generous, yes, indeed, noble-minded. It is a greater honor to be patronized by a person of such a character than by a prince; an honor, of which you should try to make yourself worthy. You see now a splendid career opened before you; henceforth observe order, be industrious, and strictly upright! So will you succeed. But to be foolishly carried away into the sky—to wish to make others unhappy,—a young maiden should be a sacred thing to everybody—no, that is *wrong!*"

He uttered this last word with great emphasis and gravity. I looked at him with astonishment, and cried—"Dearest, best uncle, what do you mean to say? I do not understand you."

"The young maiden—there above—"

"Do I know her!" I exclaimed; "yes, I know her—I——"

"You love her," he replied; "you follow her, you would——"

"Ah!" I cried, "if you only knew how heartily I love her!"

"It is unworthy of you—it is dishonest, it is—acting the part of a dissolute fellow!"

I opened my eyes in amazement, but my astonishment disappeared in a burst of laughter, for I suspected that he had got this false impression through old Margaret.

"This time, my good uncle," cried I, "you are altogether mistaken. I love the young lady in the purest, deepest earnest. Is that dishonest in me? I was about to beg you to take a step to-morrow for my happiness: to put in a kind word for me with the parents for the hand of their daughter."

"What! for you, do you say? you want to marry?—you! It is not possible. Only a few hours ago I told the geometrician—and you said so yourself—that you mean to live and die unmarried!"

"For heaven's sake, dear uncle, what have you done! Then am I lost! What will they think of me!"

"Done! What have I done?—only what your own honor demanded. Hear me, child,—only hear; the man there, the geometrician I mean, came this afternoon, sate himself down in this room,—told me a long story, said you

were after his daughter, that you talked about her, that you have employed others—yes, that the English lady had been at his wife—and he will not permit it; for in case you want his daughter for a wife—No! said I to him, no; on the contrary, you had yourself protested and sworn to me that you would never take a wife, that you never thought of such a thing!”

I heard no more. I was beside myself. I stood up, and my uncle likewise. I strode disconsolate up and down the room. He looked at me, as if he were struck dumb, thinking how to comfort me.

“Stop, only listen to me!” he exclaimed, as he followed me; “let us see—what’s the use of storming so?—we will see how to get out of the scrape with honor. How in the world could I know—remember your vow—but you were still very young then—people do things of that sort; it is not so very wrong at that age; in riper years one breaks such vows,—but listen, poor Julius, take courage—all is not lost, by any means. To-morrow I’ll go up,—I will clear it all up to-morrow. All——”

“Too late, then, dear uncle; I am considered a mere rake. The idea is fixed. The family are together, they are talking about it, they despise me. To-morrow!—but the geometrician will quit the house immediately.”

“Then I’ll go and repair the mischief on the spot.”

“Oh, do,—do, sweetest uncle!”

“But the young maiden will be there.”

“What if she is? if her parents find it necessary, they can easily send her away. The whole peace of my life——”

“Very well, be it so! this evening, now! It is indeed

pretty late, but call the old woman ! I must make my toilette."

While he exchanged his slippers for shoes, Margaret fastened his golden buckles, I handed him his finely-powdered peruke, and then, with the help of the old maid-servant, assisted him to draw on his chestnut-brown coat, put in his hand his Spanish cane, and repeated to him all and every thing that had happened, and how it happened, what he was to ask, and what to answer, &c. "Well, well, I know it all,—let me alone !" said he, stunned with my talk, and departed.

I then made confession to our old Margaret, for I had to give vent to my grief and anxiety. She listened most devoutly, with wet eyes, and took my troubles as much to heart as if it were her own lot in life that was at stake. Every moment we ran to the door to listen whether footsteps were to be heard on the stairs ; or we sat perfectly silent, trying to catch some sound of what was going on above.

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In about a quarter of an hour the door of the geometrician's room opened. We heard my uncle approaching.

"Good heavens !" I exclaimed to him, as he entered, "already back ! Then I am rejected ?"

"Put off till to-morrow ! They are not at home."

"Have you been waiting for them ?"

"Yes, I waited, but they will not return till towards midnight ; so the daughter told me."

"You have seen her, then ?"

"I believe it was she, and, by my faith, a lovely child, or I do not know what loveliness is."

"But what did she say to you?" cried I, full of delight. "Tell me every thing—every thing, I beseech, I conjure you!"

"I must first take off my coat, and make myself comfortable,—wait,—yes, a very nice maiden. Margaret, my slippers!—a right noble daughter!"

"But what did she say to you?"

"She said—there, take care of my peruke—they had gone to a christening at a friend's house."

"But what else? You stayed up there full twenty minutes."

"Yes, about. But let me bethink myself;—well, she was alone, and opened the door for me;—but, if I had been a ghost, she could not have been more startled." (Here my uncle imitated her starting with a laugh.) 'Do not be afraid of me, my pretty child,' said I, taking her hand. We entered the room,—a burning red covered her cheeks,—she went before me, without letting go my hand, because she wished to lead me carefully, as befitted my age. I tell you, she is an affectionate child, so tender, so respectful——"

"She respects you, she loves you, my best uncle, as all the world loves you."

Here Margaret murmured from a dim corner—"That's true."

"Well, so then we got into the room where she was sewing and taking care of a little sister and two little brothers who were asleep. One of the children awoke at our entrance. 'Attend to the child, attend to the child,' said I to her, 'and then, if you please, call your parents. For I come to see them particularly, if it is not too late, and they will receive me.' She replied, as she rocked the

baby, 'They are not at home.'—You see, Julius, I tell you word for word. Shall I cut it shorter?"

"For heaven's sake, no! tell me every thing, to the smallest particular, but don't laugh at me."

"That would not be right, or rather it would not be doing right to the young maiden, to laugh. For, when I inquired for her parents, the poor child became blood-red, fell again to rocking the baby, although the little thing had not stirred; then, when she was far enough off, she said, half aloud, 'My parents will not probably return till towards midnight. I am sorry, but you must not weary yourself with waiting.'—'Really,' I replied, it is already late, I will put off my business till to-morrow. And if you, my sweet lady, knew what it was, I would bespeak your favor, that is, in case—in case you could be moved in our behalf, especially in mine,—yes, I should die in peace, if I only knew that the happiness and fate of my Julius were united to yours, his happiness in your keeping, his virtue under the protection of your family.'"

I did not let my uncle finish; I sprang up in the intoxication of my delight, caught him round the neck, without the power to utter a syllable or make my feelings understood."

"Hold!—my poor Julius, hold!—you choke me! my cap is falling off—let me speak!—you are crazy, you don't know any thing yet, you don't know the best!—So, so!—sit down. So! be quiet; hear further."

"Angel of an uncle!" cried I, "and now for the best!" I exclaimed, breathless and trembling.

"Then, the young lady, when she had heard me, quickly composed herself, and said, with a firm voice, 'You will not doubt, Mr. Toms, my high esteem and re-

spect for you—I am touched by your words, but much too embarrassed to answer you. I do not think of changing my situation, and I see many obstacles—(Don't be frightened! poor Julius,)—I belong,' said she, 'to my parents. I am necessary to them; I will not leave them, neither will I be a burden to them—(But don't be frightened!) I will give my hand to no one who is not of the same condition in life, who does not regard my family as his, and who does not give me his whole heart, as I will give him mine. I never thought to have said so much to any one, but, I know not,—your years, my reverence for you, gives me confidence and courage to speak openly. Further than this, it is for my parents to answer you. If you wish, I will inform them of your visit.'"

Here my uncle paused to draw breath. I sat buried in myself, listening with all my senses. At last he resumed:

"'Lady,' said I, 'if you please, tell them I will call about ten o'clock. You do not know how happy I am to find united with your youthful years so much goodness and maturity of mind; yes, it makes me only the more desirous, that under such conditions my nephew may be acceptable—conditions which certainly will not seem hard to him. Believe me, dear child, I account it an honor, a great honor, to be admitted into a family which manifests so much goodness as yours.—And, from tender childhood up, his heart, his whole heart—(I could willingly have told her all about the Jewess)—is a good, a noble heart. I pledge myself for that to you, my dear child. He shall learn under what conditions he may secure his happiness, and how it is to be kept only through mutual love, mutual faith, and the zealous discharge of the duties which spring from the domestic relations. So then——'"

Here my uncle in his happy humor began to repeat the form of words customary at a betrothal : "Do you promise this, Julius? then say a loud and emphatic Yes!"

"Yes, yes!" cried I, "before God, before you, uncle of my heart, before you!" And again I heaped him with caresses, while old Margaret, in the corner, wiped her eyes. My uncle alone, happy in the happiness which he was preparing for me, maintained as ever his serene, cheerful humor, and rallied me about my tears of joy.

"Did you say nothing more to her, uncle?"

"Nothing in particular. I arose, and wished to look at the innocent little angel in its little white bed; she accompanied me smiling, and showed me the child. What struck me particularly was the neatness everywhere reigning, the order, the evident care shown in every thing, and a certain elegance in the midst of the greatest simplicity. 'You make the clothes for the children, I suppose,' said I to her. 'Pardon me,' she replied, 'it is my mother's work, but in her absence I do a little.' I took her hand, and kissed it, and she held fast hold of me to attend me out. But, at the door I begged her in a whisper to go no farther, lest she should meet you. She hurried back.—But, hark, it is eleven o'clock. Let us go to bed."

The old Margaret smiled. "Yes, to bed; you are right, Margaret. Every one will not sleep to-night, but we will sleep for the others."

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Towards midnight I heard Henrietta's parents return. Then they were all in earnest consultation. About two o'clock I heard the chairs move back, and the family separate. I could get no sleep.

As soon as my uncle was awake, and while he was



dressing, I made him repeat every circumstance, every word of his last night's visit. The dear old man went over it with admirable patience, and spoke with such a quiet confidence, that I lived again in my new hopes. Only the reserve of Henrietta's expressions did not exactly please me; and when I thought of the stern, austere geometrician and of his loud voice, I did not feel quite comfortable.

In the mean while it struck ten. My uncle went. I grew hot and cold. In feverish anxiety I walked about the library; at last I mounted to the attic. There, according to agreement, I was to wait for my uncle, and receive from him my death-sentence or my life.

In a few moments I heard Henrietta's door open; I distinguished the steps of two persons, and I discovered, by various signs, that it was Henrietta with her mother.

Then all was lost! thought I, and sank with folded arms upon a seat. I had thus far represented to myself the mother, the confidant of Henrietta's most secret thoughts, as a little favorable to me, as probably my best mediator with the iron geometrician. And now these two had left the field of battle where the contest was just begun, and given up my good uncle without assistance to the geometrician, who cherished the most unfortunate prejudices against me. In this state of despair I could not endure to remain where I was. I took heart and resolved to go to the two ladies, and, if possible, move them to some sympathy.

I knocked at their door. Henrietta opened it. Her surprise, her confusion helped me to conquer mine.

"May I only for a few moments"—said I, with a broken voice.

"Step in, Mr. Julius," said the mother, immediately. Then she became silent, looked at me for awhile, while some tears fell from her eyes. "What do you wish to say to us?" asked she, somewhat troubled.

"I wish, before you all decide upon my fate, to see you, madam, to speak with you,—pardon my momentary embarrassment.—I wish to tell your lady-daughter herself what she is, and will forever be to me, and you that I regard you as a mother; I, who have no mother, and that in entrusting to me this jewel, this treasure, you would not be compelled ever to be separated—ah! what shall I say? Love and respect make me dumb. And your tears,—I fear to understand what they tell me."

While I spoke, Henrietta, with evident calmness, fixed her eyes immovably upon me, and listened.

"Do you speak to the young gentleman, Henrietta," said her mother to her. "But no—to lose you, my child! no, I cannot think of it, it would be my death."

"Never! that shall never be, mamma!" replied the daughter, somewhat agitated, and with a clear voice. "I will give my hand to no one who will not be wholly your son.—And—Mr. Julius, I am far more at a loss what to say than you; I know your wishes, but I do not know your character. I am to you, you are to me, too little known——"

"Too little known!" cried I. "O lady, that I never had the boldness to approach you as I wished tells you what I am! You, your character and life, your noble mind, are they little known to me? And to whom, that ever saw you, can you be unknown? And I, lady, who am so little versed in the arts of dissembling,—am I not an open book before you, in which, if you have ever wished it, you

might read the whole contents?—Am I really unknown to you? And—” She interrupted me with: “No—shall I leave my parents? That I can never do.”

“No, *you* shall not; nor will I, dear lady, ever leave your parents. Why do you fear that? But I see judgment is already pronounced against me. Your heart repulses me; no tenderness speaks for me in your breast. Be it so! I will go silently to my fate, the gloomiest that ever befell a poor mortal. You repulse me, but the repulsed will regard you with eternal love.”

“Mr. Julius, you distress me. I know not what I should—You know that I am without experience, I am—to my parents I give up the decision with entire confidence; that is my duty. I will listen to you without contradiction, even if—No, say not that I have repelled you, but, must it be so, even though—though a voice spoke for you ever so loudly in my heart—I would obey my father’s and mother’s voice rather than my own.”

She turned abruptly away from me and went to the window.

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At this moment the door opened.

“I did not suppose you were here,” said the geometrician, immediately addressing me. “However, you may remain. I was about to request you to be called.”

“Good morning, my dear child,” said Uncle Toms, kissing Henrietta’s hand, who turned towards him in all her beautiful confusion. Then turning to her mother, he cried, “And you, my worthy madam,—only courage and confidence! Had you known this lad here for some twenty years, as I have done, he would be dear to you. It gives

me the greatest joy that his choice has fallen upon the amiable daughter of a truly noble family, a pure diamond—but stop! let the man speak to whom it belongs to speak here.”

My uncle seated himself. I remained standing by Henrietta, and we listened to the geometrician.

“About ten o’clock,” said he, “Mr. Toms honored me with a visit. It concerned you, Mr. Julius. After the explanations that have been given, I do justice to the honorable character of your intentions. All misunderstandings have arisen from your timid, uncertain way of proceeding and the talk of a stranger. In this way, your purest intentions lose the freedom and openness which one expects from what is right and honorable. All clandestine proceedings are suspicious. It is also known to me that you possess no property but the money which I saw you receive yesterday: Thus, your worldly circumstances are limited to bare hopes. In this view your situation for the future is without that security which I must demand. That was the point upon which I wished to hold consultation with my wife and daughter. But now, since all concerned in this affair are present, I will express my opinion freely.”

A slight shiver ran through me. The man seemed to carry there in his breast, where other men carry a heart, a foot-rule, a scale, an algebraic formula. He continued: “I have never reckoned upon a rich son-in-law. I have never desired such a one. So, if the worldly circumstances of Mr. Julius are such as they have been described to me, they offer no obstacle to my consent to his union with my Henrietta, in case Henrietta herself and her mother consent to it.”

He threw a sharp eagle-look upon the two. Henrietta cast down her eyes, and her cheeks were suffused with a deeper red. Her mother suppressed a sigh. But he resumed his address with a vivacity not usual in him, and said—

“But there is one thing on which all depends,—one thing upon which alone I insist,—that is, my daughter’s happiness! This happiness I can find for her only in faithful, unchangeable affection on both sides; in mutual, untroubled confidence which knows no concealment; in unwearied industry; in strict, blameless behaviour and simple ways of life. Without these, Henrietta shall be no man’s wife. I know, gentlemen, the value of my daughter. Whoever does not bring her all these goods—all, without exception—is unworthy to possess her. Could he deceive her, and himself and me, wo to him! He would be the object of my eternal hate, my righteous vengeance—he should——”

Here he broke off, and remained some seconds silent, not because he was overcome by paternal tenderness, but because he feared, lest in his excitement at a bare possibility, he might say more than was necessary.

“Now you know, gentlemen,” he resumed in a quiet tone—“now you know why I make so little account of external circumstances; you know what pledges I desire and distinctly demand for the happiness of my child—goods which one finds more rarely than gold. Mr. Julius has his profession, has talent, education, is young, will work—we will help him—on this side there is no obstacle. But let him consider beforehand what he is doing, and to what he binds himself. Mere feeling evaporates, and soberness succeeds to the intoxication of the imagina-

tion. If he knows what moral power he possesses, if he knows the priceless worth of a virtuous wife, then, if my daughter accepts him, I can be a father to him. I will rely upon his integrity that he will perform what he promises."

Impressive as his words were, they restored to me the consciousness of my uprightness.

"Whatever," said I to him, "my uncle has said for me to you, be it good or bad, I confirm it. You, sir, judge me without knowing me. The conditions which you make, I understand. They do honor to every father, but they are such as every honest and thoughtful man would impose on himself, who has to decide upon his lot in life. What you require would have been fulfilled by me had you not required it. I am almost ashamed solemnly to promise you that which should be done without a promise. Do not imagine that at this moment I look only at your daughter and think only of my love; I see the future. I consult my own power and my social relations. And, if even another feeling is strong within me, it is reverence for Henrietta's rare virtues, admiration of your domestic happiness, and of the influence of your principles. Thanks to you, that I am permitted to share in this domestic felicity, that you——"

"Young man!" interrupted the geometrician, "not a word of thanks! Henrietta has to decide; not I. She now understands how I think. She shall be under no constraint in her choice; she shall suffer no reproach from her parents. Let her consider whether she loves you. If not, well. Perhaps she has been taken by surprise, and needs time to collect herself and consider. Henrietta, it is for you to speak; what do you desire?"

Henrietta said nothing; but with her lovely countenance all in a glow she turned to me, and looking earnestly into my eyes, into my soul, she stretched out her hand to me, which I seized and pressed to my lips and to my heart. At this movement, my good uncle arose from his seat, and trembling with age and emotion, hastened towards us, and silently embraced us with moist eyes. Henrietta's affectionate return of his kindness at once composed him and made him happy. I silently wept on the breast of the mother. The geometrician alone maintained his accustomed firmness, silently observing the scene. He received my embrace with cordiality, led me again to his daughter whose brow he kissed, while she threw her arms around his neck. He then turned to his wife, whose composure he restored by a few affectionate and sensible words.

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When the excitement was somewhat allayed, and my uncle had returned to the easy-chair, "Now, dear people," said he, "yet one word. I thank you all! This moment has fulfilled my last wish. That excellent child there is now my own dear daughter. She will, depend upon it, be happy—very happy. My Julius has an honest-loving heart, and is a brave lad, although he would rather be an artist than a lawyer.

"Now I wish to tell you something that belongs to the affair. I tell you how it is. This boy here is my heir. My property has been his for these twenty years and more by my will. So I have been living now for a long time at his expense; yet it will not be long that I shall occasion him much more.

"Well then, his property consists in an interest, the

capital of which is invested in the best vineyard in the canton of Waadt. You see then it is under the protection of Bacchus himself; the god has done so well with it, that for four-and-fifty years it has never failed me once. But, over and above that, there is lying by me in ready money a good round sum. But this I shall not pay to him, but keep for my dear little daughter there, whom I found yesterday evening to be a right skilful and careful housekeeper."

Here arose a murmur of voices on all sides. He exclaimed, "Be quiet now, and hear me out. This cash is just to set the new little housekeepers agoing. Remember the proverb: There is no cooking without a pot. My nephew is in great want of such furniture; consequently I must provide him some. We must have kettles, and cabinets, and commodes, and sofas, and new mirrors, and curtains, and I know not what. We must receive our dear little daughter as befits her, and without touching the capital. Do you want to know? I have fixed all that long ago: I shall exchange my old furniture for new. I have during many years gathered together a multitude of folios, quartos, and old smoke-dried things. Julius, as an artist, will not know what to do with them, and it is high time I should think of tying up my travelling bundle. I know an Israelite who will help me without the wish or the power to cheat me. I have already got a part of the sum, and so we can make provision for these children. Hush! no murmurs; you pain me by your opposition; besides, I shall have great enjoyment in the thing. The Israelite gives me his company in the business; we read Hebrew together, we compare editions,—and I will bid all my old comforters, one after another,



good-bye, until at last I say good-night to you altogether."

Who could have remained unmoved while my uncle was telling all this with as happy an air as if he were speaking of his own good-fortune? I wept in silence, while Henrietta, her mother, and even the geometrician, listened to him with affectionate admiration. We ventured neither to disturb his plans, nor to add to them. Henrietta kneeled by his chair and rested her face on his hand, which she kissed, while her mother, deeply moved, took the other, and the geometrician approached him with the words—"Mr. Toms, I honor you; you are a man of God. May we all resemble you!"

So I entered a family in which perfect union and affection, unbounded devotion of each to all and of all to each, entire purity and simplicity of manners, steady activity and a sense of the beautiful, were the elements of life. Only in such relations could my character be fully formed, while it grew clear to me what the greatest blessings under heaven are, invisible though they might be; blessings which we often forfeit by a false and romantic turn of mind, or lose through a childish delight in the illusions of the imagination, which we allow to obtain a control, that, overpowering us every moment, leads us astray at every step.

And Henrietta, I confess it, I had loved not her, but a fancied image of perfection under her form. How different, how much more lovely and noble did I find her now in reality, disrobed of the rainbow-glimmer in which she had floated before my imagination! What a heroism of virtue, and what humility withal!—what gifts and graces

to charm all hearts without knowing it, and what world-forgetting love of home had I to admire in her! Her father's keen penetration and strict self-command, and the tenderness of her mother, were united in her. She loved me. Already in our silent passing to and from the attic her heart had begun to beat for me. And yet she would have let that heart break, and mine also, had duty required.

Lucy, before her return to England, learned that I was about to be married. She visited Henrietta again. She took both our hands in hers with melancholy fervor, and sighed, "Why cannot I have you two with me in England—you to whom I have from the first sight felt myself so powerfully drawn? You will be happy. Love me as I love you!"—She ordered several paintings of me, by which my little housekeeping was secured for some time. Her friendship was advantageous to me in many ways for many years. Connected with wealthy families in her fatherland, she sent every year to me some of her countrymen, who came to visit Switzerland, and her recommendation was always profitable. These strangers gave me a name, and brought me other visitors, other orders; and after a few years I obtained with Henrietta a competency far exceeding the expectations of her father. Then I used to say to him laughing, "Father, the profession of a painter is pretty good. Your saying that Art now and then brings fame into the house but not bread, does not always prove true."

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I conclude my story with a brief passage from a letter, which, two years after my marriage, I wrote to Lucy, just after the funeral of my good uncle :

"Now, at last, my dear lady, I understand the depth of your sorrow when you lost the best of fathers; now I know the greatness of your anguish. I now shed the tears which you have long ago shed.

"I have my uncle—my father—no longer. He taught me to live; he has taught me, too, to die. Serene and cheerful as ever, he smiled upon the angel who came to bear his spirit to God. He felt the decay of his power, the gradual failure of his limbs, and he seemed only to play with death.

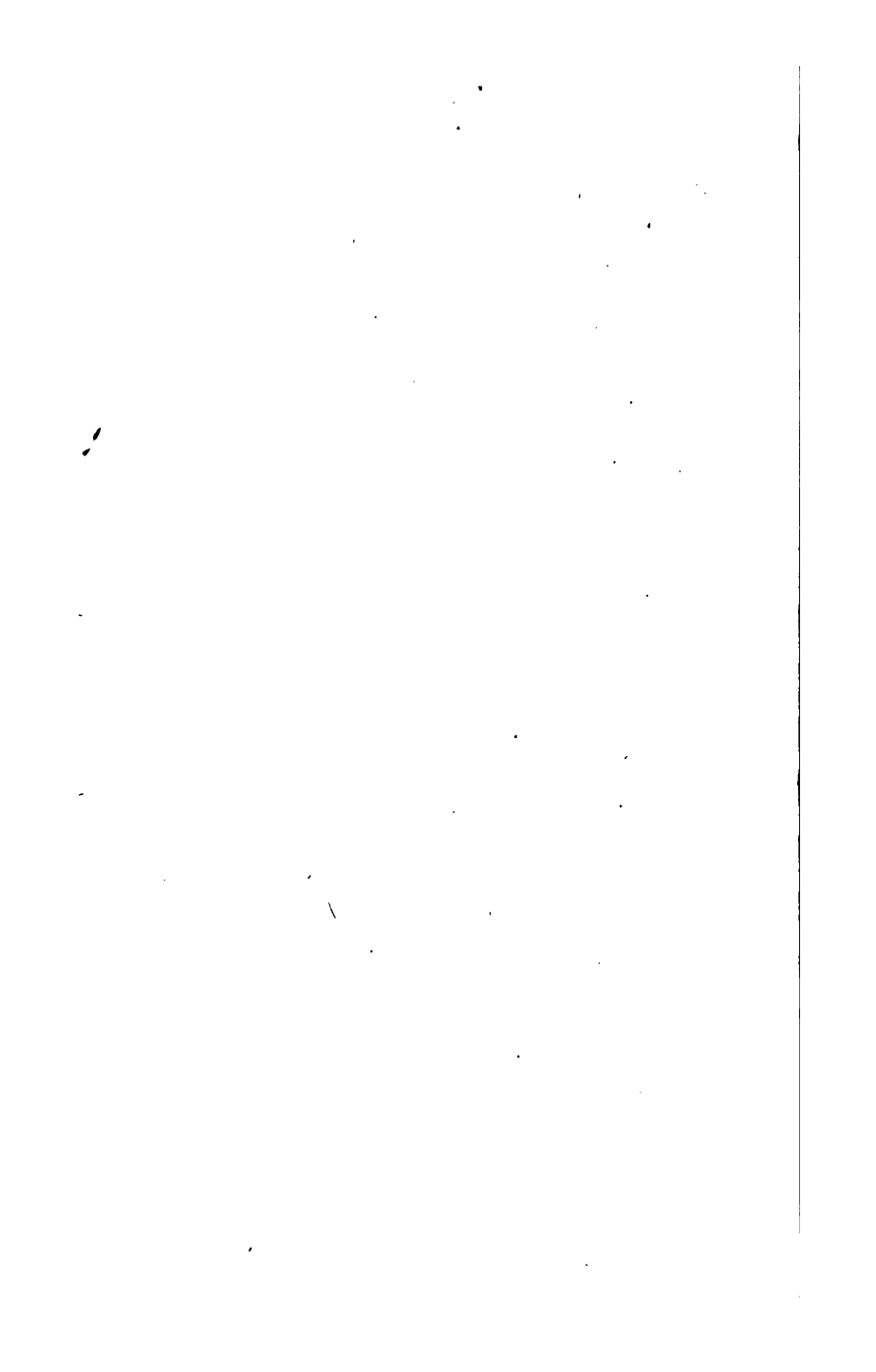
"Last Sunday, as we sate around his bed, he said, as the bell tolled, 'It tolls for my departure.' When he observed our tears, he added, 'Truly, children, would you persuade me that I have not lived long enough? I am content with my share of years.—Do not forget my old Margaret. She has taken good care of my books and of me. Julius, when you write to the dear lady, (so he always called you,) my blessing upon her and her children. I hope to see her father in the company of noble, sainted spirits; that is, children, if I am allowed admission there.'

"After some time he said again—'I think death finds me somewhat tougher than he had expected. I bid him defiance until he becomes conqueror.—My will is in the drawer there, to the left.—My sweet Henrietta, it has been a pleasure to live with you; show me once more your chubby-cheeked angel; for, see you, all up there, my brother, my sister-in-law, and so forth, will storm me with questions; I shall cry out to them, 'Good news, all is well!'

"He wished the pastor to be called, as his sight grew dim. He received his old friend with the words, 'My dear Mr. Bernier, I am, as you see, road-ready.—My

faithful Hippocrates I have sold ; it is the Israelite who now gets the good of his wisdom.—But, although I now willingly and readily surrender this old body to the skeleton-man, he cannot have my soul. Perform your office, but be quick, or the Psyche will fly away ; she hovers now, held only by the frailest thread.'

"When the pastor left, who took his leave with deep emotion, my uncle said, 'We shall meet again!' He then sank into a slumber ; after an hour he awoke, he held our hands, he murmured, with a weak voice, 'Julius!—Henrietta——' His spirit fled. An unearthly smile transfigured his pale countenance."



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The Parsonage.

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## THE PARSONAGE.

R. TOMPFFER.

THERE are moments in life when a kindly combination of circumstances rocks us into a feeling of happiness. The silence of the passions and the absence of every care render us particularly alive to enjoyment. If now to this comfortable repose of mind there is added a comfortable condition, so that our pleasant sensibilities are not disturbed, the hours flow delightfully along, and our whole being decks itself in the most smiling colors.

In this situation were three beings, whom I had before my eyes. Nothing in their looks betrayed the slightest trouble, the least unrest, or any sad remembrance; the easy movement of their necks spoke rather of that virtuous pride which springs from inward peace; the gravity of their gait announced the repose of their hearts, the moral purity of their thoughts; and even when they just now slumbered in the mild light, a sweet atmosphere of innocence and peace seemed to float around them.

As to myself, (evil thoughts sometimes get the better of our human nature,) I held a stone in my hand for a moment. At last the wicked pleasure overpowered me, and I threw the stone into the pond—suddenly the three heads started forth from under their wings.

\* \* \* \* \*



They were three ducks,—I forgot to mention. They were taking their mid-day rest there, while I sat on the edge of the pond, dreaming almost as happily as my peaceful companions.

In the country, the noonday hour is the hour of silence, of repose, and of dreaming. While the sun throws down its bright arrows almost perpendicularly on the fields, man and beast suspend their labor, the wind is still, vegetation droops; only the insects drone in the hot air which they love, and make a sound like distant music, which seems only to deepen the stillness.

What was I thinking of? Of all things great and little, indifferent and agreeable. I listened to the grasshoppers, or watched the sky and the various forms of the clouds; then I turned to the trunk of a hollow willow, and considered the damp moss which was covered with almost invisible flowers. In this little world I discovered mountains, and valleys, and shady paths, in which some golden insect or busy ant wandered along. With all these objects connected itself in my mind the thought of a mysterious power, and so I felt myself gradually lifted from earth to heaven. The presence of the Creator became visible, and my heart yielded to elevated emotions.

Sometimes my eyes fastened themselves on the distant mountains, and I thought of what lay beyond them—far lands, sandy deserts, and broad seas; and then some other thought broke in upon me in my wanderings; and again, I willingly let myself be torn away from it; and from the ocean, I suddenly came back to the neighbouring hills or into my immediate surroundings.

\* \* \* \* \*

I happened to cast a look on the old parsonage which

stood some fifty steps from the pond behind me. This occurred every time, especially that the hand of the steeple-clock had almost completed its hour's course, and I was, every second, expecting to see, in the bow-shaped openings, the hammer ascend back against the blue sky, and fall back on the brazen bell. I listened with especial pleasure to the gradual dying away of the bell-stroke, until it wholly ceased with its harmonious vibration in the still air.

Then I thought of the parsonage and its peaceful inmates, and on *Louise*. I let my head sink down on my arm and rioted in a thousand recollections of a world known only to my own heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

These recollections concerned only the plays, pleasures, and rural pastimes in which our childhood had passed away. We had made gardens, kept birds, made bonfires, driven the cows to pasture, ridden the donkey together, gone a-nutting, and tumbled in the hay. There was not a cherry-tree in the orchard, nor a peach-tree on the south wall of the parsonage, which was not distinguished from all others in the world by a thousand remembrances which it brought with it with every year's fruits. For the little girl (a child will yield to temptation sometimes) I had purloined the first ripe fruit in the gardens of the neighborhood; I had contended with dogs and watchmen and the village police. I was incorrigible, for she loved the fruitlings of the orchard. At that time I lived only in the present, scrambling about and climbing every tree. I laughed little, and dreamed still less, unless, perhaps now and then at night about the constable.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, on the day of which I speak, I certainly was not occupied with the old watchman. Besides, he was dead; and as his successor had oftener met me wandering by myself on the shores of the pond, than spying after the first ripe fruit, he had formed a very favorable opinion of me. The man had concluded that my fondness for the inhospitable shore of the duck-pond had quite another ground than a longing for the fruit intrusted to his care.

Indeed, in spite of the barrenness of its shores, I had conceived an affection for this little puddle with its forlorn willow. By-and-by, this little spot became indispensable to me, for I had satisfied myself that, at the noonday hour, I should meet no one there but the three ducks, whose quiet society suited me much, since their presence had become associated with my dreamings, which would have been incomplete without them.

I must say, too, that a singular change had come over me. For some time I had found greater pleasure in thinking of Louise than in being with her.

This change had taken place I know not how; we were still ever the same beings, who hitherto had known no other aim than to seek each other out, and chat and play and run about together, only I had sometimes seen a sudden blush fly over her countenance, a greater shyness, more earnestness even in her laugh, a graver look; and a certain reserve had taken the place of her careless gladness and childish abandonment. This mysterious alteration had gone to my very heart. Although I had known her ever since I was able to think, I felt now as if I had only just now become acquainted with her. Hence arose a sort of embarrassment when I was near her. Just about this time my visits to the pond began, where, for hours long,

in the company of her image I forgot myself; and here it was my greatest delight to fling myself back into the past, in order to array all these before-mentioned remembrances in that charm, so new to me, in which she now appeared. I brought these remembrances to mind one by one, not forgetting the least, transferring to them the new feelings of my heart, and living over again all those pleasant days of our country-life. I felt myself penetrated with a delight from which I could not separate myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

I received a visiter. It was a sparrow who boldly perched upon the willow right before me. I like sparrows, and always take them under my protection. It betokens some magnanimity to do this in one who lives in the country, where all the world drives them away, and conspires against their rogue's way of life, for their crime, which they commit every day, is, that they devour the seed.

This one, and some three or four others I knew and had joined with them against the selfishness of mankind. Just as the grain was ripening, a pole had been stuck up in the field with an old hat upon it, and a few rags that fluttered in the wind. The birds looked at the field, but for all the grain in the world they would not have ventured to touch a single grain so long as that magisterial personage kept watch there. What followed? Whenever I went along the edge of the field to my favorite spot, I always plucked some of the heads of the grain, not only without compunction, but with a secret pleasure. I scattered them around me, and saw, with inexpressible satisfaction, how the birds flew down to this modest repast, and picked the seeds almost from my hand. \* \* \* And

as I returned homeward and passed the scare-crow, I could hardly refrain from expressing my contempt.

\* \* \* \* \*

The sparrow did not rest long upon the willow, but flew down close by the spot where the ducks lay. These were mistresses in their pond, and did not consider it proper to allow themselves to be disturbed by a sparrow. In their sense of the indignity, they made long necks, and ran with a cry towards the light-winged bird, who was instantly off and away with a seed in his bill, cutting swiftly along under the very nose of the scarecrow.

But the music from the bills of the ducks—and this, I trust happened not through any turn for satire in me, but only through the association of ideas—the somewhat rough music of my three companions brought to mind our head-singer in the church, the Cantor of the village. What makes it very probable that no malice led my thoughts that way, was the circumstance that I did not like to think of this man, and I banished him as much as possible from my memory, so much did I love my own quiet. I had become acquainted with him almost wholly through fear, shame, wrath, and even hatred and other hateful passions, which, but for him, had long continued strangers to me.

\* \* \* \* \*

He passed for a just man; I felt bound to consider him unjust. They called him severe; I found him savage; and I had my reasons for it, although they only concerned me personally. Out of his love of justice, he had published my offences in the hearing of the respectable people of the village and of my foster-father himself, and got me the reputation of an incorrigible rogue. In consequence

of his severity, he had not allowed himself to be contented with scolding me, but more than once he had brought me acquainted with the strength of his arm and the breadth of his hand. Such things must, of course, have had an influence upon my opinion of him. Had I only lived with him, I might perhaps have become accustomed to him, and considered his treatment of me as the consequence of his virtuous indignation, as, truth to say, I was hardly ever wholly free from blame. I happened to know other people; and the indulgent kindness of one other who stood near to me contrasted so strongly with the so-called virtue of the Cantor, that the latter was very disagreeable to me. There existed for me two kinds of justice and virtue—the one hard, angry, and repelling, the other tender, patient, and very loveable.

\* \* \* \* \*

But I had another much weightier reason for being out of humor with the Cantor. As I had now grown larger, he no longer had recourse to his former manual methods of correction, but his ill-temper vented itself in violent rebukes and suspicious insinuations, which at last deeply wounded my self-esteem. In some degree I deserved them; for, as the pastor was a man from whom I concealed nothing, I did not consider myself bound to confess every thing to the Cantor; and, while I acquitted myself of every thing like lying and falsehood, I certainly was somewhat reserved towards him out of malice. Shortly before, I had stirred his wrath in this way, and been cruelly punished for it. A mysterious word escaped him, that not only betrayed his purpose to crush me with his contempt, but startled me out of the happy security I had till that moment enjoyed.

Upon an occasion when I had undertaken to defy his wrath by contrasting his conduct with the gentleness and patience of my foster-father, he had said to me,—“He is much too kind to such a *foundling* as thou art!”

Full of consternation, I had fled to the loneliest corner to recover myself from my distress at this terrible word.

\* \* \* \* \*

From that time I avoided his presence, and my happiest days were those when his field-labors called him away from our neighborhood. Then returned all the boyish freedom from care that shed its magic over all my plans, and I forgot even the unhappy words that had wounded me so deeply.

When, at times, I thought that this man was the father of Louise, to my astonishment I felt in my heart an involuntary reverence for him, and even his harsh bearing appeared then no hindrance to my love for him. I even went farther; the more he repelled me, the more advisable it seemed to me, through devotion to him and a self-sacrificing kindness, to heal the breach that separated him from me; and while I now saw such happy days, free from all hate, glancing towards me out of the future, I yielded to the impulse of my heart, and in my loneliness, really loved the formidable man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thinking thus about the Cantor, I had thrown myself flat on my back, and covered my face with my hat to protect myself from the sun.

As I lay there, I felt something crawling on the end of the thumb of my right hand as it lay on the ground. When one is all alone, every thing becomes an event. I raised myself partly up to see what it was. It was a

beautiful little red beetle, with a black spot on its back. It was evidently bound upon exploring the wonders of my hand as it passed on its journey. I took a straw with the other hand, and formed a nice little bridge for it from my thumb to my forefinger, and had the satisfaction of seeing the beetle step upon it. But, now an event followed, which rarely happens in this world; the bridge turned over with its passenger, who still clung to it. I righted it, and he arrived happily on the end of my forefinger, which was blackened with ink.

\* \* \* \* \*

This inkspot arrested my attention, and brought to mind my foster-father.

He was the pastor of a little flock that lived scattered around the old parsonage. As a child, I had known him as a father. When, after awhile, I observed that he bore a different name, I called him, with others, Mr. Prévère. But when that word of the Cantor's revealed to me a secret, upon which I began to think, Mr. Prévère became to me quite another man—something more venerable than a father even. There came to be associated with the confiding love which his tenderness had inspired, a secret awe, a timid, shrinking reverence. The poor but kindly man continually stood before me, as he watched over my forsaken cradle. Then I would think of him, how he excused my faults and smiled on me in my plays; how indulgently he checked me, and how he often created in me the bitterest remorse by a sad look or a troubled expression of countenance. It particularly touched me to remember with what tender care he strove to prevent any one from shrugging his shoulders at my origin. The thought that he had kept the secret for so many years,



and never sought by revealing it to establish a stronger claim upon my gratitude, filled me with the liveliest emotions of respect and love.

But while I felt myself ever drawn more and more closely to him, I became more and more restrained in expressing my feelings towards him. Several times I was on the point of falling on his neck to thank him; then he would have seen by my tears and my emotions what I did not dare to say to him, or wanted words to express; but his presence always put a stop to the outburst of my feelings, and I remained, when near him, dumb and awkward, and apparently colder than usual. Vexed with myself, I sought solitude. And there I thought of a thousand opportunities of opening my heart to him; the right words came readily enough; then I uttered aloud the most affectionate speeches. Oftentimes (I confess it with reluctance) I found pleasure in wishing I were dangerously ill, that I might call the reverend man to my bedside, and beseech him, in terms which the near approach of death would make more tender and moving, to forgive all my faults, and thank him with my whole heart for all his trouble and kindness, and bid him a last farewell. Dissolved in melancholy tenderness, I could, in fancy, see the tears flowing down his cheeks.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was yet another, and indeed as strange a method which I thought of, although I did not thereby accomplish my purpose. To the person whom I saw every day and could speak to at any moment, I resolved to write a letter. This plan appeared to me at first most excellent. I shut myself up, and wrote several letters; the one that pleased me best I put in my pocket to hand to my foster-

father at the first opportunity. But, whenever I felt this letter in my pocket, I got out of the way of Mr. Prévère as quickly as possible; if I accidentally met him alone, I grew red all over, and while he was speaking to me I kept my hand in my pocket and crushed the letter which contained what I so longed to say to him.

It was not, however, in the composition of such a letter that I had got the inkspot on my finger, but rather in writing the following epistle:—

DEAR MR. PRÉVÈRE:

I write to you, because I do not trust myself to speak to you. Several times I have come to you with the purpose of speaking, but when I had you before my eyes, the words have died upon my tongue, and yet I longed to open to you my inmost heart.

For a half year past, dear Mr. Prévère, ever since the walk to the mountains, from which I and Louise returned so late, I am not the same being, for nothing interests me but what relates to *her*. I fear that I have often seemed to you negligent and idle. It has happened so against my will, dear Mr. Prévère. You may depend upon it, and you have no idea how I have tried to be otherwise; but in the midst of all my endeavors comes this, and much else that I wish to say to you, and that, I fear, you will think very wrong. Now that I have opened my heart, I feel courage to say more, if you should question me.

CHARLES.

This letter I read over repeatedly at the duck-pond, and was almost resolved to deliver it that very day.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had gone one evening of the previous harvest-time, with Louise, in search of the cows, which, during that beautiful season grazed on the mountains. We took the way through the woods, springing with many a childish jest up the mountain-path, and stopping at every trifle

that caught our eyes. We paused to try the echoes, and when the mysterious voice struck our ears, startled, we looked in silence at each other as if we had a third person with us in the woods; when we would set out and run, and laugh out bravely at our fears.

We came to a brook not to be passed with dry feet. Immediately, I proposed to carry Louise over, as I had done a hundred times before. She held back, \* \* \* and while I looked at her with wonder, a lovely blush overspread her countenance, and I too became embarrassed and blushed also. It was a new, unknown kind of shame that forced us both to cast down our eyes. I was about to put some large stones across for a bridge, when I thought I saw, by her embarrassed movements, she preferred to take off her shoes, and accordingly I proceeded over the brook.

I soon heard the plashing of her steps behind me, but I knew not what the shame was that kept me from looking back; I was afraid to meet her eyes. As if we understood each other, she too avoided my looks, while she came and stepped by my side; and so we waded silently through the water, and went on, forgetting the cows, and turning into a path which led back to the parsonage.

In the mean while, the night had spread over the scene, and the stars twinkled in the sky. Distant sounds, or the near monotonous cry of the cuckoo, alone interrupted the silence of the evening. In places where the woods stood less thick, we saw the moon glimmering. We wandered on through the darkness, where we could hardly distinguish the path. Louise walked at my side. At any slight rustling in the bushes, she would involuntarily catch at my hand; then, all the embarrassment I was

beginning to feel when nearer to her vanished; manly courage took its place; only my heart beat with a strange joy.

In the situation in which we found ourselves, this was in a manner the way out of our embarrassment, and we enjoyed something of the sweet feeling that comes from reconciliation. For me there was a peculiar charm in regarding her as needing my protection, and myself as the guardian of her timid steps. I availed myself of the darkness, in which she could not read in my countenance the movement of my heart, to look continually towards her, without being vexed if I could not distinctly see her. Only it made her more present to me, and I enjoyed, in a higher degree, the emotion that so completely filled me.

Thus we reached the edge of the woods, and stepped out again under the sky and in the full moonlight. New embarrassment—for now I had no good reason to keep hold of her hand, and I was afraid of seeming cold again and affected if I withdrew mine. I felt a slight motion in her fingers; drawing my own conclusions therefrom, I felt my own fingers tremble, and fell into a most anxious embarrassment. Happily, we came to a place in the hedge which we must get over. So I let Louise's hand go, after having experienced, in the liveliest manner, sensations never felt before.

Shortly thereupon we entered the parsonage.

\* \* \* \* \*

While I was just about to read over again my letter, I heard a window of the parsonage open behind me, and looked round. I saw Mr. Prévère standing at the window observing me. Instantly I tore up my letter, like all the earlier ones.

Mr. Prévère stood with folded arms, buried in thought.

He did not call to me. So I had seen him standing before me and Louise when he heard our lessons. He had his hat on, and was dressed as usual when he was going out. Hoping that he would soon turn away from the window—it embarrassed me not a little to fancy myself watched—I resolved to sit myself down again, as I would not, by leaving the spot, let him see my annoyance.

Luckily now appeared a friend of mine, who had already often rendered me distinguished services.

It was Sancho, our dog. He could not indeed be called handsome, yet he had a sensible countenance, and a true-hearted cordiality, and an off-hand boldness in his manners that made his friendship valuable. From under the black, shaggy hair that hung round his head, a pair of eyes sparkled, whose somewhat wild look took towards me alone a humble and obsequious expression. Besides, for his size he was very courageous, and involved himself in all sorts of affairs. In the previous autumn, a few days after our walk, he was glorious among the sheep, but he came home with one ear the less, which gained him great esteem in the village.

So he sought me out. I stood up, as if I wished to caress him, and showed myself ready to follow him whichever way he might run, in order to be able to resume my thoughts in some other place unobserved.

Not far from the duck-pond stood an old wall, under the terrace upon which the peaceful parsonage rose, surrounded by linden and nut-trees; mosses, lichens, and a multitude of other plants covered this old wall, which one could with difficulty reach on account of the trees and bushes, which in this lonely spot grew tangled and twisted with one another. In some places higher up

the ground was bare of trees, and formed little shady enclosures.

Into one of these recesses I retired. The dog had sprung on before me, snuffing about and scaring the birds. As soon as I was seated, he took his place before me and appeared to ask, What was to be done next?

I was thinking upon that point too, for I thought I heard close by a slight rustling. I rose immediately, bent aside the pliant branches which prevented my seeing, and descried—the Cantor, who lay stretched upon the grass, taking his noonday siesta.

I looked at him for awhile, arrested by a peculiar curiosity. It attracted me to observe such a harmless expression upon a countenance which otherwise seemed so different to me. At the sight of his calm features, my thoughts seemed to grow purer, and my usual repugnance to him seemed to melt away into respect. I drew myself softly back, but a slight movement arrested me suddenly against my will.

The Cantor wore a frock-coat of coarse black cloth with two large outside pockets; out of one of them I had observed a paper, in the shape of a letter, sticking. I know not how the strange fancy happened to strike me, that between this paper and the thoughtful position in which I had just seen Mr. Prévère, some connection existed; but vague as the fancy was, it stimulated my curiosity.

I advanced then, but my heart beat like a guilty creature's. I trembled at the slightest rustling of the leaves, and every now and then I paused and looked up, as if I feared some one was lurking up among the branches of the trees; then I turned quickly to the Cantor. His short black hair, his strong, muscular neck, the hard lines of his

sun-browned face, inspired me with a mysterious terror, and the thought that he might suddenly awake set me trembling.

In the mean while, Sancho, who might well be misled by my expectant and excited manner, made himself ready for a spring; raising his paws and his nose, he plumped down upon a spot where a lizard was running through the leaves. I stood motionless with fear.

I was so alarmed, that I should have slipped away, had not a new circumstance excited my curiosity in the highest degree. I was so near to the Cantor that I recognised the handwriting of Louise on the paper.

As the noise which the dog made had not disturbed the sleeper, I lost my fear, and even grew bold. Only I was vexed with Sancho, and gave him to understand by signs that he must keep still. But, as I found that he considered the affair as a joke, I discontinued my signs, as I found he was about to bark and spring upon me.

I advanced a step. The letter was not folded up in due shape. The Cantor must have just been reading it, as his spectacles lay near by on the grass.

But, what was my delight when I read the address, in Louise's hand: *To Mr. Charles*. My impulse was to take possession of the letter as my property, my costliest treasure. But when I considered what consequences such a step might have, I hesitated, and the Cantor being slightly disturbed by a fly round his nose, I gave up the attempt, and contented myself with trying to peep into the letter, keeping an eye to the flies. One fly caused me monstrous trouble. He was forever alighting upon the nose or the eyebrows of the sleeping man. When Sancho saw the pains I took with the flies, he was for making ready to

catch them. So I let the flies go, and turned to the letter, keeping watch however on the dog.

I began softly to blow it open, so that I could see the words at the end of the lines. The first words I made out, little as I understood them, filled me with surprise. They were, "*this letter*" \* \* \* \* *will be far away* \* \* \* "

Farther I could see nothing. I thought I must be mistaken. Who was to be far away? Why was somebody to be far away? I was lost in conjectures. In the hope that the endings of the succeeding lines would give me light, I resumed my labor, but with scantier results. For, as the paper was crumpled, all that was visible of the remainder was a letter or two.

At last I succeeded in getting the paper sufficiently open to disclose the beginnings of the lines. And soon I experienced the liveliest delight that ever thrilled through my soul. The words did not indeed afford a complete meaning, but it was all the better for that, as I saw enough to conjecture the rest.

"Yes, Charles," it said, "I reproach myself for it; but the more I felt myself drawn to thee, the more an insurmountable obstacle seemed to place itself in the way, when I wished only by the slightest signs to betray the secret of my heart. But, now, dear friend——"

Here tears blinded my sight. I had to pause for awhile. But I turned to the letter again, and carefully opening the leaves with my fingers, in order to read further—and now, as if every thing had conspired on that day to throw me into a dream of enchantment, I descried, within, a lock of her hair.



At this moment, the Cantor suddenly raised his head—I threw myself flat on the ground.

\* \* \* \* \*

I saw no more, it seemed as if my breath would forsake me for very fear. Sancho was startled at my sudden fall, and came and licked my face. I gave him a blow on his nose that made him yelp outright. Shame and embarrassment almost choked me, and my only resource was to pretend to be asleep.

As soon as my eyes were shut, I did not dare to open them again. In the silence that succeeded, I perceived that the Cantor did not move; but never thinking that he could have fallen asleep again, I imagined that he was kneeling at my side, bending over my face, and watching with suspicious eyes to see my eyelids open, in order to catch me in my trick. I fancied I saw his hand raised, and heard him break out in his rough way. This idea paralyzed me. With shut eyes I lay motionless, given up to the most disagreeable bewilderment.

At last I took heart, and opened my eyes a very little, but soon shut them again. This attempt I repeated, until I got my eyes wide open, and even turned my head.—The Cantor was sound asleep again; he had only changed his position.

Just as I was about to rise, as ill-luck would have it, a wagon came rattling along the road near by; Sancho darted off, jumping over the Cantor. Instantly I fell dead asleep again.

The Cantor was disturbed in his rest, and murmured something about the stupid cattle. I expected my turn would come next. As, however, his voice grew weaker, I began to have hopes, when suddenly something came

down plump on my leg. It was a pretty severe blow, but I only feigned to be more sound asleep.

I had time for conjectures, for the old terror kept my eyes fast closed. At last I became aware that the animal had a perceptible warmth; the dilemma was intolerable—I looked out—it was the great brawny hand of the Cantor that lay carelessly on my leg.

Now I was caught like a mouse in a trap. I could not stir forwards or backwards; nevertheless, fear lent me courage; as the Cantor did not move, I began, with some little composure, to think of some way of relieving myself from this cruel situation. Suddenly, I heard a loud voice calling Charles! It was Mr. Prévère.

At the same moment, Sancho returned, leaping over the Cantor, and barking the while.

The Cantor got up, and I too. His first movement at the sight of me was to feel for the pocket which contained the letter; then we looked at each other.

"You here?" cried he.

"Charles! Charles!" called Mr. Prévère. When the Cantor heard the voice, he checked himself—saying to me, "Go now, we will soon put an end to the thing!"

\* Trembling in every limb, I flew from his presence.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wished to take a circuit, to win time, for I felt that my face must have indicated a disturbance in which I could not trust myself to appear before Mr. Prévère. But at the edge of the wood he stood before me.

"I have been seeking you, Charles," said he; "take your hat, and we will have a walk together."

Here again I was thrown into not a little embarrassment, for my hat I had left lying near the Cantor, and

having just escaped from his terrible look, I did not care to trust myself near the fire again. However, there was no help for it; I went back, but I all but started at the sight of the Cantor as he stood under the trees, silently observing me. He came towards me, handed me my hat, saying, in a low, gentle tone, "Here it is! Go now."

I took it, and left him, wondering at his unusual mildness, which was unalloyed by a single gleam of wrath.

I joined Mr. Prévère, and we moved away. At his side, all my excitement subsided; but the more I recovered my composure, the more an anxiety of another sort rose within me. The unusual demeanor of the Cantor, the depressed look of Mr. Prévère, the present unexpected walk,—all seemed to be mysteriously connected.

Mr. Prévère walked on in silence. At last, I cast a stolen look at his face, and saw a troubled expression there, which had the instant effect to make me forget my own embarrassment. Thus restored to entire composure, I began to feel that I should be able now to tell him what was in my heart. The thought that this man, so worthy of all happiness, had some sorrow of his own, made me now for the first time quite courageous, as I fancied that I might help him, and that he would not refuse to communicate his troubles to me.

"If you have any thing on your heart, Mr. Prévère," said I, reddening, "will you not believe me worthy to share it with you?"

"Yes, Charles," he replied, "I have something on my heart, and I will confide in thee. I hold thee worthy to know how I comfort myself with the hope that thou wilt bear it bravely. But let us go a little farther," he added.

These words disturbed me, and a thousand conjectures crossed my mind. At the same time, there came a feeling of pride, for the confiding words of Mr. Prévère increased my respect for myself.

Arrived at the foot of the mountains, M<sup>r</sup>. Prévère paused. "We will stop here," said he, "as we are now alone."

It was a beautiful spot, shaded by huge nut-trees, whence one could look far and wide over the fields, which here appeared as broad plains, and these were divided off by numerous hedges, in some places undulating, and covered with bushes; the Rhine flowed through them. Here and there a church-tower marked the site of a village, and near us scattered herds were grazing. On this spot we sat down.

"Charles," said Mr. Prévère, quietly, "If you ever think of your age, you will not be surprised at what I am going to say to you. The time of your childhood is past, and as you now spend your youth, your future career will be determined. Your character must now be formed by knowledge of the world and intercourse with your equals; new studies must enrich your mind and develop your talents, that you may by-and-by according to your abilities take the place which Providence has assigned you here below. \* \* \* But, my dear son, no longer here in this humble situation——"

I looked at him with alarm.

"—— No longer, Charles, with me will you find this new nourishment for your mind——we must part."

At these last words, Mr. Prévère's voice broke, and for awhile he was silent, while I, given up to a conflict of feelings, remained motionless. But soon he resumed :

"The duties that bind me here, prevent me from accompanying you and guiding your first steps, as I wished. But perhaps it is better for you, Charles, to pass from the hands of a too-indulgent friend into those of one more capable. What I have wanted in ability to direct you, will, fortunately for you, be possessed by another. I shall not grudge him the power to do what I would gladly do myself. This man, whom you will learn to revere, is a friend of mine. He lives in Geneva, my native city; he will take you into his house. You will then have before your eyes the example of virtues which you cannot find here, where the simple and uneventful course of life presents no occasion for the higher qualities. It is hard, dear child, to part with you, but I shall be less sorry, if you yourself see the necessity of our separation. Only do not deceive yourself; look beyond your present inclinations, and never forget that we must render an account of whatever, according to our situations and our means, we have neglected to do for our own improvement, as well as for our fellow-creatures."

As Mr. Prévère ended, painful regrets and deluded hopes oppressed my heart; I was deeply moved by his words. I could not answer him. I strove only to keep back the tears that streamed from my downcast eyes. He saw my distress, and continued—

"— Besides, Charles, you have a couple of years yet before you must choose your course in life. After you have sufficiently improved your talents, you will be free to choose a brighter lot than the city may offer you, or content yourself with a simple, retired life, such as you see me leading here. I trust Providence will bring us together again; and should you be disposed to my calling,

I may deliver over to you the charge of the little flock, whose love you possess already."

At these last words, a bright ray of joy fell upon my heart. I fancied he alluded to my dearest wishes, and instantly my depression gave way to the liveliest animation. I felt myself inflamed with an ambition unknown before; separation, study, privations, all seemed easy and desirable when I was to become worthy of Louise, and to return home and devote to her my whole life.

"Mr. Prévère," I said, made bolder by these thoughts, "if I have rightly understood you, your words favor my warmest wishes; but do you think that I can do this, and that I may cherish the hope that Louise will one day share my lot, and with me live here with you? Oh, Mr. Prévère, if I could hope that this was to be the reward of all my exertions, what would a couple of years be to obtain it, and how could I call that a sacrifice, which already seems to me the brightest hope of my life!"

As I uttered these last words, I saw a cloud gathering on Mr. Prévère's countenance; a reply seemed to be hovering on his lips, which he was not willing to give; after some hesitation, he said sadly: "No, Charles, I will not deceive you: you must give up this idea; take courage, my son. Louise will say the same—would you have her still think of you when the question is between you and obedience to her father?"

"Obedience to her father!" a terrible light broke upon me. Now all was clear—Mr. Prévère's sadness, the unusual behaviour of the Cantor, and the whole letter. "To her father!" repeated I, bitterly; "that man has always hated me——"

"Charles," said Mr. Prévère, interrupting me, "his

will, his authority over his daughter, must be sacred to us. Especially, my good child, we must take care that we are not unjust in attributing to him dispositions which are far from his heart. Let us not try to pry into his reasons, which may be erroneous, without being on that account unjust."

At these words my mind grew yet clearer. "I know them," I exclaimed—"I know his reasons!—Ah, Mr. Prévère, ah, my benefactor, my father, my only friend on earth!—I am a foundling!" And I fell on my knees before him, and buried my face, sobbing, in his hands. Soon I felt how his tears flowed too, and the force of my despair was broken.

\* \* \* \* \*

We continued silent for some time. My excitement gave way to a more subdued feeling, and when I raised my wet eyes to Mr. Prévère, I felt my thoughts completely changed.

Deep emotion was expressed in his whole countenance, and I saw in him the violent conflict between his self-command, which notwithstanding his tenderness of heart was great, and the strength of his feelings. My words seemed at one blow to have robbed him of the fruit of all his unwearied efforts to guard my youth from every shade of humiliation. Oppressed with the weight of this sudden discovery, he seemed to pity from his inmost heart the lot of the boy whom he had taken into his charge from mere compassion, and whom he had learned to love with his whole soul. I saw how, even at a sacrifice of the openness which he so much loved, he had striven to avert that sorrow from me; I saw the cause of his embarrassment, and now, as it became evident to me that by

my violent exclamations I had pained him deeply, I was pierced with the most poignant regret, and I broke forth with—"Mr. Prévère, oh, Mr. Prévère, pardon me! How badly have I used this blessed opportunity of telling you out of the fulness of my heart how fervently I love you! Pardon me! You shall see by my conduct the sincerity of my repentance. I will strive to avail myself most diligently of all that in your kindness you have done for me. I will love your friend, Mr. Prévère; every day will I thank God on my knees that he consigned me to your care, that he has made me the happiest of children. I will forget Louise; I will try to love her father.—This very evening I will start."

While I thus spoke, the pain of my foster-father seemed gradually to be alleviated, and a faint beam of joy glimmered through his tears. At the expression of my gratitude to him, the pale cheeks of the modest, lowly man greyed red; but when my voice broke from emotion, he seized my hand, and pressed it with a heartiness which convinced me of his satisfaction, and even of his esteem. We rose in silence, and turned our steps to the parsonage.

\* \* \* \* \*

I would gladly have met Louise, but she did not appear. Even the Cantor did not show himself, and the place was solitary. I perceived that I alone had not known what was before me, and went up into my little chamber to pack up a few things; the remainder were to be sent after me.

A little drawing by Louise, which she had given me a day or two before, and I had hung on my wall, I took down; it represented the duck-pond and its vicinity, with the pasture and the scarecrow. I folded it up and put it



in the Bible which Mr. Prévère had given me on the day of my first communion. These two things should be my remembrancers of all that I loved and venerated on earth.

Mr. Prévère came up to me. We were both so moved that with the mutual understanding we hesitated to say farewell, and spoke of indifferent matters. At last, he handed me something wrapped up in paper; it was two louis d'ors and some small pieces of money. Then he spread out his arms, and I fell upon his neck, and we wept together in a long embrace.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was about seven o'clock when I left the parsonage. The bright beams of the setting sun only increased my grief. I passed the pond and looked into it; it seemed desolate indeed; only with some envy I beheld the three ducks, who were passing the evening of their days in peace on the spot where they rested so quietly. I thought of the pleasant hours I had spent in their company, and I left them with the liveliest feeling of regret. Soon I reached the highway.

Now, at last, I felt myself completely cut off from the parsonage, and all alone in the world. To the acute feeling of regret there succeeded now a depression of mind which was even more bitter. Loosened from all my remembrances and my hopes, from all the objects which had been so closely bound up with my life, I found myself on the way into a new world, to a populous city, and my heart was in such a state that I would rather have betaken myself to an uninhabited desert; I felt no life around me; all behind me was cut off, and before me every thing appeared in a hateful light. Even the inanimate objects about me, the hedges and the meadows

which I passed, looked no longer as before, and shunning the sight of them, I hastened my steps, in the hope that I should feel better when the country became less known. I was to pass through the village, but as I saw some people sitting at their doors enjoying the evening coolness, I turned into a footpath, which led outside the village, and so came upon the old donkey belonging to the parsonage, which was grazing in a meadow.

The beauty of the evening, the landscape so varied and so lovely at that season of the year, and the sight of the long-eared old servant, who, under my leading, had so often borne Louise,—all wrought powerfully upon my imagination, calling forth a host of early recollections, and gradually filling up again my empty heart. Now I thought over the morning of that very day, of my reverie at the duck-pond, of Mr. Prévère, of the Cantor, and lastly of that letter in which Louise had opened her heart. At the thought of those dear lines, my heart leaped for joy. I felt, for a moment, happy once more, and forgot that every step was taking me far away from the young maiden in whom my very life was bound up.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had reached the top of a small elevation. Before descending on the other side, I cast a look towards the parsonage, which was soon to be lost from my sight. The setting sun edged with purple the tops of the lindens and the old pointed roof of the mansion, while a blueish shadow threw its soft coloring over the valley which separated me from the place.

In the cool of the evening the blades of the grass stood up again, the buzz of insects was hushed, and already night-birds began to appear. From the distance came a

solitary voice singing, or the lowing of a cow, or the rattling of a wagon; all this announced the end of the day's labor, gently introducing the repose of rural life, and preceding the profound silence of night. Gradually daylight vanished from these sweet valleys, and the smiling colors of the meadows melted in the pale twilight. I felt myself moved at the sight, and I sat down on the side of the way. As I was about to leave the spot, I felt as if under an irresistible spell, by which the pictures hovering before my mind were repeating all the past, and dissolving my anguish in soft, melancholy emotion.

At this moment it struck eight in the church-tower. The well-known sound, filling my ears, transported me into the neighborhood of my old asylum. It was as if I found myself among my loved ones, as if I sat with them as I was wont to do at this hour, on the old terrace, where we spent the beautiful summer-evenings, while we carried on our pleasant talk, which Mr. Prévère exalted by his sensible and impressive words. Especially dear had these moments become to me after a new feeling had given a deeper earnestness to my thoughts, and the idea of an all-bountiful God mysteriously connected itself with that of a young maiden of heavenly purity. At such hours, the darkness veiled our features from each other, and our mutual timidity yielded to an unforced freedom, so that as we sat together on the same bench the night betrayed neither our feeling of shame nor of joy. Then I had felt the folds of her dress touching my hand, or her breath on my cheeks, and I could conceive of no greater happiness.

\* \* \* \* \*

A wagon approaching from the other side of the hill

awoke me from my dreaming. I rose to pursue my way. For some moments I had lost sight of the parsonage, and I was very sad. I passed the wagon, but when I again looked back, it had disappeared. Again I was all alone, and my tears flowed. I came to a green spot; I threw myself on the grass and sobbed outright. The image of Louise stood before me. "Ah, Louise!" I murmured, reproachfully, "Louise—you loved me—Louise! Why did I ever know you?—And you, Mr. Prévère——!" I lay a long time silent, and, in weaving a thousand plans, my tears ceased.

When I again arose, night had long covered the scene, and only the far-off rushing of the river was heard. The village where I was to spend the night, at a friend of Mr. Prévère's, was yet five or six miles distant. Suppose no one should be awake, and I should be forced to disturb the people in their sleep? But the thought of seeing any one was intolerable to me. I began to think it practicable to spend the night on the spot where I was. The next day, Sunday, I might start before daybreak, and reach the city on the evening of the same day, without having any thing to do with any one but myself. This plan suited well with the state of my mind. I resolved to put it into execution, and examined the hedges for a good spot on which to pass the night.

While thus occupied, it occurred to me whether it would not be better to be somewhat nearer the parsonage. The thought, however, that I might hardly justify, by yielding to this suggestion, the good opinion which Mr. Prévère entertained of me, moved me to give up the idea. Nevertheless, I involuntarily wandered slowly back, with

many misgivings, until I actually found myself near the duck-pond.

\* \* \* \*

How was every thing changed there! Instead of finding on that spot those sweet illusions which I sought again only for a few moments, I found, to my bitter sorrow, that I was nothing but a stranger there. All was cold, and stripped of its magic; the very things which I had formerly regarded with the deepest joy, pained my eye the most. I resolved to retreat, scarcely knowing myself there.

I had returned only a few steps, when a pale glimmer on the boughs of the lindens caught my attention. I observed that it came from Louise's window. I stood motionless, gazing on the window-panes upon which her shadow fell, while, at the sense of her presence, all within and around me took new life.

Louise sat at a little table near the window. She seemed to be writing, and the hope that she was writing to me cast a kindly beam into my soul. While I watched with eager look for the slightest movement of her shadow, she arose, and I saw herself. As if my eyes rested for the first time upon the touching beauty of the maiden, my heart beat again. She stepped before the looking-glass and took the comb from her beautiful hair, that fell down over her shoulders. Never before had I seen her in this charming negligé; there came over me, with a feeling of pleasure, a sense of shame also, at being thus watching her, and I retreated from the spot.

I next heard a door open, and the Cantor appeared with a light in his hand. I would have fled, but fear disabled me. I could only creep along by the low churchyard

wall. I climbed over, and hid myself behind it, uncertain whether I had been seen.

The Cantor stood for awhile under Louise's window, as if to convince himself she had retired to rest; he then advanced, as he had probably heard the rustling I had made. The light convinced me he was coming nearer. I crept off to the church-door, opened it, and went in, shutting it softly behind me.

Now I began to take breath. I peeped through the cracks of the old door to see what was going on without, and dimly descried the Cantor standing and listening. At last he slowly retired, and by the noise of his door I was soon satisfied that he had returned into the house. A profound silence ensued. I felt myself alone and safe.

I was, however, still afraid to leave the church, so I resolved to remain there till the first gray of dawn, and then pursue my way. I took my place in Louise's seat. I heard it strike one, and I was very weary. After struggling for awhile with drowsiness, I stretched myself on the seat and fell fast asleep.

I was awakened by the first bell rung for divine service. Terrified, I started up, and ran round the whole church, I knew not where. I heard some at the door; I crept into the gallery and hid myself near the organ.

It was the Cantor, who came to see to the pulpit, and the books, and the singing. Through the open door I saw the children assembling under the lindens. When he retired, I recollected that on account of some repairs, the organ would not be used on that day. I crept into a secure hiding-place, where I could yet see the congregation, and resigned myself to my fate, while I bitterly re-

pented not having listened to the voice within which had warned me not to return.

Soon the people began to come in, and the orchestra was filled. To increase my distress, the congregation seemed larger than usual. I remarked that the people talked together with unusual earnestness, and that seemed to secure me from their attention. Yet I heard my name whispered, and curiosity allayed my anxiety. They spoke of me, of my departure, of Mr. Prévère, and of the Cantor. None blamed them, some pitied Louise, while others condemned my foster-father for having brought me up. "You see, now," said one, "they who are of a low origin always come to a bad end." "Yes," said another, "it must have been beggars that left the child, because they did not know what to do with it. Mr. Prévère might have got rid of it if he had wished, for Claude met the mother, he was sure. But Mr. Prévère would not send any one after her, so the child remained in his hands."

To this a third remarked—"Mr. Prévère did a good work. He said to himself, The dear God sends the child to me. Shall I give it back to the vagabonds, that they may throw it into the water? So he kept it. Is there any thing wrong in that? I say, on, if one has means. The boy has neither father nor mother, and I would not let him have my daughter,—but there is one beggar less in the world. And then, good folks, one must speak the truth—Charles was a good fellow." And here these very same people, whose selfish prejudices I had seen now for the first time in all their nakedness, began to praise me, one after another, in stronger terms and with such heartiness of tone that I could not doubt their sincerity. I was amazed, for I never knew till then how the most barbar-

ous prejudices might be united with real goodness of heart; nevertheless, their words comforted me, and dropped balm upon my wounded heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Louise now entered, and, shortly afterwards, Mr. Prévère. Instantly all conversation ceased, and an unusual silence reigned through the church. As Mr. Prévère ascended the pulpit-stairs, all eyes were turned first on him, then on the Cántor and Louise. She sat with downcast eyes. Her bonnet hid her face.

Mr. Prévère read from the liturgy the beautiful prayer with which the service always began. Then a psalm was sung. Contrary to his practice, he did not join his voice with that of the congregation. But he kept his seat, and seemed given up to sadness. I saw him look several times towards my empty seat, and then cast a sympathizing glance at Louise. The singing was ended. After the second prayer, in which were some remarkable expressions, he opened the Bible and read—"Whosoever receiveth one such little one in my name, receiveth me." He then said—

"Beloved hearers, allow me to-day to deviate from the ordinary course of my preaching. I have truths to declare, which, for your sakes, I cannot any longer keep back. May they be uttered by my lips without harshness or passion! May you receive them with humility of heart!

"It is now seventeen years since we were awakened one night, about eleven o'clock, by the cry of a little child. It was in the churchyard. You recollect it, Pierre, and you, Joseph, for you were at hand. The poor little creature was found wrapt in rags, and almost stiff with frost.



We took it in, warmed it, and looked round in the parish for a mother's breast to feed it. No one refused, but no one offered. And from that night the child was nourished by—our she-goat.

“God in his mercy allowed it to draw health and strength from a dumb brute. But it knew not the tender care so necessary to the first season of life; instead of the tender caresses, usually lavished in such abundance on children, a hateful curiosity pried into its cradle; and scarcely did life stir in its little bosom, when barbarous prejudice sunk with its whole weight on that innocent head.—Do I say too much? Do you not remember that the motherless child could find no one among you to present it for baptism?

“It grew apace. The good qualities of the little one, his generous, amiable character, could not but find grace in your eyes. You even loved the child, you admitted him to your houses, you treated him kindly, and my grateful heart blesses God therefor. But, ah, I deceive myself! You loved him, it is true, but you never forgot that there was a stain upon his birth. You loved him, and yet he was never in your eyes any thing but *the foundling!*—As such, have you in the pride of your hearts despised him; so you called him when you talked of him; so he learned what for God's sake we should have hidden from him; so you covered his youth with degrading shame, and poisoned the fairest days of his life. Yes, you loved him; but if Providence had heard my fondest wish, and had put it into the heart of the youth to have settled himself here, there is not perhaps one of you, my brethren, who would have given him his daughter!

“With this misgiving,” continued Mr. Prévère, “I

have felt myself compelled to send him away. I need not say that, already declining in years, I stand now alone in the world, and I am separated from him who would have cheered the evening of my days. I have lost the wife I had chosen for my life-companion. I have seen the only child God had given me, die: upon my last blessing I dared not reckon more than on those earlier and long-vanished joys.

“But, enough of him and of me, my brethren! My hopes are in heaven, and he too will place his trust there; it is not this that now fills me with sadness, that terrifies me.—But in what a situation do I find myself! What have I accomplished among you? Whither have I led you? What account shall I render unto thee, O God, when after twenty years’ charge of souls, I find the flock intrusted to me in such a condition, that a barbarous pride disables them for the easiest duties, even for the joys of human sympathy? How shall we dare to look up to thee, O Saviour of the world, and what can we say to thee? Where dwells among us that love which thou didst enjoin upon the whole world, and without which one cannot be thy disciple? Thou didst commit to this flock one of those little ones whom thou dost commend to the protection of those who love thee; and he has found among us no mother, no friend, no family! He must go from among us, already humbled and covered with shame; he must seek among strangers what was refused him here! Will he find there what he seeks? Ah, you are only poor country-people; you had seen him from his cradle; you knew and loved this unfortunate one—and you have cast him out! You may now easily imagine what awaits him in the bosom of a city, among the temptations of society,

and among strangers, who know not his virtues, but will only too soon learn his lowly birth! Take thou him, O God, under thy holy protection! We knew how to protect him, but we have not done it!

“Charity and Christian humility, ye beautiful virtues, are ye then too pure for this world? Have ye ascended again with my Saviour to the heavenly mansions? Amid the noise and whirl of the city I have seen some laying offerings on your holy altars; but the rarity of such instances filled me with sorrow, and I turned my eyes to the peaceful cottages of the rustic, where I hoped to find you. —Bitter disappointment! Even there you are banished or forgotten! Even the peasants, the day-laborers, who are so near to the dust whence they were taken, take great pride in their birth, and make the child suffer for the crime of its parents!

“Let the foundling go, then, to another parish; let him knock at other doors. Here the happy repulse the unhappy; the well-to-do drive from their doors the destitute; the happy family holds itself back from him who has no family.—Ah, my brethren, my dear brethren, we live here on earth for so short a time, and we use it so unwisely—have so brief an opportunity to practice the virtues, and yet thrust aside the most beautiful and the sweetest! Before our eyes is the exalted example of a Divine teacher, who graciously bade the adulteress arise, and yet among lowly mortals reigns so much pride and cruelty, that they are ready to crush an honest and irreproachable youth!

“I have said hard words to you, my hearers, and am myself, as you know, only a sinful man. Forgive me: I have been compelled to restrain myself for so many years,

that at last my heart overflows—and you weep. Oh, let your tears flow; they will bear good fruits, and even my pain is alleviated thereby. I feel the bitterness depart, which a sorrow long borne in silence has created in my heart. I will take hope, that henceforth you will see in the poor and the helpless, in the foundling, the friend of Jesus, and the guest whom he sends to you, a child whom he commends to your loving care.

“If the seed of my words bear this fruit, I am not sorry that they have been somewhat harsh; no, I will rather thank my God that he has given to them this wholesome efficacy. If now I may hope that you will obey the injunctions of Christian love, then I shall approach the end of my course with a lighter heart. Oh, my dearly beloved parishioners, let us faithfully pursue the way of salvation; let us improve what remains to us of life, and mark the path to the grave with deeds of mercy; and when the frail body falls back into the dust, may the Judge of the world mercifully accept us—you, who turn your hearts to penitence, and me, who have led to him this flock, the object of my only love on earth!”

When I again looked up, I saw Louise no more. In most painful embarrassment sat the Cantor there with bowed head. I looked through my tears at Mr. Prévère, who seemed to me a celestial being; I could have kissed the hem of his garment. I felt the whole beauty and force of the sacrifice; and before my deceitful hopes could cause my pious resolution to waver, I hastened out of my hiding corner, as soon as I could do it unobserved.

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Three days later I received the following letter from Louise's father :

DEAR CHARLES :

In yesterday's sermon, Mr. Prévère spoke of you, and brought forward things which went to my heart, as they came from so venerable a man. After the sermon I met him under the lindens, and I seized his hand, but I could not speak. "Speak, my good friend," said he to me, "I have spoken too harshly, have I?" "I do not think so," I replied, "but I am tormented with repentance. Next Sunday is communion, and I will not go to the Lord's table until he is here again. Give him Louise."

Then we embraced, and I felt that I had done rightly. I thank God that he has enlightened me in due time! Then Mr. Prévère had many things to say, &c. We were of one mind, that you should remain where you are, that you may learn somewhat. He will write to you, and Louise too, as soon as she hears from you.

In proof of all which, Charles, I send you my watch for a present. I had it from my father. John Renaud has put it in excellent order, and advises you not to lay it down at night, but hang it up, as it goes better so.

Farewell, Charles. Be good and industrious.

REIBAZ.

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# The Walpurgis Night.

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# THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

H. ZSCHOKKE.

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## THE TEMPTER.

I FOUND myself far from home on business at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not suppress my home-sickness. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven weeks. Since our wedding-day we had never before been so long separated. It is true, Fanny sent me letters every week; but these lines, so full of love and fondness and melancholy, were only oil to the fire. I wished Prague and St. Nepomuc just four-and-thirty miles behind me to the north-east.

To him, who has not a lovely little wife of two-and-twenty, charming as love, with two little loves playing around her, and who is not, after five years of married life, five hundred times more in love than on the day before his wedding, in vain do I talk of my home-sickness.

Enough, I thanked heaven when all my business was finished; and taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, told my host to make out my bill. I was to set off on the morrow with the post.

In the morning the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I had not ready money enough to pay it



and the expenses of the journey too. I wished to change a note. I felt for my pocket-book, and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortably, for there were more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it, and that is no trifle under the sun.

It was in vain that I turned the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book was not forthcoming.

“I might have known it,” said I to myself. “Let a man be happy for only one moment in his life, the devil is sitting behind the hedge, ready to play him a trick. One ought not to rejoice in any thing in this world, and then should we have less vexation and misery. How often have I found it so!”

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost. I had had it in my hands only the day before; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny’s letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How now were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them, could easily change them into gold and silver.

I began to swear, which, by the way, is not my besetting sin. Had the evil one gone about still, as in the good old times, although as a roaring lion, I should have struck a bargain with him on the spot. As my thoughts took this turn, there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure, that I had seen at billiards about a week before, in a close red coat, and that then seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate, that I thought to myself, “I don’t care, for my part! Were he here now, he would be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book.”

Just then some one knocked at the door. "Holla!" thought I; "the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest." I ran to the door; my mind was full of the plaguey red-coat, and I really believed that it was he.

And lo!—wonderful surprise!—when I opened the door, in stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of.

#### A MORE PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION.

I MUST relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this apparition, that the reader may not consider me a mere victim of my imagination.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or cassino, where an acquaintance had once before carried me to play billiards. I hoped to find the latest newspapers. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. Some young men were sitting at a window, in lively conversation about ghosts and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took a glass of Dantzic cordial and the newspaper.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. I forgot the newspaper and the Spanish war. There was, in his figure, in his movements, and in his features, something striking and repulsive which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion and his hawk's-nose and high cheek-bones gave him a very repelling look. For, while his features were

cold and iron, his large eye sparkled like the eye of a young man; and yet one read in it no inspiration, no soul. There, thought I, is a born executioner, or grand inquisitor, or robber-captain, or gipsy-king. For a mere jest that man could set cities on fire or see children stuck upon pikes. I would not like to travel alone in a wood with him. He has never smiled in all his life.

There I was mistaken. He could smile. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled. But, God be with us! what a smile! It chilled me like ice. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature. "If that man there in the red coat is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club foot in a laced boot; yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly about as if among egg-shells, which he did not care to break. He ought to have let himself be exhibited for ready money, to make all the Voltaires believers.

I entirely forgot the Spanish war. I held the newspaper before me, it is true, but kept peeping over it at this remarkable figure.

As the red coat passed the chess-table, one of the players said to his antagonist, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, "You are lost now, beyond salvation." The red coat stopped a moment, cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor—"You are mistaken. In three moves you will be checkmated." The winner smiled haughtily; his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved; at the third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were replacing their men, one of the young men at the window said warmly to the red coat—"You smile, sir; our discussion appears to interest you; but your smile tells me that you are of a different opinion about the world and the Deity. Have you read Schelling?"

"Oh, yes!" said the red coat.

"And what does your smile mean?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-minded poet who takes the tricks of his imagination for truth, because no one can oppose him, except with other fancy webs which only require still greater acuteness to weave them. It is with philosophers now-a-days as ever; the blind dispute about the theory of colors, and the deaf about the laws of music. Alexander would willingly have been shipwrecked against the moon, in order to subdue it; and philosophers, dissatisfied in the sphere of reason, want to be super-rational."

So said the red coat; some disturbance arose. But he waited not, but took his hat, and glided away.

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

#### THE TEMPTATION.

"Pardon, sir, if I disturb you," said he; "have I the honor to address Mr. Robert ——?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange questions," thought I; "a police spy, without

doubt." A half-torn letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelope.

"Very good," said he. "But the name is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you, and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me, I cannot now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant."

He stared at me, and said—"Indeed!" He was then silent for awhile, and appeared about to depart; but began again: "You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague? Is not your brother upon the point of becoming bankrupt?"

I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again.

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I; "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed!" murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and iron.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house, "you have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has any thing disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

Then he smiled, or rather grinned again, as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became ever more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club foot, and really I began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said, "I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?"

"My name cannot be of much consequence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does the name give you more confidence?"

"A Man-devil!" said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say, or whether the whole thing were in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter which had just come by the post.

"Read your letter first," said the red coat, "and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny."

I was more startled than ever.

"Now do you know," continued the stranger, with a grin: "do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say: "You are, sir, I verily be-

lieve, Satan himself, and want my poor soul for a breakfast," but I restrained myself.

"But, further," added he, "you are going to Eger. Good! my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage!"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

At this he became disturbed, and said, "There is no getting at you,—but your Fanny, and the little Leopold and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not guess who I am, and what I want? The Deuce! Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak."

"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me how I shall get it again."

"Bah! what signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else——?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers—more than fourteen hundred dollars in value.—Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what, if stolen."

"How did the pocket-book look?"

"It had a silk cover, light-green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers,—a piece of my wife's work."

"Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars." With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity, and then added, "We must see about it. What will you give me, if I supply your loss?"

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, "I will make you a present of my soul;" but as I remained embarrassed and

silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew out my pocket-book.

"There have you your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all," said he.

I was beside myself. "How came you by it?" cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe.

"I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, upon the Moldau Bridge."

Right: just about that time I had crossed the bridge, had had the pocket-book in my hands, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket.

"It probably did not go into the pocket," said the red coat. "But I could not tell whether it had been lost by a person on foot or on horseback, before or behind me. I waited an hour upon the bridge, expecting to meet some one in search of it. As no one came, I went to my hotel. I read the contents of the letters, to discover the loser. An address gave me your name and your residence here. So I have come now to you. I was here last evening, but did not find you."

Good heavens! How one may be deceived by a man's physiognomy! I was ready to throw my arms round the neck of my Man-devil. I said the most obliging things to him. My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

"Remember me to your beautiful Fanny,—a pleasant journey to you! we shall see each other again," said he, and departed.



## RETURN HOME.

I WAS now resolved to be off. I had paid mine host; and my servant with my trunk on his back was going before me, when on the steps of the hotel I met my brother on whose account I had come to Prague.

Of course all thoughts of starting immediately were at an end. We went back to my chamber. There I heard with pleasure that the embarrassed circumstances of my brother had been relieved greatly to his advantage. Instead of suffering an immense loss, he had made a large profit on a speculation in cotton and coffee; and he had now hastened to Prague to attend to his affairs himself. "I have got my sheep out of the pit, now," said he, "but I have had worry enough. I will bid good-by to business. I will put my money out at moderate interest, and so run no risk of being to-day a millionaire, and to-morrow a beggar and swindler. I have come now to thank you for your brotherly kindness, and to bring my business connections forever to a close."

I had to accompany my brother to different houses. But he saw my impatience and home-sickness, and therefore after a few days advised me to return home without him. I resolved to do so the more readily, as his stay in Prague would be prolonged several weeks. I took an extra post, and flew towards my dear home.

On the way the strange Mandeville continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red coat, the club foot, and the ill-omened features. I could not help thinking too of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow. Perhaps there was a little horn under it, and then was he Beelzebub complete from top to toe.

It is true, he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters, and my brother's instructions to me and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But—his face—no, nature could not have written so illegibly!—Enough, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistophiles, I should have had no doubt of it now for a single moment.

I followed this train of thought, and will not deny that I gave myself up right willingly to the play of my imagination; for it beguiled the time. I concluded that my honest Man-devil might be the real devil, and his honesty a mere trick to snap up my poor soul on the way to heaven. And if he really were the devil, what had he to offer me?—Gold and goods?—I was never avaricious. A throne? Yes, that I would have been glad to have for a week, in order to give peace to the world; but then I should want to go back again to my own simple dwelling, to cultivate turnips with my own hand, like a second Cincinnatus.—Pretty women?—A harem full of the most beautiful Helens, Armidas, and Armandas? No, when I thought of Fanny, the loveliest Circassians seemed to me but old women. I would not have given a straw to be Dr. Faust. And why? I was happy! Happy? No, not quite so, even because I was so happy. I trembled a little at the thought of the Skeleton, who with his terrible scythe might so easily mow down my Fanny, my two sons, and even myself. And then there was always the great question, Whether and how we should ever come together again in paradise?—I should have liked to have thrown a look into the future life, just to quiet myself. But suppose my devil had granted me my pious wish, and let me

peep through a crack in heaven's gate, what else could a subject of Adramelech have been able to show but his own dark abode?

But enough of this nonsense.

I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing later and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah, I had not seen Fanny for almost three months, nor my children, who bloomed at the side of their young mother like two rosebuds near a hardly blown rose! I fairly trembled with delight, when I thought that my wife, the loveliest of her sex, would be in my arms that day.

It is true that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had once had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love—to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation, we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the Countess St. —, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of my imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where

the windows of my dear home, under the high nut-trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

AND all slept!—Oh, Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me!—They slept—my wife, my children, the domestics; nowhere any light! A dozen times did I walk round the house—all was fast; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour, when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer-house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table; and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats the drums and whips of my children. They had probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden-plants filled my apartment.

One who has not slept for forty hours finds every bed soft. In my weariness I soon fell asleep. But I had hardly closed my eyes, when the creaking of the summer-house door awakened me. I sprang up; I saw a man enter, and thought it was a thief. But imagine my astonishment: it was friend Red-coat!

"Where do you come from?" said I.

"From Prague. In half an hour I must set out again. I was determined to keep my word, and to see you and your Fanny as I passed through. I heard from your servant that you had gone on before, and I expected to find all

awake at your house. You do not mean to pass the night here in the cold, damp air, and get sick?"

I went out into the garden with him, and quaked in every limb. In my secret heart indeed, I laughed at this superstitious fear, and yet I could not rid myself of it. Such is human nature. The hard features of my Prague friend appeared by the pale moonlight even more terrible, and his eyes glittered even more brightly.

"You have really frightened me like a ghost," said I; "I tremble all over. How came you to seek me in my summer-house? You seem to know every thing."

He smiled maliciously, and said—"Don't you now know me, and what I want with you?"

"I don't know you now any better than I did at Prague. But, just for the joke, I will tell you how you appeared to me,—you will not take it amiss: I thought that if you were not a wizard, you must be Satan himself."

He grinned again, and replied—"What if I were Satan, would you make a bargain with me?"

"You will have to offer me much before I should give you my hand upon it. For truly, Mr. Satan—permit me to call you so just in joke—my happiness is complete."

"Oho! I shall offer you nothing, give you nothing. That was the custom in old times, when people believed in the devil, and so were on their guard against him; then one had to bribe them. But now-a-days, when no one believes in the devil, and every thing is carried on by reason, the children of men are as cheap as dirt."

"I hope it is otherwise with me, although I do not believe in Beelzebub. A drachm of reason is worth more to me than a bushel of faith in the devil."

"Just so!—Your proud security, ye mortals—permit

me to speak in the character you have assigned me—your proud security supplies me with more recruits than a legion of recruiting officers in Satan's uniform. Since you have begun to consider eternity as a problem, and hell as an Eastern fable; since honesty and stupidity have come to be considered as virtues of equal value; since licentiousness is held to be an amiable weakness, selfishness magnanimity, public spirit a folly, and mere trickery prudence,—you give the devil no trouble to catch you. You come to me of your own accord. You have reason upon your lips, and the might of a hundred passions in your hearts. The best among you, corrupted creatures, is he who has the least opportunity to sin."

"This is talking like the devil indeed," cried I.

"Certainly!" cried the red gentleman, and grinned. "But I speak the truth because you people do not any longer believe it. So long as truth was yet sacred among men, Satan must needs be the father of lies. But now the case is reversed. We poor devils are always the antipodes of mankind."

"Then, in the present case at least, you are not my opponent; for I think just as you do, my philosophical Mr. Devil."

"Good! then you belong to me already. Let a man give me a hold of a single hair, and I will have his whole head; and—but it's cool here—my carriage is, I guess, all ready; I must start. So good-by."

He went. I accompanied him back to the post-house, where indeed his carriage stood waiting.

"I thought you would come in and drink a parting-glass of punch with me, which I ordered before I went after you."

I accepted the invitation. The warm room was very agreeable.

#### THE TEMPTATION.

THE punch was standing on the table when we entered. A stranger was walking, moody and tired, up and down the room. He was a tall, meagre, elderly man. Baggage was lying around on the chairs. I noticed a lady's shawl, bonnet, and gloves.

As we were drinking together, the stranger said to a servant who brought in some baggage—"Tell my lady, when she comes, that I have gone to bed. We must start early."

I determined not to return to the cool summer-house, but ordered a bed for the night. The stranger retired. The red gentleman and I chatted together, and drank the punch-bowl empty. The brandy warmed and exhilarated me. The Red-coat hastened to his carriage, and as I helped him in, he said—"We shall see each other again." With this the carriage rolled away.

When I went back into the room, there was a lady there, taking away the bonnet and shawl. As she turned towards me, I lost all self-possession. It was Julia! my first love, upon an excursion to Italy, as I afterwards learned. She was no less startled than I.

"For heaven's sake, Robert, is it your spirit?"

"Julia!" stammered I, and all the rapture of first love awoke in me at this unexpected meeting.

I turned respectfully towards her. Her eyes were full of tears. I drew her to my heart.

"This is not my room," said she, drawing the shawl around her. "Come, Robert, we have much to say to each other."

She went; I followed her to her room. "Here we can talk freely," said she, and we sat down upon the sofa. How we talked! Once more I lived again in all the fever-tumult of an old love, which I had supposed was long ago extinguished. Julia, unhappy in her marriage, treated me with all her former tenderness. She was more beautiful, more blooming than ever. She found me handsomer too, as she was pleased to say.

There was a magic, which I cannot describe, in Julia's words and in her whole manner. All the past rose vividly before me. Our first acquaintance at her sister's wedding-ball; the emotions which filled us then; our meeting again in the garden of the ducal castle; then the excursion upon the water with our parents; then—but enough.

Suddenly, the door opened. The tall, lank man entered, with the question—"Who is this with you, Julia?"

We sprang up, terrified. The count stood for a moment speechless, and pale as a corpse. Then, with three steps, he strode towards Julia, wound her long chestnut locks around his hand, hurled her shrieking to the floor, and dragged her about, exclaiming—"Faithless woman! false wretch!"

I rushed to her aid. He pushed me away with such force, that I tumbled back upon the floor. As I rose to my feet again, he let go the unhappy Julia, and cried out to me—"You I'll throttle!" In my desperation I caught up a knife from the table, and threatened to plunge it into him if he did not keep still. But the frantic man threw himself upon me and seized me by the throat. I lost breath, and brandished the knife in all directions.



I thrust it repeatedly at him. Suddenly, the unhappy man fell. The knife was in his heart.

Julia lay sobbing on the floor beside her murdered husband. I stood there like a statue. "Oh!" thought I, "were it only a dream, and I lay waking on the sofa in my summer-house! A curse upon the Red-coat! A curse upon the pocket-book!—Oh, my poor children! Oh, my dear, unfortunate Fanny!—upon the very threshold of my domestic paradise, here am I hurled back into hell, such as I have never dreamed of!—I am a murderer!"

The noise in the room awakened the people in the house. I heard them stirring and calling. Nothing was left to me but flight, to escape discovery. I seized the candle to light myself out of the house.

#### CONSUMMATION OF HORROR.

As I rushed down the steps, I resolved to hasten to my house, awaken my wife and children, press them once more to my heart, and then, like a second Cain, wander forth in the world, a fugitive from justice. But on the stairs I saw that my clothes were sprinkled with blood. I trembled at the thought of being seen.

The street-door was locked. As I turned to escape through the yard, I heard people crying and calling after me from above. I ran across the yard to the barn; I knew that thence I could get out into the gardens and fields outside the town. But my pursuers were close behind me. I had scarcely reached the barn, when some one seized me by the coat. With fearful desperation I tore myself away, and hurled the burning candle into a large haystack near by. It suddenly caught fire; so I hoped to save myself. I succeeded. They let me go,

their attention being diverted by the fire ; I escaped into the open country.

I rushed blindly forward over hedges and hillocks. The idea of seeing my Fanny, and Augustus and Leopold, was no more to be thought of. The instinct of self-preservation took precedence of every thing else. When I thought of my return home yesterday, and of my expectations of the coming morning, I could not believe what had happened. But my bloody and clotted clothes, and the cool morning air, which chilled me through, convinced me only too truly of the reality. I ran, almost breathless, until I could run no longer. Had I had any weapon of death about me, or had a stream been near, I should have ceased to live.

Dripping with sweat, and utterly exhausted, with trembling knees I continued my flight at a slower pace. I was obliged at times to stop to recover myself. Several times I was on the point of fainting quite away.

Thus I succeeded in reaching the next village. While I stood hesitating, whether to go round it or go boldly through it,—for it was bright moonlight and the sun had not yet risen,—the village bells began to ring, and soon I heard bells from more distant quarters. There was a general alarm.

Every stroke harrowed me. I looked round. O Heaven ! behind me appeared a dark-red glow ; a huge pillar of flame licked the very clouds ! The whole town was on fire. I—I was the incendiary !—Oh, my Fanny ! oh, my children ! what a horrible awakening has your father prepared for you !

Then it seemed to me as if I were lifted up by the hair, and my feet were light as feathers. I ran, leaping furi-

ously, round the village, to a pine wood. The flames of my home shone like the day, and the moaning alarm-bells rang with heart-rending tones through my distracted soul.

As soon as I had reached the depth of the wood, and had got so far in that I could no longer see the light of the conflagration, which had hitherto caused my shadow to dance before me like a ghost, I could go no farther. I threw myself on the earth and cried like a child. I beat my head against the ground, and tore up the grass and roots in my frenzy. I would gladly have died, but knew not how.

A faithless husband, a murderer and incendiary, all in one short hour! Oh, the Red-coat was right; there are none innocent among us, except those who lack opportunity to sin. Offer the devil a hair, he has your whole head. What accursed fate led Satan to me in the summer-house? Had I not taken his punch, I should have seen Julia without forgetting Fanny; I should not have murdered the count; I should not have lain here in utter despair, a horror to myself, and cursed of mankind.

In the mean time, the alarm-bells boomed most fearfully, and frightened me to my feet again. I rejoiced that it was not yet day. I could still hope to get a good start without being known. But I sank down again, weeping, when I recollected that it was the first of May, my Fanny's birthday. How had we always kept the blessed day in the circle of our friends! And to-day! what a day! what a night!—Then it suddenly occurred to me, it is WALPURGIS-NIGHT!—Strange! the old superstition had ever made this night the night of horror, in which bad spirits keep festival, and the evil one as-

sembles his witches on the top of the Black Mountain. I could almost have believed in the truth of the silly fable. The horrible Red-coat now occurred to me more vividly than ever, with his strange speeches. Now—why should I deny it!—now would I have given my soul, were he really the personage whom he had pretended in jest to be, that he might save me, take from me all memory of the past, and give me my wife and children, in some corner of the earth where we might spend our days undiscovered.

But the alarm-bells sounded still louder. I discerned the gray of the morning. I sprang from the ground, and continued my flight through the bushes, and came upon the highway.

## CAIN.

HERE I took breath. All that happened was so horrible, so sudden, I could not believe it. I looked around me; the reflection of the conflagration glowed through the pine-trees. I felt that my clothes and my fingers were all wet with the blood of the count.

"This will betray me to the first that meets me!" thought I; and I tore off my spotted clothes, and hid them in the thick bushes, and washed my hands in the dew on the grass. Thus, half-clad, I ran out on the highway.

"What am I now?" said I to myself: "whoever sees me, will pursue me. Only crazy people or murderers run through the woods half-naked; or I must pretend that I have been robbed. Could I only meet a peasant whom I could overpower, he should furnish me with clothes, so I might disguise myself for awhile. I might hide myself in the woods by day, and continue my flight by night. But where get food? where money?" And

now I recollected that I had left my pocket-book in my coat, which I had thrown away, and so deprived myself of all my cash.

I stood for a moment undetermined. I thought of turning back to seek my pocket-book. But—the blood of the count! I could not have looked upon that again, had a million of dollars been to be got by it.—And to go back, to have continually before my eyes the light of the conflagration flickering through the pine-trees! \* \* \* no, the flames of an open hell rather!—So I wandered on.

I heard the rattling of a vehicle—perhaps a fire-engine and peasants running to give their aid. Instantly I threw myself into the bushes, whence I could look out. I trembled like an aspen-leaf. A handsome open travelling carriage, drawn by two horses, and loaded with baggage, approached. A man sat in it, driving. He stopped just before me, got out, and went back a little way to pick up something he had dropped.

“It would help me mightily to get off,” thought I, “were I only in that carriage! my legs are giving out; they will drag me no farther. Clothes, money, swift flight, all now within reach. Heaven certainly means to favor me. I’ll take the hint. I’ll jump in!”

No sooner thought than done. Not a moment was to be lost in consideration. Every man is his own nearest neighbor, and saves himself first, when he can. Despair and necessity have no law. A leap, and I was out of the bushes into the road, from the road into the carriage; I seized the reins and turned the horses round, away from my burning home. The man sprang at the horses, and just as I let them feel the whip, he tried to seize them

by the bit. He stood right before them. I plied the whip more vigorously.—It was now or never with me. The horses reared and sprung forward. The owner fell and lay under the horses' feet. I drove over him. He cried for help. His voice pierced me to the very soul. It was a well-known voice—a beloved voice. I could not believe my ears. I stopped, and leaned out of the carriage to look at the unfortunate man.—I saw him!—But—I shudder to relate it—I saw my brother, who must unexpectedly have finished his business at Prague, or for some other reason was on his way home.

I sat there as if struck by lightning, disabled, paralyzed. My poor brother lay moaning under the wheel. Such a thing I had never dreamed of. I dragged myself slowly from the carriage. I sank down beside him. The heavy wheel had gone over his breast. With a low, tremulous voice, I called him by name. He heard me no more; he recognised me no more. It was all over with him. I was the accursed one who had robbed him of a life as dear to me as my own.—Horrible! two murders in the same night! both indeed involuntary—both committed in despair. But they were still committed, and the consequences of the first crime, which I might have avoided.

My eyes were wet, but not with tears of grief over the beloved dead, but tears of frantic rage against my fate—against heaven. Never in my life had I stained myself with an atrocious crime. I had been alive to all that was beautiful, good, great, and true. I had had no sweeter joy than to make others happy. And now, a cursed thoughtlessness—a single unhappy moment of self-forgetfulness—and then this guilty play of accident or necessity

had made the most miserable wretch under heaven. Oh, let no one boast of his virtue, his strength, or his circum-spection!—It needs only a minute for a man to thrust aside a little his firmest principles—only a minute, and the pure angel is capable of the greatest crimes. Well for him is it, if fate, more favorable to him than to me, throws no brother in his way to be run over like mine!

But let the moral go. For him who has not found it out of himself, there is no moral. I will hasten to the end of my unhappy story, than which no poet ever invented any thing more horrible.

#### REMORSE.

I KISSED the pale brow of my brother. I heard voices in the wood. Terrified, I sprang up. Should I let myself be caught over the body of this beloved one, whom I had first intended to rob, and then murdered? Before I could think, I was again in the thickest of the bushes, leaving the corpse, together with the horses and carriage, to their fate. The all-powerful instinct of self-preservation was alone awake in me; every other feeling was dead.—In my distraction I rushed through brake and brier; where the bushes were the thickest, and the underwood the most entangled, thither I rushed. “Whoever finds thee,” cried I to myself, “will kill thee, thou Cain! thou fratricide!”

Exhausted, I sank down upon a rock in the depth of the wood. The sun had risen without my having noticed it. A new life breathed through all nature. The awful Walpurgis-night lay behind me with my crimes; but its offspring danced like devils in my path. I saw my weep-

ing Fanny with her orphaned children—I saw the disconsolate family of my unfortunate brother—I saw the scaffold, the last procession, the place of execution.

Life became an intolerable burden to me. “Oh, that I had let myself be throttled by the count,” thought I to myself, “for I deserved it! I was then false to my Fanny and to the vows which I had a thousand times sworn to her.—Or had I only turned about when the town was burning behind me, I might have kissed wife and children once more, and then flung myself into the flames. I might then have been spared the murder of my brother.”

I trembled at life because I trembled at new crimes, which seemed to await me at every step. So much was I shaken by what had occurred, that I felt that to the sinner every breath he draws may bring a sin. I thought of suicide—but for that I wanted means. So I determined to give myself up to justice, and confess all my guilt. Thus I hoped—although indeed under the bitterest circumstances—once more to press to my heart my Fanny, my Leopold, my Augustus, to implore their forgiveness, and then depart into eternity accompanied by their tears. I might yet make many domestic arrangements, and give my Fanny hints and counsels concerning various things.

These thoughts gave me some satisfaction. I became more quiet. I had given up life, and now the furies of conscience ceased to rage within me, since they had obtained what they wished.

I got up and proceeded I knew not whither. In my distraction and anguish I had forgotten the country through which I had passed. The woods lay thick and



dark around me. I longed for the light of the conflagration, which should guide me to my judges. But it was no matter; every step, every road, would lead me to them at last.

After having walked for some time, I got out of the forest. I came upon a wild road, and struck instantly into it, caring not whither it might lead.

#### THE TEMPTER.

I SOON heard the neighing of horses before me. I was startled; the love of life awoke in me anew. I thought of fleeing back into the wood. I had been very wicked; I was a criminal of the worst kind; but I might hope still to be happy, could I save myself this time. For I never was a complete villain, although the most thoughtless. So thought I to myself, forgetting all my resolutions, and already in imagination I was in a remote solitude, where, under a strange name, unknown to the world, I could live with my wife and children. Occupied with these thoughts, I had still gone forward. As the road opened, I saw right before me horses standing, a carriage upset with a broken wheel, and, to my horror, or to my delight, standing near—the well-known Red-coat.

When he saw me, he grinned after his usual fashion. "Welcome here!" said he. "Did I not tell you that we should find each other again?—I have been waiting all night; my coachman has gone back to the town for help, and has not returned."

"His help is wanted more there than here," said I; "the whole town is on fire."

"I thought so," returned he, "for I saw the light in the sky. But what do you want in the woods? What

are you seeking here? Why are you not helping to extinguish the fire?"

"I have quite other fires to extinguish," said I.

"I thought so; didn't I tell you so?"

"Oh, save me! I have become a wretched criminal, a faithless husband, a murderer, an incendiary, a highway robber, and a fratricide,—all since the moment you left me,—all within three hours. And yet, I swear to you, I am not a wicked man."

The Red-coat stamped on the ground with his club foot as I said this, apparently in high displeasure. But his features remained hard and stern. He made me no answer. I then related to him the unprecedented history of the night. He kept quiet.

"Do you not now know who I am, and what I want of you?"

"My soul! my soul!" shrieked I; "for now, indeed, I begin to believe that you are the person whom in jest I took you to be in Prague."

"And that person was ——?"

"Satan."

"Then fall down and worship me!" bellowed he, in a horrible voice.

I fell upon my knees before him like a crazy man, raised my clasped hands, and cried—"Save me!—Save my wife and my children from destruction! They are innocent. Carry us to some desert, where we may have bread and water, and a cave to live in. We shall be as happy there as in a Paradise. But blot this Walpurgis-night from my memory, or else Paradise itself would be a hell. If you cannot do that, it were better for me to atone for my crimes on the scaffold." As I said this, he raised his

club foot, and pushed me contemptuously with it, so that I fell backwards to the earth. I sprang up. I was about to repeat my entreaties, but he interrupted me: "There, commend me," said he, "to your pious, tender-hearted man! Look at the proud mortal in the majesty of his reason! look at the philosopher who denies the devil, and brings eternity itself into learned doubt! he crowns his crimes with the worship of Satan."

"Now I know thee, Satan," cried I, raving. "I see now that not a touch of the sympathy which dwells in the human heart has a place in your iron breast. I want no sympathy from thee. Thou feelest nothing but malicious scorn. I would have purchased thy favor, purchased it with my soul. But my soul will do better. It will find the way to repentance and mercy. It will escape you yet, and when you fancy yourself most sure of it."

Scowling grimly, he replied, "No, sir, I am not the devil, as you suppose. I am a man, like you. You have been a criminal; now you are a madman. But he who has once broken with his better faith, is soon done with reason too. I despise you. Truly, I would not help you, if I could. I do not want your soul. It is all ripe for hell, and Satan need not offer a brass farthing for it."

#### HOPE.

FOR a few moments I stood before him doubtful and embarrassed. Shame and rage, remorse, and a readiness for any crime that could save me, for the moment struggled within me. I cannot describe what I felt; for the history of that single moment would grow into a volume under my pen, and yet I could not do it justice.

"If you are not he for whom I take you," said I, at.

last, "I cannot help wishing you were he. Save me, or I am lost. Save me, for you alone are to blame for my horrible fate."

"That's the way with man," said he, grinning; "he always makes himself out perfectly innocent, even when stained with a brother's blood."

"Yes; you, sir, were the first cause of all my terrible sufferings. Why did you come in the night to my summer-house, where I was sleeping harmless and quiet, awaiting the break of day? Had you not awakened me, all this never would have happened."

"But did I awake you to conjugal infidelity and to arson? That's just the way with man. When he has assassinated some thousands, he would lay all the blame on the miner who has dug the steel out of the earth. Your breath, sir, is the cause of your crimes, because, if you could not breathe, you never would have committed them; but without breath you could have had no life."

"But why did you play the part of the devil with me in the garden, and say so significantly that whoever lets the devil have hold of a hair, it will be the string by which he will get his whole head."

"True that! Did I tell you a lie? Who can testify more fearfully to that truth than yourself? Have I asked a hair of you? or did you offer it to me?—But, sir, when you saw Julia, your first love, you ought to have remembered Fanny. You trusted too much to your virtue, or rather you did not think of virtue at all. Religion and virtue would have told you, Flee home to the summer-house. Sir, the instant temptation appears, man must take care how he permits himself in the slightest thought that favors sin; for the first little thought of evil, which

one allows himself to entertain, is the aforesaid hair in the claw of the devil."

"Right! oh, right! but could I have foreseen that?"

"To be sure you could."

"It was impossible. Think only of the horrible coincidence of circumstances?"

"Of that, as a possibility, you ought to have thought. Could you not have thought of the count, when you held his wife in your arms? of the conflagration, when you threw the candle into the hay? of fratricide, when you drove the horses over the body of their owner?—for, whether he or another, every man is your brother."

"Too true! But drive me not to greater despair. You must at least grant that the first fault might have happened without all the other horrors, if there had not been the most terrible combination of circumstances."

"You are mistaken! What was there so terrible in the count's coming to his wife? What was there so very terrible in their being hay in the barn, as in all other barns? What so strange in your brother's happening to pass that way? No, sir; what you call a horrible coincidence, might have been for you, had you kept in the right path, most happy. The world is good; it is the mind that turns it into a hell. It is man that first makes the dagger and the poison, which else would have been the peaceful ploughshare or the healing medicine. Do not pretend to vindicate yourself."

Here I could not help crying out in utter despair when I saw the full extent of my enormities. "Oh!" cried I, "up to this night I have been innocent: a good father, a faithful husband, without reproach—now am I without rest, without honor, without consolation!"

"No, sir; there too, I must contradict you. You have not become what you are in one night, but you became it long ago. One cannot change from an angel to a devil in an hour, unless he possesses already every disposition to become a devil. Opportunity only is wanting for the inner man to become the outer. You only needed to see Julia alone. The fire sleeps in the steel and flint, although we see it not—strike them together and the sparks fly. The spark falls into a powder-cask near by, and half a city, with all its prosperity, is thrown into the sky. Commend me to your pious people who attend the poor sinner to the gallows!—that many more do not hang there is merely the favor of fortune."

"That's a comfort. So then, if you speak the truth, the world is no better than I, or you, as to that matter?"

"No, sir. There, once more, you are mistaken. I grant you half the world, not the whole. I do yet believe in virtue and principle, although you have never really believed in them, with all your supposed exaltation of mind. But half the world, yes! and especially in our days, when the ruling spirit is love of ease, selfishness, and cowardly hypocrisy. That is your spirit, too. And that is the reason why you stand here now as a criminal."

"You may be right; but I am no better nor worse than any other man in these times."

"What you are, that the world appears to you to be. We never see the outward in ourselves, but ourselves in the outward. All out of us is only a looking-glass."

"For God's sake, sir!" cried I, beside myself, "save me, for time flies. If I have been bad, I can become better."

"Certainly. Need brings strength."

"Save me, and my wife and children ! I can be better ; I will be better, for I see now with horror of what crimes I was capable ; crimes which I never could have believed that I could commit."

"It may be. But you are a weakling. Weakness is the foster-nurse of all wickedness. I will save you, if you can save yourself. Do you know me now, and what I want of you ?"

"You are an angel ! my guardian spirit."

"I did not, then, appear to you in vain in the summer-house, before the perpetration of all these enormities. But courage ! Whoever has faith and spirit for the divine, retains every thing."

#### RESCUE.

As the Red-coat said these words, it appeared to me as if his bright garment glowed around him like a flame, and a greenish light shot up out of the earth around us ; but it was only the trees. Colors blended strangely with one another before my eyes. At last all was extinguished. I lay in a fainting-fit. I was no longer conscious. Something had come over me.

Then I felt a dim return of consciousness ; a far-off sound was in my ears ; and before my eyes broke a twilight of glimmering rays. As thought, sound, and vision became more vivid, I thought over my condition, but I could not make out what was the matter with me.

"I am either fainting, or losing my senses, or dying," thought I. "Is the soul tearing herself away from the nerves, the spirit from the body : what then remains ? A world is departing with my senses ; and the spirit, as a dependent power, is resolved into the ocean of all power."

Then is man only a foam-bubble, thrown up from the ever-moving, ever-changing surface of the ocean of the All, reflecting in itself the green islands and the infinity of heaven. And the reflected islands and heaven vanish away, as the bubble returns whence it came.—No, no,” cried I to myself, “that is the way I became a criminal, because I lost all faith in God and in myself, and had given myself up to the brain-spun threads of a one-sided sophistry. The great world-spirit is no Dead Sea, and man’s soul no bubble.”

So I thought, and opened my eyes, and over me hovered the old man, as if resting on clouds, with a friendly seriousness. I saw no longer the cold, stern features, but a mild expression in his transfigured mien; but the light dazzled me, and I soon shut my eyes again, and dreamed on; I could not stir a limb.

“What is the matter with me, or what is going to take place?” thought I; for it seemed to me that I heard the hum of cities and villages go by, and the noise of waving woods; and then again the rushing of streams and the roar of breakers; and then the tinkling of sheepfolds and the songs of shepherds. “What has happened to me? whither am I going?” sighed I, softly, with a great effort.

Still over me hung the form of the old man, and his eye rested tenderly upon me. “I save you,” said he at last, in a tone unspeakably gentle. “Fear no more. Thou hast seen thy life and thy death. Thou weak one, be a man. A second time I cannot save you.”

Thereupon there was a glimmering before my eyes, and methought I lay in a rocky cavern, in which the daylight shone through a narrow cleft. But the old man still



hung over me as he said—"Now thou art saved, and I leave thee. I have fulfilled my wishes."

"But," sighed I, "my Fanny! my children! Give them to me in this desert."

The old man answered—"They are thine already."

"Blot out the remembrance of my guilt forever, if thou canst."

The old man spoke—"I will blot it out; it will trouble thee no more."

As he said this, he dissolved away over me like a mist, and I gazed at the gray rocks above me, and understood nothing of what had happened. But I was filled with an unspeakable peace. And yet it was all like a fairy tale.

While I still gazed at the rocks above me, the lips of an unseen being were pressed to mine. I felt a warm kiss.

#### A NEW WORLD.

THAT kiss brought me back to earth. I thought my eyes were open, but I found that they were shut; for I heard light footsteps around me, and yet saw no one in the cave.

There came a soft breath upon my cheek, and two sweet lips once more touched mine. The feeling of life again returned to my outward senses. I heard the whispering of children's voices. Dream and reality were mingled confusedly together; but they soon began to be parted the one from the other more distinctly, until I came fully to myself, and perceived clearly what was round me. I became aware that I was lying in a stiff, uncomfortable posture. It seemed to me as if I were on the sofa in my summer-house. I opened my eyes, and my Fanny hung over me. It was her kisses that had

awakened me. Our children clapped their hands for joy when they saw me awaking, and clambered up on the sofa upon me, crying one after the other, "Papa! papa! good-morning!"—And my dear little wife locked me in her arms, and with eyes filled with tears, chid me for having slept all night in the cold summer-house; and had not Christopher, our man-servant, come back but a quarter of an hour before from the post-house, and told the maids in the kitchen of my arrival, not a soul would have known that I had come.

But the heavy Walpurgis-dream had affected me to such a degree, that I lay still for some time, not venturing to trust my eyes or my ears. I looked around for the fantastic cave in the desert, but still I was in the summer-house. There lay still the drums, whips, and playthings on the floor. Upon the table still stood Fanny's work-basket—all just as I had found it when I had chosen my night's lodging there.

"And Christopher has but just returned from the post-house?" asked I. "Has he slept there all night?"

"To be sure, you strange creature!" said Fanny, and patted my cheek. "He says, too, that you yourself told him to do so.—Why have you passed the night on this sofa, which is as hard as a rock? Why did you not rout us out of our beds? How gladly would we all have been prepared for your reception!"

I started with delight. "You have slept, then, safely and quietly all night?" asked I.

"Only too soundly," said Fanny. "Could I have guessed that you were here in the summer-house, there would have been an end of all sleep. I would have slipped to you like a ghost. Do you know, too, that it is

Walpurgis-night, in which the witches and hobgoblins play their tricks?"

"I know it only too well!" said I, and rubbed my eyes and smiled joyfully at finding that all my crimes were a dream; that neither post-house nor city were burnt; that neither the Red-coat from Prague, nor the long-since forgotten Julia, had made me a visit.

I clasped the lovely Fanny more fondly to my heart; and with her and the children upon my lap, I felt, now more vividly than ever, the peace of a good heart and pure conscience.

A new world bloomed around me; and more than once I was doubtful whether it were a dream or not. I looked often towards the pleasant roofs of our town to convince myself that I had thrown no candle into the hay.

Never in my life had I had a more connected, vivid, and definite dream; only at the last, when it blended itself with my waking moments, had it become wild and fantastic.

We went in triumph through the beautiful garden to the pleasant dwelling-house, where all my household welcomed me most heartily.—After I had altered my dress a little, I went, loaded with all sorts of playthings for my boys, into Fanny's room to breakfast. There sat the young mother with the merry little ones. At each look of love, a new rapture streamed through my heart. I sank silently on Fanny's breast, and with tears of joy presented to her the little tokens which I had bought for her in Prague, saying, "Fanny, to-day is thy birthday."

"Never have I celebrated it more delightfully than now!" said she. "I have you again. I have invited some of our friends to pass the day with us, to welcome

you home. I hope it does not displease you?—But now sit down by us, and tell me all about yourself.”

But my remarkable dream stood too vividly before my eyes. I thought it would be a relief to relate it. Fanny listened, and became very serious. “Truly,” said she, at last, “one ought to believe in the witchery of Walpurgis-night. Thou hast dreamed quite a sermon. Be yet more pious, my pious one, for surely thy good angel has spoken with thee. Write down thy dream. Such a dream is more remarkable than many a life. I rely, you know, much upon dreams. They do not tell us of the future, but they tell us of ourselves. They are sometimes the clearest looking-glasses of the soul.”

#### THE TEMPTER AND THE TEMPTATION.

A REMARKABLE, although indeed not extraordinary, coincidence occurred on the day following my Walpurgis-dream.

My wife had invited some friends from the city to a little family festival. On account of the beauty of the day, we dined in the upper roomy saloon of the summer-house. The Walpurgis-dream was almost blotted out from my memory by bright and pleasant realities.

My servant announced a strange gentleman who wished to speak with me—a Baron MANDEVILLE, from Drostow.

Fanny saw that I was startled. “You will not surely,” said she, “tremble before the tempter if he does not bring the temptation with him, and not even before the temptation, while you are at my side.”

I went down. There, seated on the very sofa where I had slept the night before, appeared the real, living Red-coat from Prague. He arose, greeted me like an old

friend, and said—"You see, I keep my promise. I must now see your lovely Fanny, with whom I have become quite accidentally acquainted through your confidential letters. Are you not jealous? And"—he continued, pointing out into the garden—"I have brought a couple of guests with me, my brother and his wife. But my sister-in-law already knows you. We unexpectedly met in Dresden, and now travel in company."

I expressed my pleasure at seeing him. Just then a thick, stout man entered the room where we were speaking, and at his side was a lady in a travelling-dress. Imagine my astonishment. It was Julia, the wife of the count!

Julia was less embarrassed than I, although she changed color. After the first civilities, I carried my guests into the saloon above.—I introduced them to my Fanny. The tempter, turned visitor, said the most flattering things to her.

"I have," said he, "already quite adored you in Prague, where, without the knowledge of your husband, I got to know all the little family secrets which you communicated to him."

"I know all," said Fanny to him. "You paid fourteen hundred dollars for those secrets. But you are, after all, a very bad man, for you have caused my Robert a restless night."

"We have not done with that yet, Fanny," said I, "for see, here is the lovely temptation"—and then I introduced her to the count's wife—"Julia."

Women never suffer long from embarrassment. Fanny embraced Julia as a sister, and placed the tempter on one side of her and the temptation on the other. "As far

as possible from you!" cried she, in a tone of roguish warning.

Fanny and Julia, although they had never seen each other before, soon became true heart-sisters, and had a great deal to say to each other, making me the butt of their raillery. For my part, it was peculiarly delightful to see these two together; both lovely—but Julia only a beautiful woman, Fanny an angel.

Julia, as I learned from her during a walk in the garden, was perfectly happy. She was truly attached to her husband, on account of the nobleness of his character; but for her brother-in-law, the Red-coat, she had the tender affection of a child. He had spent much of his life, as she told me, in travelling, and now resided on an estate in Poland, near her husband's, dividing his time between books, and agricultural labors, and offices of benevolence. She spoke of him with animation, and insisted that a better man did not exist on earth. I gathered from all she told me a practical reflection—that one must not trust too much to physiognomy.

"Why did you put that mysterious question to me at Prague," said I, after awhile, to the worthy Red-coat: "*Do you not know now who I am, and what I want of you?*" For it was these words that had struck me so at Prague, and had afterwards sounded again so distinctly in my dream.

"It is plain enough what I meant," cried he. "I wanted to tell you, as I brought back your pocket-book, what I wished with you, and wanted also to let you know that I was the finder, that you should put confidence in me, and give me some proofs of your loss. You continued to be as reserved as if I were a suspicious person, and yet

I saw your disquiet, and could not doubt that the right man stood before me."

I now related to him my dream. "Sir," cried he, "long live the Walpurgis-spirits! The dream deserves to be a chapter in moral philosophy and psychology. If you do not carefully write it down, I will do it myself, and send it to you in print. There are right golden lessons in it. I am glad, however, that I have the honor to shine at last as an angel of light, otherwise I would not listen to a word more of your Walpurgis-night adventure."

We spent a happy day together; I with the truly excellent Mandeville, and Fanny with Julia.

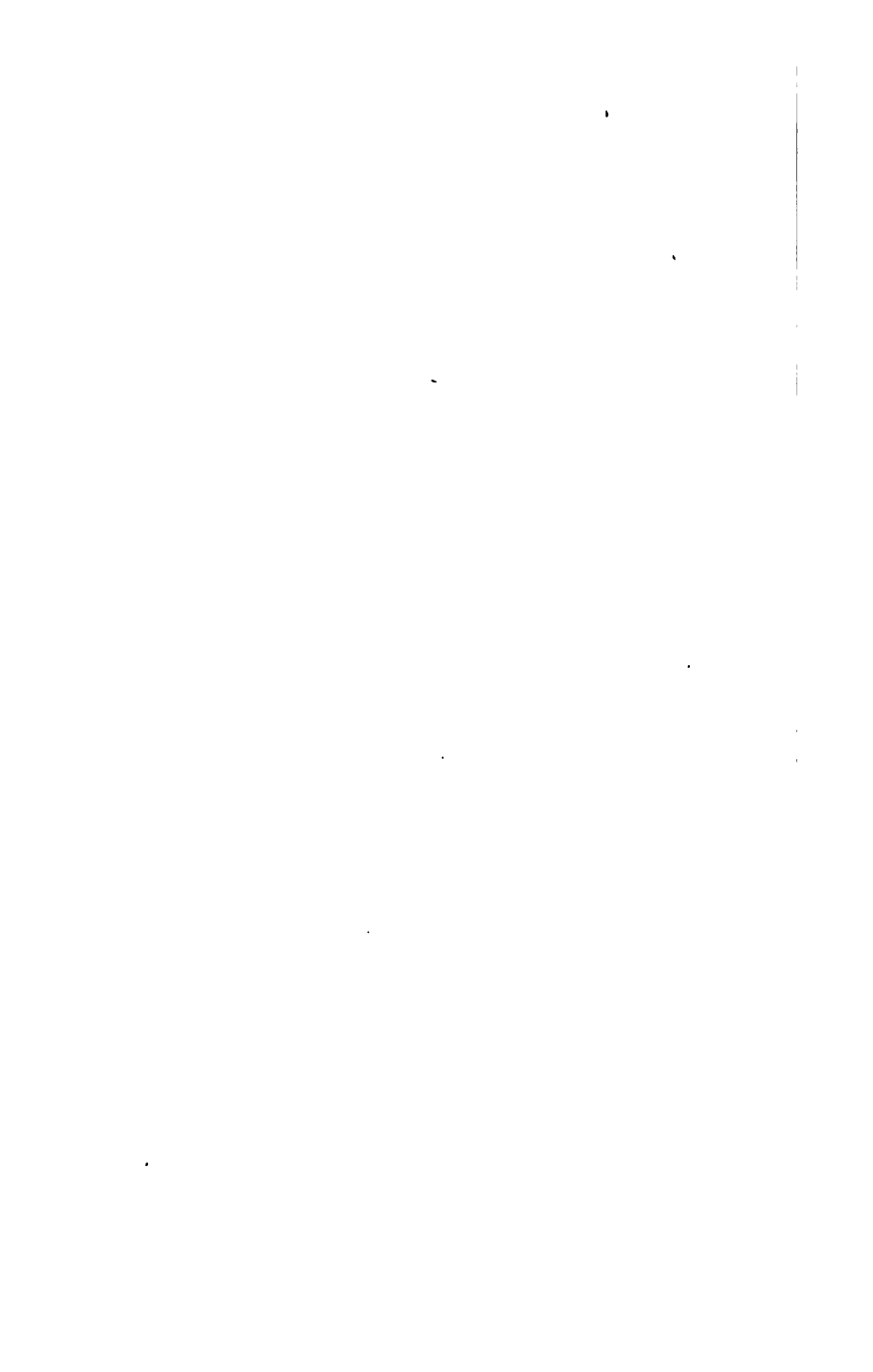
When we parted at evening, Fanny said to me, when we reached the door, "Here we will bid good-by, and not accompany the beautiful temptation a step farther. Your Walpurgis-dream contains a good lesson for me too. Do you not know me, sir, and what your Fanny wants with you?"

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The Poor Vicar.

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LEAVES  
FROM THE  
JOURNAL OF A POOR VICAR  
IN WILTSHIRE.

H. ZSCHOKKE.

. Dec. 15, 1764.—RECEIVED to-day from Dr. Snarl £10 sterling, being my half-year's salary. The receipt even of this hardly-earned sum was attended with many uncomfortable circumstances.

Not until I had waited an hour and a half in the cold ante-room was I admitted to the presence of his Reverence. He was seated in an easy-chair at his writing-desk. My money was lying by him, ready counted. My low bow he returned with a lofty side-nod, while he slightly pushed back his beautiful black silk cap, and immediately drew it on again. Really he is a man of much dignity. I can never approach him without awe. I do not believe I should enter the king's presence with less composure.

He did not urge me to be seated, although he well knew that I had this very morning walked eleven miles in the bad weather, and that the hour-and-a-half's standing in the ante-room had not much helped to rest my wearied limbs. He pointed me to the money.

My heart beat violently when I attempted to introduce

the subject, which I had so long thought over, of a little increase of my salary. I shall never be able to conquer my timidity, even in the most righteous cause. Twice, with an agony as if I were about to commit a crime, I endeavored to break ground. Memory, words, and voice failed me. The sweat started in great drops on my forehead.

"What do you wish?" said his Reverence, very politely.

"I am—every thing is so dear—scarcely able to get along in these hard times, with this small salary."

"Small salary, Mr. Vicar! How can you think so? I can at any time procure another vicar for £15 sterling a-year."

"For £15! Without a family, one might indeed get along with that sum."

"Your family, Mr. Vicar," said the Doctor inquiringly, "has not received any addition, I trust. You have only two daughters?"

"Only two, your reverence; but they are growing up. My Jenny, the eldest, is now eighteen, and Polly, the younger, will soon be twelve."

"So much the better. Can't your girls work?"

I was about to reply, when he cut me short by rising and observing, while he went to the window and drummed with his fingers on the pane, that he had no time to talk with me to-day. "Think it over," he concluded, "whether you will retain your place at £15 a-year, and let me know. If you relinquish it, I hope you will have a better situation for a New Year's present."

He bowed very politely, and again touched his cap. I swept up the money and took my leave. I was thunder-struck. He had never received nor dismissed me so

coldly before. Without doubt, somebody has been speaking ill of me. He did not once invite me to dinner, as had always before been his custom. I had depended upon it, for I came from home without breaking my fast. I bought a loaf in the outskirts of the town at a baker's shop, which I had observed in passing, and took my way home.

How cast down was I, as I trudged along! I cried like a child. The bread I was eating was wet with my tears.

But fye! Thomas. Shame upon thy faint heart! Lives not the gracious God still? What if thou hadst lost the place entirely? And it is only £5 less! It is indeed a quarter of my whole little yearly stipend, and it leaves barely 10d. a-day to feed and clothe three of us. What is there left for us? Who clothes the lilies of the field? Who feeds the young ravens? We must deny ourselves some of our luxuries.

*Dec. 16.*—I do believe Jenny's an angel. Her soul is even more beautiful than her body. I am almost ashamed of being her father. She is so much better and more pious than I.

I had not the courage yesterday to tell my girls the bad news. When I mentioned it to-day, Jenny at first looked very serious, but suddenly she brightened up, and said, "Thou art disquieted, father!"

"Should I not be so?"

"No, thou shouldst not."

"Dear child, we shall never be free from debt and trouble. I do not know how we can stand it. Our need is sore. Fifteen pounds hardly suffice for the necessities of life. Who will assist us?"

Instead of answering, Jenny gently passed one arm round my neck, and pointed upwards with the other,—“He, there!” said she.

Polly seated herself on my lap, patted my face, and said, “I want to tell thee something. I dreamed last night that it was New Year’s day, and that the king came to C——. There was a splendid show. The king dismounted from his horse before our front door, and came in. We had nothing to set before him, and he commanded some of his own dainties to be brought in dishes of gold and silver. The kettle-drums and trumpets sounded outside, and only think, with the sound of the music, in came some people with a bishop’s mitre upon a satin cushion—a New Year’s present for thee! It looked very funny, like the pointed caps of the bishops in the old picture-book. But it became thee right grandly. Yet I laughed myself almost out of breath; and then Jenny waked me up, which made me quite angry. This dream has certainly something to do with a New Year’s present. It is only fourteen days to New Year’s.”

I said to Polly, “Dreams are but Seems;” but she said, “Dreams come from God.”

I believe no such thing. Still I write the dream down to see whether it be not a comforting hint from heaven. A New Year’s present would be acceptable to all of us.

All day I have been at my accounts. I do not like accounts. Reckoning and money matters distract my head, and make my heart empty and heavy.

*Dec. 17.*—My debts, God be praised, are all now paid, but one. At five different places I paid off £7 11s. ster-

ling. I have therefore left in ready money, £2 9s. This must last a half-year. God help us!

The black hose that I saw at Tailor Cutbay's I must leave unpurchased, although I need them sorely. They are indeed pretty well worn, yet still in good condition, and the price is reasonable. But Jenny needs a cloak a great deal more. I pity the dear child, when I see her shivering in that thin camlet. Polly must be satisfied with the cloak which her sister has made for her so nicely out of her old one.

I must give up my share of the newspaper Neighbor Westburn and I took together. It goes hard with me. Here, in C——, without a newspaper, one knows nothing of the course of affairs. At the horse-races at New Market, the Duke of Cumberland won £5000 of the Duke of Grafton. It is wonderful how literally the words of Scripture are always fulfilled: "To him that hath shall be given," and those other words, too, "From him who hath not shall be taken away!" I must lose £5 of even my poor salary.

Fye! Thomas, already murmuring again! and wherefore? For a newspaper, which thou art no longer able to take? Shame on thee! Thou mayest easily learn from others whether General Paoli succeeds in maintaining the freedom of Corsica. The French have indeed promised assistance to the Genoese; but Paoli has 20,000 veterans.

*Dec. 18.*—Ah! how happy are we poor people still! Jenny has got a grand cloak at the slopshop for a mere song, and now she is sitting there with Polly, ripping it to pieces in order to make it up anew. Jenny under-

stands how to trade and bargain better than I. But they let her have things at her own price, her voice is so gentle. We have now joy upon joy. Jenny wants to appear in the new cloak for the first time on New Year's day. Polly has a hundred comments and predictions about it. I wager the Dey of Algiers had not greater pleasure in the costly present which the Venitians made him—the two diamond rings, the two watches set with brilliants, the pistols inlaid with gold, the costly carpets, the rich housings, and the 20,000 sequins in cash.

Jenny says we must save the cloak in eatables. Until New Year's we must buy no meat. This is as it should be.

Neighbor Westburn is a noble man. I told him yesterday I must discontinue my subscription for the newspaper, because I am not sure of my present salary, nor even of my place. He shook my hand, and said, "Very well, then I will take the paper, and you shall still read it with me."

One must never despair. There are more good men in the world than one thinks, especially among the poor.

*The same day. Eve.*—The baker is a crabbed man. Although I owe him nothing, yet when Polly went to fetch a loaf, and found it very small and badly risen, or half burnt, he struck up a quarrel with her, so that people stopped in the street. He declared that he would not sell upon trust—that we must go elsewhere for our bread. I pitied Polly.

I wonder how the people here know every thing. Every one in the village is telling how Dr. Snarl is

going to put another curate in my place. It will be the death of me.

The butcher even must have got a hint of it. It certainly was not without design that he sent his wife to me with complaints about the bad times and the impossibility of selling any longer for any thing but cash. She was indeed very polite, and could not find words to express her love and respect for us. She advised us to go to Colswood, and buy the little meat we want of him, as he is a richer man and is able to wait for his money. I cared not to tell the good woman how that usurer treated us a year ago, when he charged us a penny a pound more than others for his meat; and when his oaths and curses could not help him out, and he could not deny it, how he declared roundly that he must receive a little interest when he was kept out of his money a whole year, and then showed us the door.

I still have in ready money £2 1s. 3d. . What shall I do if no one will trust me, so that I may pay my bills quarterly? And if Dr. Snarl appoints another curate, then must I and my poor children be turned upon the street!

Be it so; God is in the street also!

*Dec. 19, early A. M.*—I awoke very early to-day, and pondered what I should do in my difficult situation. I thought of Master Sitting, my rich cousin at Cambridge; only poor people have no cousins, only the rich. Were New Year's day to bring me a bishop's mitre, according to Polly's dream, then I should have half England for my relations.

I have written and sent by the post the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snarl:



"I write with an anxious heart. It is said that your Reverence intends to appoint another curate in my stead. I know not whether the report has any foundation, or whether it has arisen merely from my having mentioned to some persons the interview I had with you.

"The office with which you intrusted me I have discharged with zeal and fidelity; I have preached the word of God in all purity; I have heard no complaints. Even my inward monitor condemns me not. I humbly requested for a little increase of my small salary. Your Reverence spoke of reducing the small stipend which scarcely suffices to procure me and my family the bare necessities of life. Let your humane heart decide.

"I have labored sixteen years under your Reverence's pious predecessors, and a year and a half under yourself. I am now fifty years old. My hair begins to grow gray. Without acquaintances, without patrons, without the prospect of another living, without the means of earning my bread in any other way, mine and my children's fate depends upon your compassion. If you fail us, there remains no support for us but the beggar's staff.

"My daughters, gradually grown up, occasion, with the closest economy, increased expense. My eldest daughter, Jenny, supplies the place of a mother to her sister, and conducts our domestic concerns. We keep no maid: my daughter is maid, cook, washerwoman, tailoress, and even shoemaker; while I am the carpenter, mason, chimney-sweeper, wood-cutter, gardener, farmer, and wood-carrier of the household.

"God's mercy has attended us hitherto. We have had no sickness. We could not have paid for medicines. C—— is a small place.

"My daughters have in vain offered to do other work, such as washing, mending, and sewing. They very rarely get any. Here in the country every one does her own housework; none are rich.

"It will be a hard task to carry me and mine through the year upon £20; but it will be harder still if I am to attempt it upon £15. But I throw myself on your compassion, and on God, and pray your Reverence at least to relieve me of this anxiety."

After I had finished this letter, I threw myself upon my knees, (while Polly carried it to the post-office,) and prayed for a happy issue. I then became wonderfully clear and calm in my mind. Ah! a word to God is always a word from God—so cheerfully came I from my little chamber, which I had entered with a heavy heart.

Jenny sat at work at the window. She sate there with the repose and grace of an angel. Light seemed to stream from her looks. A slender sunbeam came through the window, and transfigured the whole place. I was in a heavenly state. I seated myself at the desk, and wrote my sermon, "On the joys of poverty."

I preach in the pulpit as much to myself as to my hearers; and I come from church edified, if no one else does. If others do not receive consolation from my words, I find it myself. It is with the clergyman as with the physician—he knows the power of his medicines, but not always their effect upon the constitution of every patient.

*The same day, A. M.*—This morning I received a note from a stranger who had tarried over night at the

inn. He begs me on account of urgent affairs to come to him.

I have been to see him. I found him a handsome young man of about six-and-twenty, with noble features and a graceful carriage. He had on an old, well-worn surtout, and boots which still bore the marks of yesterday's travel. His round hat, although originally of a finer material than mine, was still far more defaced and shabby. The young man appeared, notwithstanding the derangement of his dress, to be of good family. He had on at least a clean shirt of the finest linen, which perhaps had just been given him by some charitable hand.

He led me into a private room, begged pardon a thousand times for having troubled me, and proceeded to inform me, in a very humble manner, that he found himself in most painful circumstances; that he knew nobody in this place, where he had arrived last evening, and had therefore had recourse to me as a clergyman. He was, he added, by profession an actor, but without employment, and intending to proceed to Manchester. He had expended nearly all his money, and had not enough to pay his fare at the inn, to say nothing of the expense of proceeding on his journey; accordingly, he turned in his despair to me. Twelve shillings would be a great assistance to him. He promised, if I would favor him with that advance, that he would honorably and thankfully repay it so soon as he was again connected with any theatre. His name is John Fleetman.

There was no necessity of his painting his distress to me so at large. His features expressed more trouble than his words. He probably read something of the same kind in my face, for, as he turned his eyes upon me, he seemed

struck with alarm, and exclaimed, "Will you leave me then without help?"

I stated to him that my own situation was full of embarrassment; that he had asked of me nothing less than the fourth part of all the money I had in the world; and that I was in great uncertainty as to the further continuance of my office.

He immediately became cold in his manner, and, as it were, drew back into himself, while he remarked, "You comfort the unfortunate with the story of your own misfortunes. I ask nothing of you. Is there no one in C—— who has pity, if he has no wealth?"

I cast an embarrassed look at Mr. Fleetman, and was ashamed to have represented my distressed situation to him as a reason for my refusal to assist him. I instantly thought over all my townsmen, and could not trust myself to name one. I did not, perhaps, know their hearts well enough.

I approached him and laid my hand upon his shoulder, and said, "Mr. Fleetman, you grieve me. Have a little patience. You see I am poor. I will help you if I can. I will give you an answer in an hour."

I went home. On the way I thought to myself, "How odd! the stranger always comes first to me, and an actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that attracts the wretched and the needy like a magnet. Whoever is in need comes to me, who have the least to give. When I sit at table with strangers, one of the company is sure to have a dog who looks steadily at what I am eating, and comes and lays his cold nose directly on my knee."

When at home, I told the children who the stranger

was, and what he wanted. I wished for Jenny's advice. She said tenderly, "I know, father, what thou thinkest, and therefore I have nothing to advise."

"And what do I think?"

"Why, that thou wilt do unto this poor actor as thou hopest God and Dr. Snarl will do unto thee."

I had thought no such thing, but I wished I had. I got the twelve shillings, and gave them to Jenny to carry to the traveller. I did not care to listen to his thanks. It humbles me. Ingratitude stirs my spirit up. And, besides, I had my sermon to prepare.

*The same day. Eve.*—The actor is certainly a worthy man. When Jenny returned from the inn, she had much to tell about him, and also about the landlady. This woman had found out that her guest had an empty pocket, and Jenny could not deny that she had brought him some money. So Jenny had to listen to a long sermon upon the folly of giving when one has nothing himself, and the danger of helping vagrants when one has not the wherewithal to clothe his own children. "The shirt is nearer than the coat." "To feed one's own maketh fat," &c. &c.

I had just turned to my sermon again when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not, he said, leave C—— without thanking his benefactor, by whose means he had been delivered from the greatest embarrassment. Jenny was just setting the table. We had an omelet and some turnips. I invited the traveller to dine with us. He accepted the invitation. It was very timely, he intimated, for he had eaten a very scanty breakfast. Polly brought some beer. We had not for a long while fared so well.

Mr. Fleetman seemed to enjoy himself with us. He

had quite lost that anxious look he had, yet there was the shy, reserved manner about him which is peculiar to the unfortunate. He inferred that we were very happy, and of that we assured him. He supposed also that I was richer and better to do in the world than I desired to appear. There he was mistaken. Without doubt, the order and cleanliness of our parlor dazzled the good man—the clearness of the windows, the neatness of the curtains, of the dinner table, the floor, and the brightness of our tables and chairs. One usually finds a great lack of cleanliness in the dwellings of the poor, because they do not know how to save. But order and neatness, as I always preached to my sainted wife and to my daughters, are great save-alls. Jenny is a perfect mistress therein. She almost surpasses her mother, and she is bringing up her sister Polly in the same way. Her sharp eyes not a fly mark can escape.

Our guest soon became quite familiar and intimate with us. He spoke more, however, of our situation than of his own. The poor man must have some trouble on his heart: I hope not upon his conscience. I remarked that he often broke off suddenly in conversation, and became depressed; then again he would exert himself to be cheerful. God comfort him!

As he was quitting us after dinner, I gave him much friendly counsel. Actors, I know, are rather a light-minded folk. He promised me sacredly, as soon as he should have money, to send back my loan. He must be sincere in that, for he looked very honest, and several times asked how long I thought I should be able, with the remainder of my ready money, to meet the necessities of my household.

His last words were, "It is impossible it should go ill with you in the world. You have heaven in your breast, and two angels of God at your side." With these words, he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

*Dec. 20.*—The day has passed very quietly, but I cannot say very agreeably, for the grocer Jones sent me his bill for the year. Considering what we had had of him, it was larger than we had expected, although we had had nothing of which we did not ourselves keep an account. Only he had raised the price of all his articles. Otherwise, his account agreed honestly with ours.

The worst is the arrears of my last year's bill. He begged for the payment of the same, as he is in great need of money. The whole of what I owe him amounts to eighteen shillings.

I went to see Mr. Jones. He is a very polite and reasonable man. I hoped to satisfy him by paying him in part, and promising to pay the remainder by Easter. But he was not to be moved, and he regretted that he should be forced to proceed to extremities. If he could, he would gladly wait; but only within three days he would have to pay a note which had just been presented to him. With a merchant, credit is every thing.

To all this there was nothing to be said in reply, after my repeated requests for delay had proved vain. Should I have let him go to law against me as he threatened? I sent him the money, and paid off the whole debt. But now my whole property has melted down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the actor may soon return what I loaned him! Otherwise, I know not what help there is for us.

Now go to, thou man of little faith; if thou knowest not, God knoweth. Why is thy heart cast down? What evil hast thou done? Poverty is no crime.

*Dec. 24.*—One may be right happy after all, even at the poorest. We have a thousand pleasures in Jenny's new cloak. She looks as beautiful in it as a bride. But she wishes to wear it the first time abroad at church on New Year's day.

Every evening she reckons up and shows me with how little expense she has got through the day. We are all in bed by seven o'clock, to save oil and coals. That is no great hardship. The girls are so much the more industrious in the day, and they chat together in bed until midnight. We have a beautiful supply of turnips and vegetables. Jenny thinks we can get through six or eight weeks without running in debt. That were a stroke of management without parallel. And until then we all hope that Mr. Fleetman will keep his word like an honest man, and pay us back the loan. If I appear to distrust him, it awakens all Jenny's zeal. She will allow no evil of the comedian.

He is our constant topic. The girls especially make a great deal out of him. His appearance interrupted the uniformity of our life. He will supply us with conversation for a full half-year. Pleasant is Jenny's anger, when the mischievous Polly exclaims, "But he is an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London who are invited to dine with the princes of the royal family; and she is ready to prove that Fleetman will become one of the first actors in the world, for he has fine talents, and a graceful address, and well-chosen phrases. "Yes, in-



deed!" said the sly Polly to-day, very wittily, "beautiful phrases! he called thee an angel." "And thee too," cried Jenny, somewhat vexed. "But I was only thrown into the bargain," rejoined Polly; "he looked only at thee."

This chat and childish raillery of my children awakened my anxiety. Polly is growing up; Jenny is eighteen. What prospect have I of seeing these poor children provided for? Jenny is a well-bred, modest, handsome maiden; but all C—— knows our poverty. We are therefore little regarded, and it will be difficult to find a husband for Jenny. An angel without money is not thought half so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas. Jenny's only wealth is her gentle face. That everybody looks kindly on. Even the grocer Jones, when she carried him his money, gave her a pound of almonds and raisins for a present, and told her how he was grieved to take my money, and that if I bought of him, he would give me credit till Easter. He has never once said so much to me.

When I die, who will take care of my desolate children? Who? The God of heaven. They are at least qualified to go to service anywhere. I will not distress myself about the future.

*Dec. 26.*—Two hard days these have been. I have never had so laborious a Christmas. I preached my two sermons in two days, five times in four different churches. The road was very bad, and the wind and weather fearful. Age is beginning to make itself felt. I have not the freshness and activity I once had. Indeed, cabbage and turnips, scantily buttered, with only a glass of fresh water, do not afford much nourishment.

I have dined both days with Farmer Hurst. The people in the country are more hospitable by far than here in the town, where nobody has thought of inviting me to dinner these six months. Ah! could I have only had my daughters with me at table! What profusion was there! Could they have only had for a Christmas feast what the farmer's dogs received of the fragments of our meal! They did have some cake, and they are feasting on it now while I write. It was lucky that I had courage, when the farmer and his wife pressed me to eat more, to say that, with their leave, I would carry a little slice of the cake home to my daughters. The good-hearted people packed me a little bag full, and besides, as it rained pitifully, sent me home in their wagon.

Eating and drinking are indeed of little importance, if one has enough to satisfy his hunger and thirst. Yet it may not be denied that a comfortable provision for the body is an agreeable thing. One's thoughts are clearer. One feels with more vivacity.

I am very tired. My conversation with Farmer Hurst was noteworthy. I will write it off to-morrow.

*Dec. 27.*—We have lived to know what perfect joy is. But one must be moderate in his joys. The girls must learn self-restraint, and practice themselves therein. Therefore, I lay aside the packet of money which Mr. Fleetman has sent. I will not break the seal until after dinner. My daughters are Eve's daughters. They are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. They are examining the address, and the packet is passing from one to the other three times in a minute.

Indeed I am more disturbed than rejoiced. I lent Mr.

Fleetman only twelve shillings, and he sends me back £5. God be praised! He must have been very successful.

How joy and sorrow interchange! I went early this morning to the alderman, Mr. Fieldson, for I was told yesterday that the wagoner Brook, at Watton Basset, had, on account of his embarrassments, destroyed himself. Some eleven or twelve years ago I went security for him to the amount of £100. He was distantly related to my sainted wife. The bond has never been cancelled. The man has latterly had much trouble, and given himself up to drinking.

The alderman comforted me not a little. He said he had heard the report, but that it was very doubtful whether Brook had destroyed himself. There had been no authentic intelligence. So I returned home comforted, and prayed by the way that God would be gracious to me.

I had hardly reached the house, when Polly ran to meet me, exclaiming, almost breathless, "A letter! a letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with £5! But the packet has cost sevenpence." Jenny, with blushing looks, handed it to me before I had laid down my hat and staff. The children were half out of their wits with joy. So I pushed aside their scissors, and said, "Do you not see, children, that it is harder to bear a great joy with composure than a great evil? I have often admired your cheerfulness when we were in the greatest want, and knew not where we were to find food for the next day. But now the first smile of fortune puts you beside yourselves. To punish you I shall not open the letter nor the packet of money until after dinner."

Jenny would have it that it was not the money, but Mr. Fleetman's honesty and gratitude, that delighted her, and that she only wanted to know what he wrote and how he was; but I adhered to my determination. This little curiosity must learn to practice patience.

*The same day. Eve.*—Our joy is turned into sorrow. The letter with the money came, not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snarl. He gives me notice that our engagement will terminate at Easter, and he informs me, that until that time I may look about for another situation; and that he has accordingly not only paid me up my salary in advance, that I may bear any travelling expenses I may be at, but also directed the new vicar, my successor, to attend to the care of the parish.

Thus the talk of the people here in town was not wholly without foundation, and it may also be true, what is said, that the new vicar had received his appointment thus readily, because he has married a near relative of his Reverence, a lady of doubtful reputation. So I must lose my office and my bread for the sake of such a person, and be turned into the street with my poor children, because a man can be found to buy my place at the price of his own honor.

Jenny and Polly turned deadly pale when they found that the letter came not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the rector, and that the money, instead of being the generous return of a grateful heart, was the last wretched gratuity for my long and laborious services. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the letter containing my formal dismissal. But I went into my little chamber, locked my-

self in, and fell upon my knees and prayed, while Polly wept aloud.

I rose from my knees refreshed and comforted, and took my Bible; and the first words upon which my eyes fell were, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

Then all fear vanished out of my heart. I looked up, and said, "Yea, Lord, I am thine."

As Polly appeared to have ceased weeping, I went back into the parlor; but when I saw her upon her knees praying, with her clasped hands resting on a chair, I drew back and shut the door very softly, that the dear soul might not be disturbed.

After some time, I heard Jenny come in. I then returned to my daughters. They were sitting at the window. I saw by Jenny's eyes that she had been giving relief to her anguish in solitude. They both looked timidly at me. I believed they feared lest they should see despair depicted on my countenance. But when they saw that I was quite composed, and that I addressed them with cheerfulness, they were evidently relieved. I took the letter and the money, and humming a tune, threw them into my desk. They did not allude to what had happened the whole day. This silence in them was owing to a tender consideration for me; with me, it was fear lest I should expose my weakness before my children.

*Dec. 28.*—It is good to let the first storm go by without looking one's troubles too closely in the face. We have all had a good night's sleep. We talk freely now of Dr. Snarl's letter, and of my loss of office, as of old affairs. We propose all kinds of plans for the future.

The bitterest thing is, that we must be separated. We can think of nothing better than that Jenny and Polly should go to service in respectable families, while I betake myself to my travels to seek somewhere a place and bread for myself and children.

Polly has again recovered her usual cheerfulness. She brings out again her dream about the bishop's mitre, and gives us much amusement. She counts almost too superstitiously upon a New Year's present. I have sometimes thought much of dreams, but I do not believe in them.

As soon as the new vicar, my successor, shall have arrived, and is able to assume the office, I shall hand over to him the parish books, and take my way in search of bread elsewhere. In the mean time I will write to a couple of old friends at Salisbury and Warminster, to request them to find good places for my daughters, as cooks, seamstresses, or chambermaids. Jenny would be an excellent governess for little children.

I will not leave my daughters here. The place is poor; the people are unsocial, proud, and have the narrow ways of a small town. They talk now of nothing but the new vicar. Some are sorry that I must leave, but I know not who takes it to heart.

*Dec. 29.*—I have written to-day to my Lord Bishop of Salisbury, and laid before him in lively terms the sad, helpless situation of my children, and my long and faithful services in the vineyard of the Lord. He must be a humane, pious man. May God touch his heart! Among the three hundred and four parishes of the county of Wiltshire, there must certainly be found for me at least some little corner! I do not ask much.

*Dec. 30.*—The bishop's mitre that Polly dreamt of must soon make its appearance, otherwise I shall have to go to jail. I see now very plainly that the jail is inevitable.

I am very weak, and in vain do I exert myself to practice my old heroism. Even strength fails me for fervent prayer. My distress is too much for me.

Yes, the jail is unavoidable. I will say it to myself plainly, that I may become accustomed to the prospect.

The All-merciful have mercy on my dear children! I may not—I cannot tell them.

Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the disgrace. I feel as if my very bones would crumble away; fever-shivering in every limb—I cannot write for trembling.

*Some hours after.*—Already I feel more composed. I would have thrown myself into the arms of God, and prayed. But I was not well. I lay down on my bed. I believe I have slept; perhaps also I fainted. Some three hours have passed. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. I am weak in body, but my heart is again fresh. Every thing which has happened, which I have heard, flits before me like a dream.

So the wagoner Brook has indeed made away with himself. Alderman Fieldson has called and given me the intelligence. He had the coroner's account, together with the notice of my bond. Brook's debts are very heavy. I must account to Withell, a woollen-draper of Trowbridge, for the hundred pounds sterling.

Mr. Fieldson had good cause to commiserate me heartily. Good God! a hundred pounds sterling! How shall I ever obtain it? All that I and my children have in the

world would not bring a hundred shillings. Brook used to be esteemed an upright and wealthy man. I never thought that he would come to such an end. The property of my wife was consumed in her long sickness, and I had to sacrifice the few acres at Bradford which she inherited. Now I am a beggar. Ah! if I were only a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr. Withell is not merciful. It is impossible for me even to think of paying him.

*Same day. Eve.*—I am ashamed of my weakness. What! to faint! to despair! Fye! And yet believe in a Providence! and a priest of the Lord! Fye, Thomas!

I have recovered my composure and done what I should. I have just carried to the post-office a letter to Mr. Withell at Trowbridge, in which I have stated my utter inability to pay the bond, and confessed myself ready to go to jail. If he has any human feeling, he will have pity on me; if not, he may drag me away whithersoever he will.

When I came from the office, I put the courage of my children to the proof. I wished to prepare them for the worst. Ah! the maidens were more of men than the man; more of Christians than the priest.

I told them of Brook's death, of my debt, and of the possible consequences. They listened earnestly and in great sorrow.

"To prison!" said Jenny, silently weeping, while she threw her arms around me. "Ah, thou good, poor father, thou hast done no wrong, and yet hast to bear so much! I will go to Trowbridge; I will throw myself



at Withell's feet; I will not rise until he releases thee!"

"No," cried Polly, sobbing, "do not think of such a thing. Tradesmen are tradesmen. They will not, for all thy tears, give up a farthing of father's debt. I will go to the woollen draper, and bind myself to live upon bread and water, and be his slave, until I have paid him with my labor what father owes."

In forming such plans, they gradually grew more composed. But they saw also the vanity of their hopes. At last said Jenny, "Why all these useless plans? Let us wait for Mr. Withell's answer. If he will be cruel, let him be so. God is also in the jail. Father, go to jail. Perhaps thou wilt be better there than with us in our poverty. Go, for thou goest without guilt. There is no disgrace in it for thee. We will both go to service, and our wages will procure thee every thing needful. I will not be ashamed even to beg. To go a begging for a father has something honorable and holy in it. We will come and visit thee from time to time. Thou shalt be well taken care of. We will fear no more."

"Jenny, thou art right," said Polly; "whoever fears, does not believe in God. I am not afraid. I will be cheerful—as cheerful as I can be, separated from father and thee."

Such conversations cheered my heart. Fleetman was right when he said that I had two angels of the Lord at my side.

*Dec. 31.*—The year is ended. Thanks be to heaven, it has been, with the exception of some storms, a right

beautiful and happy year! It is true, we have often had scarcely enough to eat; still, we have had enough. My poor salary has often occasioned me bitter cares; still, our cares have had their pleasures; and now I scarcely possess the means of supporting myself and my children half a year longer. But how many have not even as much, and know not where to get another day's subsistence! My place I have lost. In my old age I am without office or bread. Is it possible that I shall spend the next year in a jail, separated from my good daughters? Still, Jenny is right: God is there, also, in the jail!

To a pure conscience there is no hell, even in hell; and to a bad heart, no heaven in heaven. I am very happy.

Whoever knows how to endure privation is rich. A good conscience is better than that which the world names honor. As soon as we are able to look with indifference upon what people call honor and shame, then do we become truly worthy of honor. He who can despise the world enjoys heaven. I understand the gospel better every day since I have learned to read it by the light of experience. The scholars at Oxford and Cambridge study the letter, not the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of the Scriptures.

With these reflections, I conclude the year.

I am very glad that I have now for some time persevered in keeping this journal. Everybody should keep one. One may learn more from himself than from the wisest books. When, by daily setting down our thoughts and feelings, we in a manner portray ourselves, we can see at the end of the year how many different faces we have. Man is not always like himself. He who says he

knows himself, can answer for the truth of what he says only at the moment. Few know what they were yesterday; still fewer, what they will be to-morrow.

A day-book is useful also because it helps us to grow in faith in God and Providence. The whole history of the world does not teach us so much about these things as the thoughts, judgments, and feelings of a single individual for a twelvemonth.

I have also had this year new confirmation of the truth of the old saying, "Misfortunes seldom come singly, but the darkest hour is just before morning." When things go hard with me, then I am most at my ease, always excepting the first shock, for then I please myself with the prospect of the relief which is sure to succeed, and I smile because nothing can disturb me. On the other hand, when every thing goes according to my wishes, I am timid and anxious, and cannot give myself up freely to joy. I distrust the continuance of my peace. Those are the hardest misfortunes which we allow to take us by surprise. It is likewise true that trouble looks more terrible in the distance than when it is upon us. Clouds are never so black when near as they seem in the distance.

I have learnt from all my calamities to consider, with the quickness of lightning, what will be their worst effect upon me. So I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes.

This also I find good: I sometimes play with my hopes, but I never let my hopes play with me. So I keep them in check. I have only to remember how rarely fortune has been favorable to me, then all air-castles vanish as if they were ashamed to appear before me. Alas for him

who is the sport of his hopes! He pursues will-o'-the-wisps into bogs and mire.

*New Year's day, 1765, A.M.*—A wonderful and sad affair opens the year. Here follows its history:

Early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon, I heard a knocking at the front door. Polly was up and in the kitchen. She ran to open the door and see who was there. Such early visits are not usual with us. A stranger presented himself with a large box, which he handed to Polly, with these words: "Mr. ——" (Polly lost the name) "sends this box to the Rev. Vicar, and requests him to be very careful of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise. The man disappeared. Polly tapped lightly at my chamber-door to see whether I was awake. I answered, and she came in, and wishing me "a happy New Year," as well as "good morning," added, laughing, "you will see now, dear father, whether Polly's dreams are not prophetic. The promised bishop's mitre is come!" And then she told me how a New Year's present had been given her for me. It vexed me that she had not asked more particularly for the name of my unknown patron or benefactor.

While she went out to light a lamp and call Jenny, I dressed myself. I cannot deny that I was burning with curiosity, for hitherto the New Year's presents for the Vicar of C—— had been as insignificant as they were rare. I suspected that my patron, the farmer, whose good-will I appeared to have won, had meant to surprise me with a box of cake, and I admired his modesty in sending me the present before it was light.

When I entered the parlor, Polly and Jenny were

standing at the table on which lay the box, directed to me, carefully sealed, and of an unusual size. I had never seen exactly such a box before. I lifted it and found it pretty heavy. In the top were two smoothly-cut round holes.

With Jenny's help, I opened the box very cautiously, as I had been directed to handle the contents carefully. A fine white cloth was removed, and lo!—but no, our astonishment is indescribable. We all exclaimed, with one voice, "Good God!"

There lay a little child asleep, some six or eight weeks old, dressed in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribands. Its little head rested upon a soft blue silk cushion, and it was well wrapped up in a blanket. The covering, as well as the little cap, was trimmed with the costliest Brabant lace.

We stood some moments gazing at it with silent wonder. At last Polly broke out into a comical laugh, and cried, "What shall we do with it? This is no bishop's mitre!" Jenny timidly touched the cheek of the sleeping babe with the tip of her finger, and in a tone full of pity, said, "Poor, dear little creature! thou hast no mother, or might as well have no mother! Great God! to cast off such a lovely, helpless being! Only see, father, only see, Polly, how peacefully and trustfully it sleeps, unconscious of its fate, as if it knew that it is lying in God's hand. Sleep on, thou poor forsaken one! Thy parents are perhaps too high in rank to care for thee, and too happy to permit thee to disturb their happiness. Sleep on; we will not cast thee out. They have brought thee to the right place. I will be thy mother."

As Jenny was speaking, two large tears fell from her

eyes. I caught the pious, gentle-hearted creature to my breast, and said, "Be a mother to this little one! The step-children of fortune come to her step-children. God tries our faith—no, he does not try it, he knows it. Therefore is this forsaken little creature brought to us. We do not indeed know how we shall subsist from one day to another, but He knows, who has appointed us to be parents to this orphan."

Thus the matter was soon settled. The child continued to sleep sweetly on. In the mean while, we exhausted ourselves in conjecture about its parents, who were undoubtedly known to us, as the box was directed to me. Polly, alas! could tell us nothing more of the person who brought it than she had already told. Now, while the little thing sleeps, and I run over my New Year's sermon upon "the Power of the Eternal Providence," my daughters are holding a council about the nursing of the poor stranger. Polly exhibits all the delight of a child. Jenny appears to be much moved. With me, it is as if I entered upon the New Year in the midst of miracles, and—it may be superstition, or it may be not—as if this little child were sent to be our guardian angel in our need. I cannot express the feelings of peace, the still happiness which I have.

*Same day. Eve.*—I came home greatly exhausted, and weary with the sacred labors of the day. I had a long and rugged walk. But I was inspirited by a happy return home, by the cheerfulness of my daughters, by our pleasant little parlor. The table was ready laid for me, and on it stood a flask of wine, a New Year's present from an unknown benevolent hand.

The looks of the lovely little child in Jenny's arms refreshed me above all things. Polly showed me the beautiful little bed of our nursling, the dozen fine napkins, the dear little caps and night-clothes, which were in the box, and then a sealed packet of money directed to me, which they had found at the feet of the child when it awoke and they took it out.

Anxious to learn something of the parentage of our little unknown inmate, I opened the packet. It contained a roll of twenty guineas and a letter, as follows :

"Relying with entire confidence upon the piety and humanity of your Reverence, the unhappy parents of this dear child commend it to your care. Do not forsake it. We will testify our gratitude when we are at liberty to make ourselves known to you. Although at a distance, we shall keep a careful watch, and know every thing that you do. The dear boy is named Alfred. He has been baptized. His board for the first quarter accompanies this. The same sum will be punctually remitted to you every three months. Take the child. We commend him to the tenderness of your daughter Jenny."

When I had read the letter, Polly leaped with joy, and cried, "There's the bishop's mitre !" Bountiful Heaven ! how rich had we suddenly become ! We read the letter a dozen times. We did not trust our eyes to look at the gold upon the table. What a New Year's present ! From my heaviest cares for the future was I thus suddenly relieved. But in what a strange and mysterious way ! In vain did I think over all the people I knew, in order to discover who it might be who had been forced by birth or rank to conceal the existence of their child, or who were able to make such a liberal compensation for a

simple service of Christian charity. I tasked my recollection, but I could think of no one. And yet it was evident that these parents were well acquainted with me and mine.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence !

*Jan. 2.*—Fortune is heaping her favors upon me. This morning I again received a packet of money, £12, by the post, with a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. For a shilling he returns me a pound. Things must have gone well with him. He says as much. I cannot, alas, thank him, for he has forgotten to mention his address. God forbid I should be puffed up with my present riches ! I hope now in time to pay off honestly my bond to Mr. Withell.

When I told my daughters that I had received a letter from Mr. Fleetman, there was a new occasion for joy. I do not exactly understand what the girls have to do with Mr. Fleetman. Jenny grew very red, and Polly jumped up laughingly, and held up both her hands before Jenny's face, and Jenny behaved as if she was right vexed with the playful girl.

I read out Fleetman's letter. But I could scarcely do it, for the young man is an enthusiast. He writes many flattering things which I do not deserve. He exaggerates every thing, even indeed when he speaks of the good Jenny. I pitied the poor girl while I read. I did not dare to look at her. The passage, however, which relates to her, is worthy of note. It runs thus :

"When, excellent sir, I went from your door, I felt as if I were quitting a father's roof for the bleak world. I shall never forget you, never forget how happy I was with



you. I see you now before me, in your rich poverty, in your Christian humility, in your patriarchal simplicity. And the lovely, fascinating Polly; and the—ah! for your Jenny I have no words! In what words shall one describe the heavenly loveliness by which every thing earthly is transfigured? Forever shall I remember the moment when she gave me the twelve shillings, and the gentle tone of consolation in which she spoke to me. Wonder not that I have the twelve shillings still. I would not part with them for a thousand guineas. I shall soon perhaps explain every thing to you personally. Never in my life have I been so happy or so miserable as I am now. Commend me to your sweet daughters, if they still bear me in remembrance."

I conclude from these lines that he intends to come this way again. The prospect gives me pleasure. In his unbounded gratitude, the young man has perhaps sent me his all, because I once lent him half of my ready money. That grieves me. He seems to be a thoughtless youth, and yet he has an honest heart.

We have great delight in the little Alfred. The little thing laughed to-day upon Polly, as Jenny was holding him like a young mother in her arms. The girls are more handy with the little citizen of the world than I had anticipated. But it is a beautiful child. We have bought him a handsome cradle, and provided abundantly for all his little wants. The cradle stands at Jenny's bedside. She watches day and night, like a guardian spirit, over her tender charge.

*Jan. 3.*—To-day, Mr. Curate Thomson arrived with his young wife, and sent for me. I went to him imme-

diately, at the inn. He is an agreeable man, and very polite. He informed me that he was appointed my successor in office; that he wished, if I had no objections, to enter immediately upon his duties; and that I might occupy the parsonage until Easter: he would in the meanwhile take up his abode in lodgings prepared for him at Alderman Fieldson's.

I replied that, if he pleased, I would resign my office to him immediately, as I should thus be more at liberty to look out for another situation. I desired only permission to preach a farewell sermon in the churches in which I had for so many years declared the word of the Lord.

He then said that he would come in the afternoon to examine the state of the parsonage.

He has been here with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. His lady was somewhat haughty, and appears to be of high birth, for there was nothing in the house that pleased her, and she hardly deigned to look at my daughters. When she saw the little Alfred in the cradle, she turned to Jenny, and asked whether she were already married. The good Jenny blushed up to her hair, and shook her little head by way of negative, and stammered out something. I had to come to the poor girl's assistance. My lady listened to my story with great curiosity, and drew up her mouth and shrugged her shoulders. It was very disagreeable, but I said nothing. I invited them to take a cup of tea. But they declined. Mr. Curate appeared to be very obedient to the slightest hint of the lady.

We were very glad when the visit was over.

*Jan. 6.*—Mr. Withell is an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He sympathizes with me in regard to

my unfortunate bond, and comforts me with the assurance that I must not disquiet myself if I am not able to pay it for ten years or ever. He appears to be well acquainted with my circumstances, for he alludes to them very cautiously. He considers me an honest man. That gratifies me most. He shall not find his confidence misplaced. I will go to Trowbridge as soon as I can, and pay Mr. Withell Fleetman's £12 sterling, as an instalment of my monstrous debt.

Although Jenny insists that she sleeps soundly, that little Alfred is very quiet o' nights, and only wakes once, when she gives him a drink out of his little bottle, yet I feel anxious about the maiden. She is not so lively by far as formerly, although she seems to be much happier than when we were every day troubled about our daily bread. Sometimes she sits with her needle, lost in a reverie, dreaming with open eyes, or her hands, once so active, lie sunk upon her lap. When she is spoken to, she starts, and has to bethink herself what was said. All this evidently comes from the interruption of her proper rest; but she will not hear a word of it. We cannot even persuade her to take a little nap in the daytime. She declares that she feels perfectly well.

I had no idea that she had so much vanity. Fleetman's praises have not displeased her. She has asked me for his letter, to read once more; and she has not yet returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket!

I don't care, for my part; the vain thing!

*Jan. 8.*—My farewell sermon was accompanied with the tears of most of my hearers. I see now at last that

my parishoners love me. They have expressed their obligations on all hands, and loaded me with gifts. I never before had such an abundance of provisions in the house, so many dainties of all kinds, and so much wine. A hundreth part of my present plenty would have made me account myself over-fortunate in past days. We are really swimming in plenty. But a goodly portion has already been disposed of. I know some poor families in C——, and Jenny knows even more than I. The dear people share in our pleasures.

I was moved to the inmost by my sermon. With tears had I written it. It was a sketch of my whole past course, from my call and settlement. I am driven from the vineyard as an unprofitable servant, and yet I have not labored as a hireling. Many noble vines have I planted, many deadly weeds cut away. I am driven from the vineyard where I have watched, and taught, and warned, and comforted, and prayed. I have shrunk from no sick-bed. I have strengthened the dying for the last conflict with holy hope. I have gone after sinners. I have not left the poor desolate. I have called back the lost to the way of life. Ah! all these souls, that were knit to my soul, are torn from me—why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

Gladly would I now offer to take charge of the parish without salary, but my successor has the office. I have been used to poverty from my birth, and care has never forsaken me since I stepped out of my boy's shoes. I have enough for myself and my daughters in little Alfred's board. We shall be able, indeed, to lay up something. I would never again complain of wind and weather beat-

ing against my gray hairs, could I only continue to break the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so! I will not murmur. The tear which drops upon this page, is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and good days, nor have I ever asked. But, Lord! Lord! drive not thy servant forever from thy service, although his powers are small. Let me again enter thy vineyard, and with thy blessing win souls.

*Jan. 13.*—My journey to Trowbridge has turned out beyond all expectation. I arrived late, with weary feet, at the pleasant little old city, and could not rouse myself from sleep until late the next morning. After I had put on my clean clothes, (I had not been so finely dressed since my wedding-day—the good Jenny shows a daughter's care for her father,) I left the inn and went to Mr. Withell's. He lives in a splendid great house.

He received me somewhat coldly at first, but when I mentioned my name, he led me into his little office. Here I thanked him for his great goodness and consideration, told him how I happened to give the bond, and what hard fortunes had hitherto been mine. I then laid my £12 upon the table.

Mr. Withell looked at me for a while in silence, with a smile and with some emotion. He then extended his hand and shook mine, and said, "I know all about you. I have informed myself particularly about your circumstances. You are an honest man; take your £12 back. I cannot find it in my heart to rob you of your New Year's present; rather let me add a pound—to it, to remember me by."

He arose, brought a paper from another room, opened

it and said, "You know this bond and your signature? I give it to you and your children." He tore the paper in two, and placed it in my hand.

I could find no words, I was so deeply moved. My eyes filled. He saw that I would thank him, but could not; and he said, "Hush! hush! not a syllable, I pray you. This is the only thanks I desire of you. I would gladly have forgiven poor Brook the debt, had he only dealt frankly with me."

I don't know a more noble-hearted man than Mr. Withell. He was too kind. He would have me relate to him much of my past history. He introduced me to his wife and to the young gentleman his son. He had my little bundle, containing my old clothes, brought from the inn, and kept me at his house. The entertainment was princely. The chamber in which I slept, the carpet, the bed, were so splendid and costly, that I hardly dared to make use of them.

The next day Mr. Withell sent me home in his own elegant carriage. I parted with my benefactor with a heart deeply moved. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the bond. "See," said I, "this light piece of paper was the heaviest burden of my life, and now it is generously cancelled. Pray for the life and prosperity of our deliverer!"

*Jan. 16.*—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life. We were sitting together in the forenoon; I was rocking the cradle, Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny was seated at the window with her needle, when she suddenly jumped up, and then fell back again, deadly pale, into her chair. We were all alarmed, and cried,

"What is the matter?" She forced a smile and said, "He is coming!"

The door opened, and in came Mr. Fleetman in a beautiful travelling cloak. We greeted him right heartily, and were truly glad to see him so unexpectedly, and, it appeared, in so much better circumstances than before. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not yet recovered from her agitation. Her pale looks did not escape him. He inquired anxiously about her health. Polly replied to his questions, and he then kissed Jenny's hand, as though he would beg her pardon for having occasioned her such an alarm. But there was nothing to be said about it, for the poor girl grew red again like a newly-blown rose.

I called for cake and wine, to treat my guest and benefactor better than on former occasions; but he declined, as he could not tarry long, and he had company at the inn. Yet, at Jenny's request, he sat down and took some wine with us.

As he had spoken of the company which had come with him, I supposed that it must be a company of comedians, and inquired whether they intended to stop and play in C——, observing that the place was too poor. He laughed out, and replied, "Yes, we shall play a comedy, but altogether gratis." Polly was beside herself with joy, for she had long wanted to see a play. She told Jenny, who had gone for the cake and wine. Polly inquired whether many actors had come with him. "A gentleman and lady," said he, "but excellent players."

Jenny appeared unusually serious. She cast a sad look at Fleetman, and asked, "And you—will you also

appear?" This was said in that tone peculiarly soft, yet very penetrating, which I have seldom observed in her, and only upon rare occasions, and at most serious moments.

Poor Fleetman himself trembled at her tone, so like the voice of the angel of doom. He looked up to her with an earnest gaze, and appeared to struggle with himself for an answer, and then advancing towards her a step, he said, "Miss, by my God and yours, you alone can decide that!"

Jenny dropped her eyes. He continued to speak. She answered. I could not comprehend what they were about. They spoke—Polly and I listened with the greatest attention, but we neither of us understood a word, or rather we heard words without any sense. And yet Fleetman and Jenny appeared not only to understand one another perfectly, but what struck me as very strange, Fleetman was deeply moved by Jenny's answers, although they expressed the veriest trifles. At last Fleetman clasped his hands passionately to his breast, raised his eyes, streaming with tears, to heaven, and with an impressive appearance of emotion exclaimed, "Then am I indeed unhappy!"

Polly could hold out no longer. With a comical vivacity, she looked from one to the other, and at last cried out, "I do believe that you are beginning to play already!"

He pressed Polly's hand warmly, and said, "Ah! that it were so!"

I put an end to the confusion by pouring out the wine. We drank to the welfare of our friend. Fleetman turned to Jenny and stammered out, "Miss, in earnest, my wel-



fare?" She laid her hand upon her heart, cast down her eyes, and drank.

Fleetman immediately became more composed. He went to the cradle, looked at the child, and when Polly and I had told him its history, he said to Polly, with a smile, "Then you have not discovered that I sent you this New Year's present?"

We all exclaimed, in utter amazement, "Who! you!" He then proceeded to relate what follows:—"My name," said he, "is not Fleetman. I am Sir Cecil Fairford. My sister and myself have been kept out of our rightful property by my father's brother, who took advantage of certain ambiguous conditions in my father's will, and involved us in a long and embarrassing lawsuit. We have hitherto lived with difficulty upon the little property left us by our mother, who died early. My sister has suffered most from the tyranny of her uncle, who was her guardian, and who had destined her for the son of an intimate and powerful friend of his. But my sister, on the other hand, was secretly contracted to the young Lord Sandom, whose father, then living, was opposed to their marriage. Without the knowledge either of my uncle or the old lord, they were secretly married. The little Alfred is their son. My sister, under the pretence of benefiting her health, and availing herself of sea-bathing, left the house of her guardian, and put herself under my protection. When the child was born, our great concern was to find a place for it, where it would have the tenderest care. I accidentally heard a touching account of the poverty and humanity of the parish minister of C——, and I came hither to satisfy myself. The manner in which I was treated by you decided me.

"I have forgotten to mention that my sister never returned to her guardian. For about six months ago I won the suit against him, and entered into possession of my patrimony. My uncle instituted a new suit against me for withdrawing my sister from his charge; but the old Lord Sandom died suddenly a few days ago of apoplexy, and my brother-in-law has made his marriage public. So that the suit falls to the ground, and all cause for keeping the child's birth secret is removed. Its parents have now come with me to take the child away, and I have come to take away you and your family, if the proposal I make you shall be accepted.

"During the lawsuit in which I have been engaged, the living, which is in the gift of my family, has remained unoccupied. I have at my disposal this situation, which yields over £200 per annum. You, sir, have lost your place. I shall not be happy unless you come and reside near me and accept this living."

God only knows how I was affected at these words. My eyes were blinded with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands to the man who came a messenger from heaven. I fell upon his breast. Polly threw her arms around him with a cry of delight. Jenny thankfully kissed the baronet's hand. But he snatched it from her with visible agitation, and left us.

My happy children were still holding me in their embraces, and we were still mingling our tears and congratulations, when the baronet returned, bringing his brother-in-law, Lord Sandom, with his wife. The latter was an uncommonly beautiful young lady. Without saluting us, she ran to the cradle of her child. She knelt down over the little Alfred, kissed his cheeks, and wept freely with

mingled pain and delight. Her lord raised her up, and had much trouble in composing her.

When she had recovered her composure, and apologized to us all for her behaviour, she thanked first me, and then Polly, in the most touching terms. Polly disowned all obligation, and pointed to Jenny, who had withdrawn to the window, and said, "My sister there has been its mother!"

Lady Sandom approached Jenny, gazed at her long in silence, and with evidently delighted surprise, and then glanced at her brother with a smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. The dear Jenny, in her modesty, scarcely dared to look up. "I am your debtor," said my lady, "but the service you have rendered to a mother's heart it is impossible for me to repay. Become a sister to me, lovely Jenny; sisters can have no obligations between them." As they embraced each other, the baronet approached. "There stands my poor brother," said my lady; "as you are now my sister, he may stand nearer to your heart, dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny blushed, and said, "He is my father's benefactor."

"Will you not be," replied the lady, "the benefactress of my poor brother? Look kindly on him. If you only knew how he loves you!"

The baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny struggled to withdraw it, "Miss, will you be unkind to me? I am unhappy without this hand." Jenny, much disturbed, let her hand remain in his. The baronet then led my daughter to me, and begged me for my blessing.

"Jenny," said I, "it depends upon thee. Do we dream? Canst thou love him? Do thou decide."

She then turned to the baronet, who stood before her, deeply agitated, and cast upon him a full, penetrating look, and then took his hand in both hers, pressed it to her breast, looked up to heaven, and softly whispered, "God has decided."

I blessed my son and my daughter. They embraced. There was a solemn silence. All eyes were wet.

Suddenly, Polly sprang up, laughing through her tears, and flung herself upon my neck, while she cried, "There! we have it! The New Year's present! Bishop's mitres upon bishop's mitres!"

Little Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe this day. My happy heart is full, and I am continually interrupted.

NOTE.—The author of the foregoing, states by way of preface, that the Vicar of Wakefield appeared in 1772, and that Goldsmith possibly got the first idea of his novel from the British Magazine of 1766, in which there appeared the diary, or rather a fragment of the Diary of a Poor Vicar of Wiltshire. The British Magazine, Zschokke says, asserts the genuineness of the fragment, and pronounces it simple fact. It is impossible, he adds, to prove its genuineness from other than internal evidence. The reader must take it upon trust. It is to be regretted that it is only a fragment. Perhaps, however, it gives us the most important events in the life of the good vicar.

So far the German writer. We have been so fortunate as to fall in with a number of the "Boston Chronicle" of 1766, in which the fragment above referred to was reprinted. We subjoin it here as a curiosity, and that our readers may see how happily the original has been remodelled and enlarged by the German novelist. Is it not possible that Goldsmith himself wrote this fragment, and that we have here the germ of the Vicar of Wakefield? Goldsmith wrote for the periodicals of his day.

## THE JOURNAL OF A WILTSHIRE CURATE.

*Monday.*—Received £10 from my rector, Dr. Snarl, being one half year's salary. Obligated to wait a long time before my admittance to the doctor; and even when admitted was never once asked to sit down or refresh myself, though I had walked eleven miles. Item: the doctor hinted that he could have the curacy filled for £15 a-year.

*Tuesday.*—Paid £9 to seven different people, but could not buy the second-hand pair of black breeches offered me as a great bargain by Cabbage, the tailor; my wife wanting a petticoat above all things, and neither Betsey nor Polly having a shoe to go to church.

*Wednesday.*—My wife bought a petticoat for herself, and shoes for her two daughters; but unluckily in coming home dropped half a guinea, through a hole which she had never before perceived in her pocket, and reduced all our cash in the world to a half crown. Item: chid my poor woman for being afflicted at the misfortune, and tenderly advised her to depend upon the goodness of God.

*Thursday.*—Received a note from the alehouse at the top of the hill, informing me that a gentleman begged to speak to me on pressing business. Went and found it was an unfortunate member of a strolling company of players, who was pledged for 7½d. In a struggle what to do; the baker, though we had paid him but on Tuesday, quarrelled with us, to avoid giving any credit in future; and George Greasy, the butcher, sent us word that he heard it whispered how the rector intended to take a curate who would do the pariah duty at an inferior price; and therefore, though he would do any thing to serve me, advised me to deal with Peter Paunch, at the upper end of the town: mortifying reflections these. But a want of humanity is, in my opinion, a want of justice. The Father of the universe lends his blessings to us with a view that we should relieve a brother in distress; and we consequently do no more than pay a debt, when we perform an act of benevolence. Paid the stranger's reckoning out of the shilling in my pocket, and gave him the remainder of the money to prosecute his journey.

*Friday.*—A very scanty dinner, and pretended therefore to be ill, that by avoiding to eat, I might leave something like enough for my poor wife and the children. I told my wife what I had done with the shilling; the excellent creature, instead of blaming me for the action, blessed the goodness of my heart, and burst into tears. Mem.: Never to contradict her as long as I live;—for the mind that can argue like hers, though it may deviate from the more rigid sentiments of prudence, is even amiable for its indiscretion; and in every lapse from the severity of economy, performs an act of virtue superior to the value of a kingdom.

*Saturday.*—Wrote a sermon, which on Sunday I preached at four different parish churches, and came home excessively weary and excessively hungry; no more money than 2½d. in the house; but see the goodness of God,—the strolling player whom I had relieved, was a man of fortune, who accidentally heard that I was as humane as I was indigent, and from a generous eccentricity of temper wanted to do me an essential piece of service. I had not been an hour at home when he came in, and declaring himself my friend, put a £50 note into my hand, and the next day presented me with a living of £800 a-year.

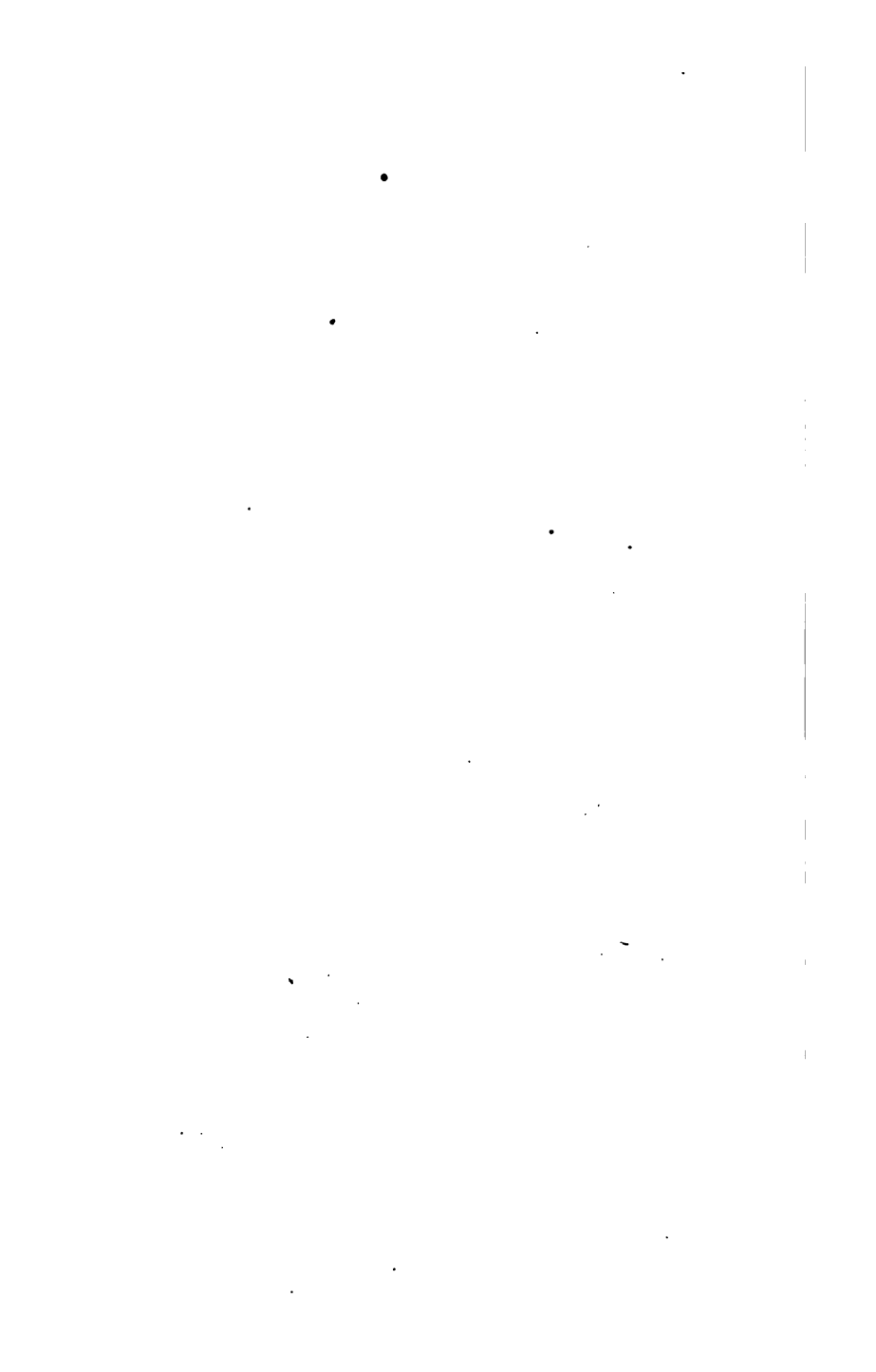


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The Bean.

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## THE BEAN.

H. ZSCHOKKE.

I WAS in despair—so began the young banker Walter at an evening party;—for nine weeks I went everywhere in Vienna, into all parties, under all pretences, and at every police-office I described the lady *Von Tarnau*, her aunt, and the maid-servant; no one could tell whither they had gone. Good advice indeed was not wanting, for that is always cheap. I was directed to all the points of the compass to find my goddess.

She was no longer in Vienna. But although I was told so at the hotel where she had lived, and although I occupied the same room which had once been hers, I still sought her. I was at all churches and masses, at all masquerades and balls, at all plays and places of amusement. Enough—love's labour was lost. My angel had vanished.

Inconsolable, I left the capital, and in the worst winter weather returned home.

But to make the whole singularity of my fate clear to you, I must tell you how I became acquainted with the lady. You will find much in my story that is wonderful, but in love every thing is romance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three years before, I had visited Vienna on business. Our house was threatened with a great loss. I succeeded in averting the misfortune, and then availed myself of the opportunity to participate in the amusements of Vienna. Who knows, thought I, that I shall ever again come to Vienna?

My acquaintances carried me into all companies; I was introduced into many family circles; the mothers received me very kindly, and their fair daughters not less so. I was known to be unmarried, and the name of our house was not unknown to the fathers. I passed everywhere as the rich banker, and was addressed by the title of Mr. *Von Walter*.

On account of the peculiarities of my good old father, I had never thought of marrying. Of course, entirely free, I fluttered from one fair one to another. I loved them all, but no one in particular.

"The lady *Von Tarnau* is every moment expected," lisped an elderly lady near me, at an evening party to a young neighbor.

"She is a dear good creature," replied the young lady addressed; "she would be thought perfectly beautiful, were it not for that horrible defect."

"Ah!" said the elderly lady, "you mean the mole she has on her breast, just below her neck? they say that it is in the form of a mouse!"

"A mouse! Pardon, my dear lady, if it were nothing worse than that, it would not be necessary for her to wrap herself up so like a nun. No, it is just like a camel, with two humps, four legs, and a long neck."

"Don't you believe that!" said another who joined in the conversation. "I know all about it. It is a mole of

a very peculiar kind, of a monstrous size, and covers her whole neck. It is a shocking disfigurement."

"Indeed, that is frightful!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Yes, and if I were so disfigured," said one of the young ladies, modestly casting her eyes down upon the fine gauze which lay upon her fair neck like a cloud on the snow, "I do believe it would kill me."

Others now joined in the conversation; every one confirmed the fact, and all pitied the young lady Von Tarnau on account of this great misfortune.

The door opened. The young lady and her aunt entered.

Had she not already awakened an interest in me through the preceding conversation, she would have riveted my attention by her uncommon beauty and grace. An ideal, such as we sometimes admire in the pictures of Angelica Kaufmann, a—no, smile not, I was not then in love, and now I am married, so I utter nothing but truth.

Enough, the lovely Tarnau won the eyes and hearts of all the gentlemen; they all approached her with an expression of interest, brightened by the tenderest sympathy. But she was impenetrably veiled close up to her chin. This peculiarity of her dress, of course, incessantly reminded one of the mouse, and another of the camel. Ah! thought every one, why was fate so cruel as to deform the sweetest creature under the sun in this dreadful manner!—and, I cannot deny it, I thought so too.

I am not by nature curious, but on that evening this sin plagued me as never before. My eyes continually wandered over the folds of the thick veil; I repeated my voyage of discovery every quarter of an hour. I always

found opportunity to stand next to the fair unfortunate. But in vain.

There was dancing. Several couples had already taken their places. The beautiful Tarnau remained unasked,—how powerful is imagination! I asked her to dance; she gave me her hand. I continued her partner the rest of the evening.

She hovered lightly around me, like one of Titania's elves, in all her motions, smiles, looks, words, full of inexpressible sweetness—Ah! shame upon the masterpiece of Nature, who, in cruel wantonness, had ruined her most beautiful work.

The company separated late. The beautiful unfortunate had enraptured me. She was so innocent and saintly and unconstrained. Ah! happily she knew not what every one else knew! So much the better for her. I was not romantic enough to fancy that I had fallen in love at first sight, although it would not have been strange if I had done so. This much I readily confess, that as yet no woman had ever captivated me to such a degree. A deep sympathy touched my heart; and certainly such an angel deserved at least a little pity!

The next day I had already forgotten—forgotten? no, I will not say that, for one cannot well help thinking of so strange a freak of nature, by which all the magic of beauty was mixed with the hatefulest of hateful things. As I returned from a walk, and ascended the steps of the hotel, I suddenly met the lady and her aunt descending.

Naturally enough we stopped and exchanged friendly inquiries. Surprise was expressed on both sides that we should have been residing under the same roof without knowing it. I showed my pleasure at the discovery, and

begged permission at suitable hours to see the ladies in their apartments. At the word "see," I really looked—for my curiosity again arose—towards the region of the horrid mole, but a thick shawl, carefully pinned under her chin, covered the young lady's breast and shoulders, and therefore I preferred to look at the angelic, beautiful face above.

They went down the steps, and I went hastily into my room, in order to have another sight of that delicate form from my window. They got into a carriage and drove off. Ah, sighed I, what a pity that such an angel should be so terribly disfigured!

I did not forget the permission they had given me to come and see them, and from time to time I made the ladies a visit. They were, like myself, strangers in Vienna, and had been introduced to my friend, at whose house, a few evenings before, I had become acquainted with them, by an Augsburg firm, from whom they received their funds.

I attended my fellow-boarders to the promenade, to the theatre, and to all places where there was any thing to be seen. The beautiful Josephine—for so her aunt called her—manifested the fine qualities of her mind and heart the more I became acquainted with her. But it did not escape me that the longer our acquaintance lasted, the more carefully did she conceal her unfortunate disfigured breast. Josephine was the most perfect woman that I had ever seen in my life; but nothing under the sun is quite perfect.

As we saw each other daily, we became every day more intimate. At last it seemed as if I wholly belonged to them. The aunt treated me with the familiarity

which grows out of travelling in company. In Josephine's manner of addressing me I fancied that I perceived some tender marks of friendship.

When I was occasionally prevented from joining the ladies by business, I was compelled to listen to some slight reproaches; and when Josephine, sitting motionless and silent, would fix her eyes upon me as if she sought to look into my very soul, and ask, *Who art thou?*—ah! it is impossible to say how I then felt.

But at last no business ever hindered me, and I came punctually with the clock.

My heaven, however, did not last long. I received a letter from home. My good father had had an apoplectic stroke; he longed to see me. It was necessary that I should use the utmost haste if I would again embrace him in this world.

The letter arrived in the morning. In half an hour all was packed, and the post-coach stood at the door of the hotel. I was almost out of my senses with anxiety. My servant announced that all was ready. I went down to the street like one in a dream. The thought of taking leave of my fellow-boarders never occurred to me; and I was just about to jump into the coach, when a voice from above called to me, "*Where are you going?*"

It was the sweet voice of Josephine. I looked up; she stood at the window and repeated the question. My recollection returned. I flew back into the hotel and up stairs to obey the dictates, if not of friendship, at least of politeness.

I knocked at the door, and it sprang open. Josephine, still in her morning-dress, came towards me, but starting back with an expression of the liveliest alarm—

"Gracious heaven!" cried she, "what is the matter with you? What has happened? How pale and ghastly you look!"

As she said this with great emotion, and stretched out her hand to seize mine, the Cashmere shawl which she had thrown loosely over her fell open in front. And—may the shade of my honored father pardon me—but curiosity is a most unfortunate sin—I forgot journey, apoplexy, and extra post, and had eyes only for the revealed secret of Josephine's breast.

Imagine my astonishment!—I saw a breast as white and clear as ivory, and, two inches below the dimple of her alabaster throat, the unfortunate mole. But it was no mouse, no camel; only a dark-brown spot on the skin about the size and the shape of a small *bean*. I could have sworn that a pretty brown bean was lying on the blinding snow.

Josephine, blushing, drew the shawl together again,—but I could not speak. Whether it were the apoplexy or the bean—enough, I stood confounded like a statue.

"For heaven's sake!" cried her aunt, "tell us what has happened to you! Have you met with any misfortune?"

"My father has had an apoplectic stroke—he is at the point of death—I must leave you."

I could say no more. I kissed the ladies' hands, and took leave. For a moment, but only for a moment, Josephine held my hand convulsively grasped in hers. Her countenance was pale, and her eyes wet; perhaps it was not so, for I hardly saw any thing. Every thing danced before my eyes.

Once in the carriage, I thought of nothing but my



dear father's death-bed. I travelled day and night in a perfect fever. The days thus spent were the most painful of my life. I had only a few happy moments amidst the confused dreams that hovered before me. Only now and then did Morpheus or the fever show me the bean in the snow.

When at last the coach stopped before the paternal mansion, some of my relatives habited in mourning came out to meet me. I was too late. My father had left the world, and his ashes already rested in the tomb.

I will not say how violent was my grief. With all his humors, I loved my father with the most filial tenderness. Grief and the excitement of the journey prostrated my health. I was seized with a violent fever, which was really a benefit to me, as I became wholly unconscious. For three months I did not leave my bed. When I recovered, and the world and the past came back to me, emerging, as it were, out of a cloud, I was as cold and indifferent as if nothing had happened, as if I had lost all feeling.

The affairs of our house had been thrown into some confusion by the death of my father and the long continuance of my illness. Happily for me, labor and occupation were afforded me.

Within a year and a day, however, every thing was put to rights, and I was the master of my house. And when the black crape disappeared from my arm and hat, aunts and cousins thronged around me, full of marriage plans. Such manifestations of cousinly and auntly regard are as necessary and unavoidable as birth and death. I let the matchmakers have their way, and troubled myself very little about their advice or their plans. No cousin, no

aunt—Hymen's ever-ready servants—can ever effect so much as simply a single pretty maiden, and at the right hour. But in our whole city and neighborhood there was no pretty maiden—no, that is a calumny: it was the magic hour that had not come.

Nevertheless, this continual questioning and answering brought me to reflection; I really perceived that I was alone, and that I wanted something. My house, since my father's death, had become a wilderness. And yet, among the ten thousand young ladies whom I had ever seen, I knew no one with whom I should like to share my life and my wilderness.

My residence in Vienna and the beautiful Tarnau suddenly occurred to me, I know not how, for it was a long-forgotten story. Fortunately, I was alone in my room, for I believe that I grew fire-red at the remembrance; at last I suddenly sprung up from the sofa, stretched my arms far out into the air as if to embrace the heavenly image, and sighed—no, I called aloud with mingled rapture and pain, "Josephine! Josephine!"

That was, I believe, the magic hour.—To increase my disquiet, the very next night the god of dreams showed me *the bean in the snow*. Josephine was beautiful enough in herself, but my enamored imagination illuminated her with unearthly beauty. Let no one laugh—I had gone to bed sober, but I arose the next morning intoxicated with love.

Now, indeed, was my house desert and waste, as the old Chaos of Creation might have been. I sought Josephine everywhere; I saw her everywhere. I thought of her as my wife, now at the pleasant window, with her little work-basket; now at the piano, and myself behind

her listening; and now at my side on the sofa at a little round breakfast-table. In the tumult of my imagination, all her indescribable grace, her smile, her look, and her nightingale tones became ever more bewitching. I was no longer master of myself; I was lost in a conflict of emotions of all sorts; at one time I was upon the point of shouting aloud from very ecstasy, so bright were my dreams, and then, again, I was ready to weep. When I thought how Josephine, perhaps, might reject me, sometimes, I believe, I really did shout and weep, for I was like a wild dreamer, who is only at home with his ideal, and is deaf and blind to the outward world.

This condition was intolerable. I arranged my business, ordered post-horses, and flew to Vienna.

It is true, some sober considerations now and then occurred to me on the way. How much might she have changed in sixteen months! thought I. Perhaps she loves another. Perhaps she is married. She may not be at her own disposal. She is too young, and has parents and relatives, and they have views which neither of us know of; or she may be of high rank.

I then thought over our former friendly intimacy, and consoled myself with the remembrance of her pale countenance, her suffused eyes, and her ardent, involuntary pressure of my hand when we parted. In all these things I found proof of Josephine's interest in me—proofs even of love, although these circumstances might have been interpreted in a different way. But that I might not utterly despair, I was forced to conclude on the whole that the lady Von Tarnau was not indifferent to me. Better not to live, than to live without her; better deluded and happy, than knowing the truth and miserable!

Filled with these thoughts, I again approached Vienna. But when I saw the steeples and roofs in the distance, it occurred to me that, although I had considered all chances, I had not taken into account that a year ago Josephine was a stranger like myself in Vienna, and could hardly be in Vienna still.

\* \* \* \* \*

How I fared in Vienna, I have already told you. The lady Von Tarnau had vanished. The hotel had passed into new hands; and so there was no one to give me any information. My acquaintances knew as little of her and her whereabouts as I. They wrote at my request to Augsburg, whence she or her aunt had brought letters of credit and introduction. But the Augsburg correspondent had in the mean time died, and his heirs could give intelligence of no lady Von Tarnau.

Enough: I was in despair. I was most heartily vexed with myself. For was it not my own fault, that, during my first stay in Vienna, I had been so unpardonably negligent as not to inform myself of her family and residence? Indeed, then I never once thought that I was going to fall in love with her a year and a quarter afterwards.

In the midst of my trouble, what enlivened me the most, although it increased my passion, was—her room. That room I now occupied. I found the same furniture still there, the very chair on which she sat, and the table at which she wrote. The whole past lived so vividly before my eyes and around me, that I absolutely sprung up from my seat all in a flutter, upon the slightest noise at the door, thinking that it was she herself and her aunt coming in.

In the room itself nothing remained unsearched, for I still hoped to discover some trace of her. Twenty times did I examine the walls from the floor to the ceiling to find, among the signatures of travellers there, her name, or something that would lead to the discovery of her home. All in vain!

Odd—but trifling enough, the very first day I went into the room, I found in the drawer of the writing-table—let no one laugh—a beautiful, shining, brown *Bean*. You know what a sacred symbol this vegetable had become to me, and now I had found it in Josephine's room! I took up the bean with the greatest care. And as I now gave up the fond hope of ever finding the loveliest being upon earth, I took the bean to a jeweller, and had it set in gold, in order to wear it continually by a silken guard round my neck, as a memento of the loveliest of her sex and of my sad romance.

I then left Vienna. I was unhappy and comfortless. I swore never to marry. Ah, one swears many things in his haste!

\* \* \* \*

I returned to my native city like a widower. All young ladies appeared to me intolerable, stale, common; I buried myself in business; I diverted my mind by engaging in large speculations; saw no company, made no visits. Josephine's image hovered continually around me like a guardian angel, and the bean upon my breast was as precious a possession as if it had been bestowed by her own hand. Let no one grudge the unhappy his dreams! I even at last imagined that the beautiful Tarnau had herself placed the bean in the drawer of the writing-table. A happy fancy is in the end as good

as any philosophy by which one would fain console himself.

My outward man, indeed, was not indicative of this wonderful happiness; for all thought me melancholy, sick, and like to die. Aunts and cousins beset me with entreaties, invitations, and plans of pleasure; even physicians were sent to my house. I would have nothing to do with them.

To free myself from my tormentors, and to show that I was still like other men, I went now and then to some of the evening parties at the houses of my friends.

One evening I accepted an invitation to Councillor Hildebrande's. Now you shall hear the catastrophe of my story.

\* \* \* \*

I went to the councillor's. The company were all known to me, with the exception of one person, who was introduced to me as a lieutenant-colonel in the Russian service, and who had lately come into possession of an estate about a league and a half from the city. To this, however, I did not pay much attention at the moment. I bowed silently, laid aside my hat and took my seat. Conversation was lively;—so much the better for me; I had no especial desire to talk.

The Russian officer, a large, stout man, of an agreeable and dignified figure, already past sixty, still full of animation, chiefly engaged my attention. He had a ribbon at his button-hole, and a couple of scars on his forehead and cheek. His voice was loud and authoritative; it was easy to see in him a commanding officer. The conversation turned now upon Persia, and now upon Moldau, where the lieutenant-colonel had made campaigns. The

company listened to him with pleasure, and he told his stories well.

After supper the conversation grew still more lively. The old officer told of a battle, in which, wounded in the breast, he had fallen from his horse and been taken prisoner by the Turks. When in the excitement of his narrative he tore open his vest to show the wound, we remarked that he wore next to his heart a little golden locket fastened by a silken guard. He drew out the locket and exclaimed: "The Janissaries robbed me of every thing; but this jewel, the most precious of my possessions, I saved!"

Of course, all imagined that it must be a diamond of uncommon size, or a pearl of immense value, one of his Eastern spoils.

"Oh, not at all," cried he, "it is only a *bean*!"

"A *bean*!" exclaimed every one.

At these words I became, I believe, red as fire or pale as death, or both by turns, for I could not command myself for surprise. "How comes the man by a bean which he wears set in gold like a sacred relic, just like me?" thought I. Let any one imagine himself in my situation, and he will know how I felt. I longed to learn why he wore the bean. But I was confounded; I could not bring out a syllable. I tossed off a glass of punch to get courage to ask the question. But I was saved the trouble by all present.

"I will willingly tell you," said the old officer, and filled his pipe; "but I am afraid the story is not sufficiently interesting. Fill your pipes, gentlemen."

Every one obeyed, even I, although I was no smoker. But I took the cold pipe between my lips, from pure fear

that the colonel should refuse to proceed, if he saw me without his favorite instrument.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gentlemen, I was a cadet in my fifteenth year, and a lieutenant in my twentieth, said the old gentleman.—But in his five-and-twentieth one is something more than a mere lieutenant. He is a god, *nota bene!* if he is in love. And that was I.

Our colonel had a daughter, the most beautiful and bewitching maiden in the whole kingdom, and I had, along with two sound eyes, an extra sound heart. This explains every thing. The young countess of Obendorf—but I love to call her to myself by her baptismal name of Sophia, for, *nota bene!* I was no count—Sophia then was sixteen years old, and I, as I said before, five-and-twenty; you can easily imagine what mischief arose therefrom. It was quite unavoidable, I assure you. You all see that plainly enough; but the colonel, who had the eye of a hawk in regimental matters, did not see it at all; but my love, *nota bene!* was no regimental matter: for the rest, I stood very high with him; he was as fond of me as a son. He had known my parents, who were no longer living; he stood to me as a father, and I would have given any thing in the world to have been his son. But that was not to be thought of. He was a colonel, I a lieutenant; he a count, I not; he rich as Croesus, I poor as a church-mouse. Now you know all. The distance between us was too great.

The countess Sophia did not make such nice distinctions about titles and wealth as the old colonel, and yet in many things she was more prudent than he.

I remarked, indeed, that she treated me in a more



friendly manner than any other of the officers ; that she liked best to talk with me ; liked best to dance with me ; liked best to walk with me in the garden in summer, and to go sleighing with me in the winter,—however, I could not conclude from all this whether she loved me. But that I loved, adored, idolized her, that I knew, and that I knew only too well.

A thousand times was I ready to declare myself, and throw myself at her feet—but, good heavens ! I have since gone with my battalion to storm a battery with a lighter heart than I was able then to advance a single step towards Sophia. It will not do, said I.

But I will not detain you longer with the history of my love and sufferings, but proceed directly to the main point.

One evening I had to carry a report to the colonel. He was not at home ; that, indeed, was no great misfortune, for the countess Sophia was sitting all alone, and she permitted me to await her father's return in her company.

How curious it was ! If we met at large parties, it seemed as if there would be no end to our talk ; but when we were alone, *tête-à-tête*, as they say, we knew not what to say, nay, we knew well enough, but, *nota bene* ! we could not say it ! Whether you ever experienced such fatalities, gentlemen, in your young days, I know not.

On the table before the young countess lay a draught-board, upon which a certain game was played with a number of white and brown beans.

After a long pause in our conversation—but, *nota bene* ! such pauses were any thing but tedious—the countess invited me to play. She gave me the brown beans and kept the white. They belonged to her, of course, on account of their color,—the emblem of innocence. We played.

The countess won. That led to quarreling, and I liked to quarrel with her, for then I could say many things to her that I could never muster courage to say in cold blood.

And now it was just as if we were in a large party; that is, we talked fast enough about the stakes. The countess Sophia had spirit and wit; she laughed, and teased me, and drove me so with her sallies into a corner, that in my despair I knew not what to answer. In my vexation I took up one of my brown beans, and to punish the beautiful jester, who laughed at me so roguishly, threw it at her. The bean made a parabola and threatened the delicate nose of my opponent, but as she drew back her pretty head to avoid the light bomb—Ah, my shot fell through the folds of her neckerchief down into her bosom. Luckily it was no arrow!

I was terribly frightened, and was all in a glow in my agony. Sophia blushed, and cast her eyes modestly down. Jest, play, and quarrel were now all at an end. I could not speak, and she was silent. I feared that I had incurred her anger through my awkwardness. I looked timidly towards her, she raised her eyes and cast upon me rather a dark look—that I could not bear. I arose, and bent my knee before the adored one, pressed her hand to my lips and implored pardon. She answered not a syllable, yet she did not draw away her hand from me.

“O countess! O dear Sophia! don’t be vexed with me. I should die,” cried I, “if you were angry with me. For only for you, only through you do I live. Without you life is worthless. You are my life, my heaven, my all.”

Enough; one word followed another. How much did I say to her with tears in my eyes, and with tears in her eyes how much did she listen to! I begged for an answer

and yet gave her no time for an answer, and, *nota bene* ! the colonel stood three steps from us in the room without either of us having seen or heard him enter. I believe he must have glided in like a ghost ! God save him ! he is now in Paradise.

His awful voice startled us like a clap of thunder, as he poured out upon us a whole string of regimental oaths, old and new. I sprang up before him. Sophia, without losing her presence of mind, did the same. We were on the point of excusing ourselves, if there really was any thing to be excused. But he would not allow us to utter a word.

"Silence !" shouted he, as if, instead of two poor sinners, he had to deal with a couple of regiments of cavalry. "You, Sophia, depart to-morrow—and you, Mr. Lieutenant, will please ask your dismissal, and quit the province, or you are a dead man."

With this he turned upon his heel and left the room. I must confess, the prudence of the man in the midst of his fury was worthy of admiration ; for I hold it was very prudent in him that he left us alone ; we had still much to say to each other.

The countess Sophia stood there in the middle of the room with her pretty head sunk upon her breast, and her hands negligently folded before her like a statue.

"O Sophia !" said I, and rushed towards her, and folding her in my arms, pressed her fervently to my heart : "Sophia, now I lose you forever !"

"No," she replied firmly, "not forever ; so long as I breathe shall your image live in my heart." And this was said in a tone—Oh, with a voice that thrilled every nerve in me.

"Am I really dear to you, Sophia?" I whispered, and pressed my burning lips to her rosy mouth. She did not say *yes*, she did not say *no*, but she returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in the body; I touched the stars; I knew the happiness of the seraphim.

She wept; her sobs recalled me to myself.

"O Sophia," cried I, sinking at her feet and embracing her knees: "I swear it to you, I am yours alone as long as I breathe and wherever my fate shall bear me!"

A deathlike silence ensued. Our souls were silently swearing eternal fidelity. Suddenly something fell upon the floor. It was the unfortunate bean, to which we owed all our wretchedness. I took it up, arose, and held it out to Sophia, saying, "This is the work of Providence! I will keep it as a remembrancer of this evening."

"Yes, it is a providence!" whispered she, and turned and went into the next room.

The following morning, or rather in the night, she travelled off. The colonel treated me on parade with the most scornful coldness. I applied for my dismissal, received it and went off. Whither I cared not. Friends gave me letters to Petersburg and supplied me with travelling money.

"It is a providence!" thought I, and started for the rough North. Sophia was lost to me forever; nothing remained to me but the painful remembrance and the bean. This I had set in gold, and I have now faithfully worn it next my heart for two-and-forty years.

My letters soon obtained for me a lieutenant's commission. I was somewhat indifferent to life, and so was somewhat brave. I fought in Asia and Europe, got booty,

honor, orders, and whatever else a soldier desires. After some twenty years I got to be a lieutenant-colonel. I had grown old; my early history was, indeed, forgotten, but, *nota bene!* the bean was still dear to me.

When I was taken prisoner by the Janissaries at the battle of Hinburn, in the year '88,—we had a hot day of it, the prince of Nassau made his cause good by the way,—they stripped me of every thing; but the sacred bean they did not find; it was completely soaked in my blood. I expected nothing but death. For two days I was dragged about by the infidels; but, incessantly pursued by our cavalry, they at last left me lying half dead. So our people found me. They took pity on me and carried me to the hospital, and, to complete my restoration, I was sent at the head of a transport back to Moscow.

The repose pleased me. I had to live, and therefore life became dear to me. After twenty years' service and seven honorable wounds, I could reasonably look for an honorable dismissal. I received it with a pension; that was all very well, but, *nota bene!* I was not long contented. Moscow is an agreeable city, but for one of us, who are no merchants, rather dull. Petersburg is a beautiful place, but all its splendor was not enough to make me forget the little town where I had been in garrison twenty years before with Colonel von Obendorf, and, *nota bene!* with Sophia.

There was nothing to delay me. "Do you not wish once more to see the little town, and, perhaps, also the beloved of thy youth, who is now either a grandmamma, or is—dead?" Blessed heaven! how much she must have changed in the mean time! thought I.

I received my passports and departed I looked about

me in all the cities through which I passed, for I had nothing to hasten me, and so I approached our former garrison town.

How my heart beat when I saw the black-pointed church-spire with its golden ball, rise behind the numerous gardens and orchards! but, nota bene! it was not the spire; but I thought of Sophia, and that her grave might not be far from the spire.

No one in the town knew me. It is very true, a quarter of a century is a long time. The regiment to which I formerly belonged was no longer there, and the station was occupied by dragoons; Colonel von Obendorf had died many years before, and his daughter had removed to her estates in Moravia, that is, not far from Brunn. Whether she were still living no one knew.

Shall I go there, too? thought I: and if she be lying in her grave, then go to her grave and take from it some earth and have it enclosed in gold and wear it instead of the bean?

In Brunn I learned with joyful surprise that she was still alive, and resided five leagues from the city on a beautiful estate, and was still called the Countess von Obendorf.

Instantly I was up and away. They showed me a beautiful country-seat surrounded by gardens laid out with great taste. "There she lives!"—I trembled again as I had formerly done when a lieutenant, and as I never had done before the Turks.

I got out of the carriage. Already I saw the lovely one, and how full of heavenly grace and emotion she would receive me. Ah! woman's heart! Does she love me still? thought I, and proceeded with an uncertain step through the garden.

Before the house, under an arbor of blooming red acacias, sat two elderly ladies, and two young ladies. They were reading. But Sophia I saw not.

I apologized for the interruption I had occasioned; for they all seemed surprised at my sudden appearance.

"Whom do you wish to see?" asked one of the elderly ladies.

"May I have the honor to pay my respects to the Countess Sophia of Obendorf?" said I.

"I am she," replied to my amazement the lady who appeared to be somewhat near forty. I felt as if I should have an attack of vertigo.

"Permit me to sit down; I am not well!" sighed I; and seated myself without waiting for an answer. What a change! Whither had flown the most blooming of all beauties? The illusion passed away; I bethought myself of a quarter of a century. It was Sophia, yes, it was she! but the faded Sophia.

"To whom have I the honor to speak?" asked she. Alas! she knew me no better than I knew her.

I wished to avoid a scene before the two ladies, and therefore begged for a short tête-à-tête. The countess led me into the house, and then into a large room on the left. The first thing that met my eyes was a full-length portrait of her father—I could find no words to speak, my heart was so full. I gazed at the picture till my eyes grew dim with tears.—"Yes, old man," I stammered in a low voice, "look now at thy Sophia!—Oh, thou hast not treated us well!"

The countess stood near me, embarrassed, and apparently alarmed at my declaration. I wished to release her

from her painful situation, and yet could not speak. A feeling of sadness had completely overpowered me.

"You are not well, sir?" said the countess, and she looked uneasily towards the door.

"Oh no!" sighed I; "do you not know me?"

She now fixed her eyes more earnestly upon me, and then gently shook her head. I snatched the bean from my bosom, kneeled before her, and said, "Ah, Sophia, do you still know this bean, which separated us four-and-twenty years ago? I have kept it faithfully—Sophia, you said then, 'There is a providence;' yes, there is one."

"O Heaven!" stammered she, with a faint voice; and, turning from me, went towards a sofa, upon which she threw herself, and sought to conceal her pale face with her hands, but she fainted. She had recognised me. She loved me still.

I called for help to the ladies, who were alarmed at the sight of their friend in a fainting fit, and a strange officer kneeling before her in tears. But before water and smelling-bottles could be brought, the countess came to herself. She rubbed her eyes as if in a dream. Then a flood of tears broke forth; she sobbed as if she were inconsolable, threw her arms around my neck, and called me by name.

Enough, gentlemen, that was a moment! Angels might have wept over us. I had no thought of taking my leave. The countess received me as a guest. Oh, how much had we to say to each other, how faithfully she had loved me!—What the old colonel once prevented, neither he nor his family could prevent any longer. Sophia became my wife; somewhat late, it is true, but yet not too late; our souls still loved with youthful fervor.



My history, or rather the history of this bean, is now at an end, *nota bene!* not quite. For the child that my Sophia bore me brought into the world with her a mark upon her breast just like a bean. Strange freak of nature! But the maiden is only so much the dearer to me.

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Here the lieutenant-colonel ended; but I heard no more. Every thing swam around me; in my ears there was a buzzing and humming like the sea. Only in the midst of it all, the name of Josephine sounded.

The colonel's carriage was announced. "You must not think of going," said the councillor; "I cannot let you go in the night."

"Oh!" said the colonel, "it is a lovely night and bright moonlight."

My carriage was announced also. I arose, went to the colonel, took him by the hand, and said, "Your name is Von Tarnau."

He bowed in the affirmative.

"I beg you to spend this night with me," said I; "much depends upon it. You must not go. I have something important to say to you."

I said this so earnestly, and I might add so unconsciously, and at the same time trembled so violently, that the old man did not know what to make of me. Still he remained firm, and insisted upon going. His obstinacy almost brought me to despair.

"Come," said I, and seizing him by the hand, drew him aside, and showed him my bean; "see—it is not a freak of nature merely—but of fate,—I also wear a bean."

The old gentleman opened his eyes wide, looked at my jewel attentively, and at last said: "With such a talisman one might conjure up a spirit from the grave. I will remain and go with you wherever you please."

He went with the councillor to order away his carriage. As I had appeared to him in rather a suspicious light, he sought further information about me. The councillor was kind enough to say every thing that was pleasant. I understood it the moment they re-entered. The old gentleman was as good-humored as ever. He handed me a glass of punch, and cried, "Long live the beans! and, nota bene! whatever they signify." We drank together. Life came back into me.

"And so you are Mr. Von Walter," said he, after a pause.

"Only Walter, no *Von*."

"And you were in Vienna a year ago?"

"Yes, indeed!" answered I, and I felt as if I were all on fire.

"So, so!" said he. "My sister-in-law has told me a good deal about you. You resided in the same hotel. You paid much attention to the good lady, and she will thank you for it in person."

The conversation now became more general until the company broke up. The lieutenant-colonel went home with me, and I conducted him immediately to his room.

"And now," said he, "I have thus far been obedient. What have you so very important to tell me?"

I began about Vienna, about the aunt, about Josephine.

"I know all about that!" cried he, "but the d—!! what has it to do with the bean you showed me?"

I now laid aside all manoeuvring. He learned all.

"I know all that, too!" cried he again. "But the bean, the bean!"

I then told him of my second journey to Vienna.

He burst out into a laugh, and shook me cordially by the hand.—"Nothing more now!" we will talk more to-morrow. For you see that I have nothing to say about it. What do you want of me?—To-morrow we will ride out to my house. There you will see Josephine, and become acquainted with my Sophia, that's clear; people must get acquainted with one another."

We separated; I went to bed, but could not sleep without feverish dreams.

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"Come, Mr. Walter, out with the truth!" said the old gentleman to me the following morning at breakfast; "I know you are a rich man; I see you are a young one, from whom the girls will not run away into a nunnery; I hear you are an honest man, whom all the world respects; and I now learn from yourself that you are a man in love; but all this together is not enough without—"

"My family is not noble!" interrupted I.

"That's not it, Sir, where mind and heart have a diploma of nobility from heaven, man's diploma may be dispensed with. I was no nobleman, and yet the countess Sophia loved me."

"What then is wanting?" asked I.

"That I will tell you now, because, nota bene! it is morning. In the evening, when one is oppressed with the toil and care of the whole day, and the strong man becomes weak, and the greatest man somewhat less, one ought not to lay the least straw upon his shoulder, so out

with the truth. With your bean there it is a very different thing from mine. Mine was the work of providence; first, a stumbling-block; then, a corner-stone and main pillar of true love; finally, a world, which flung itself between two long-united hearts, and at last the magnet that drew us together again. Your love is a mere freak of imagination. I lived for Sophia from the very first moment I saw her; but it was not until a good year after you first became acquainted with Josephine that you fell in love with her. Understand me. I mean no insinuations. You will awake from your dream, when you see my daughter again, and the heavenly creation of your imagination is changed into a quite human maiden. Finally, and, *nota bene!* let us take the bull by the horns, Josephine loves you not."

"That is hard!" sighed I; "but are you sure of it?"

"We will go out to-day to my country seat, and you can convince yourself. What I know of your stay in Vienna, I have learned from my sister-in-law, not from my daughter, who, perhaps, hardly remembers your name. Besides, we have a dangerous neighbor, the young count Von Holten. He visits us often. Josephine is always glad to see him. I have often caught her looking at him for some moments with evident pleasure, and when she found me observing her, she would blush fire-red, and skip laughing and singing away."

"If that is the case, colonel," said I, after a long pause, in which I sought to collect myself, "I will not go with you. It is best for me never to see your daughter again."

"There you are mistaken. I am anxious for your

peace of mind. You must see her to correct your imagination, and recover yourself completely."

After many pros and cons I took my seat beside him in the carriage; indeed, I began to perceive that my imagination might have been playing me a trick. As long as I lived alone in my love-dreams, I became so intimate with my ideal, I adorned Josephine with such unearthly charms, I painted her—for that my enthusiasm could easily do—so gentle, so tender, so true, and so silent an object of love, that the very first moment I exchanged a word upon the state of my heart with a third person, I instantly perceived that one-half of my story was an invention of my own. So long as a thought or feeling remains unexpressed, we know not its form. It is the garment of the thought, the word, that first gives it definiteness, and separates the dream from the reality, and puts the mind in a situation to judge of it as of something apart from itself.

It was a beautiful morning in June, when we set out for the residence of the Von Tarnaus, and—what astonished myself—my mind was as clear and quiet as it had been a year before. My civil and polite relations to Josephine and her aunt during my first visit to Vienna came up to my remembrance so distinctly that I could not even imagine how I could have been thrown into such a fever only the day before, and for days and months previous. Yes, and the worst of it was, that I saw now that I had not loved Josephine in Vienna, and that even now I did not love her, although I might find her very lovely.

The carriage stopped before a simple villa. The servants appeared. The colonel conducted me into

a parlor, where two elderly ladies came forward to welcome us.

He mentioned my name, and then said, while he put his arm round the elder of the two: "And this is my Sophia!"

I bowed respectfully to the old lady of threescore, who had become very interesting to me through the narrative of the evening before. "Oh!" sighed I in my heart, "what are youth and beauty?"

I could almost have believed that the experienced old soldier read in my eyes the meaning of my sigh. For he pressed his wife's hand to his lips, and said, laughingly, "Is it not so, my dear? When one sees old ladies and gentlemen, one can hardly convince himself that they have once been young; and when one sees a maiden in all the freshness of her bloom, he is ready to wager that she never can have wrinkles and gray hair."

Josephine's aunt recognised me as quickly as I did her. She said many obliging things to me. We sat down to the table, and took a second breakfast for the sake of the ladies' company.

"And where does Josephine keep herself?" asked the old man; "she will be glad to renew her Vienna acquaintance."

"She is out in the garden with Count Holten to enjoy the auriculas before the sun is too high," replied her aunt; and here I got a little chill. All my old imaginations were over. I collected myself instantly. I never had had any claims here; and so I had none to lose. I began to be almost ashamed of the follies of my heart and of the tricks of my imagination. I became lively, fell in with the merry tone of the company, and even

related to the aunt how painfully I had missed her upon my second visit to Vienna.

During the conversation a young man entered of a noble mien. His countenance was pale, his eye dark and gloomy, his manner strange and disturbed.

"Ladies," said he, in a hasty and subdued tone, as if he had studied his speech, "permit me to take my leave of you. I must return to-day to the Residence—I have—I am—I shall, perhaps, be absent for some time, perhaps make a long journey."

The colonel turned and looked fixedly at him. "What disturbs you, Count Holten?" cried he; "you look as if you had committed a murder."

"No," replied he, with a forced smile, "rather like a man who has been murdered."

And with that he kissed the ladies' hands, embraced the colonel, and rushed out of the house without saying another word. The colonel followed him in all haste. The ladies were greatly embarrassed. I learned that this young man was their neighbor Count Holten; that the evening before, as he had often done, he had come to pay them a visit, had appeared very happy an hour before, and was now no more like himself.

"What has happened to him?" asked the ladies, when the colonel after some time returned.

The old gentleman looked very serious, shook his head, smiled across to his Sophia, and said, "You must ask Josephine."

"Has she offended him?" inquired the aunt, alarmed.

"That is as people take it!" replied he; "it is a long story, but the count told it in two or three words: 'I loved and was not loved in return.'"

Just then the door opened, and Miss Von Tarnau entered. It was she, and more lovely, more beautiful than when I saw her in Vienna, more graceful than in my dreams. I arose, but when I would approach her, my knees trembled, I was rooted to the spot—I stammered out some disconnected words—I was at once the most happy and the most miserable of mortals.

Josephine stood at the door blushing deeply; she gazed at me as at an apparition, and then recovering from her surprise, smilingly approached the table after the first exchange of salutations; the riddle of our unexpected meeting was solved. I related how I had learned her whereabouts only the day before; and she, how her father had bought the Moravian estate, and had settled down here in the midst of the most charming landscape in the world.

“Ah, aunt, dear aunt!” cried she, taking her aunt’s hand in both hers, and pressing it to her heart, while she threw upon me a look which sparkled with no doubtful joy, “did not I tell you so? Was I not right?”

The good aunt smiled, and cast a silencing look upon Josephine. Her mother cast her eyes down to conceal a certain embarrassment. Her old father looked inquiringly from one to the other, arose, and whispered in my ear with a loud voice: “Mr. Walter, I guess you have found the bean in the right place at last.—But you, Josephine, what have you done to Count Holten, that he has gone off in such a fury?”

Josephine answered evasively. We all arose and went into the garden. The lieutenant-colonel showed me his meadows, fields, outhouses, stables, &c., whilst the ladies were in lively conversation in the summer-house. After



a tedious half hour we returned to them from this domestic survey. The old gentleman was called aside, and Josephine left to entertain me.

I intended to be very reserved towards Josephine,—I was afraid of the fate of Count Holten. We spoke of our acquaintance in Vienna, of our former intercourse, walks, and various little incidents. "Ah!" cried Josephine, "if you only knew how grieved we were on your account, when you were so suddenly called away from us. Certainly, there has not been a moment since—yes, we have often talked about you."

And now—how could I have done otherwise?—now I told her my whole story, my second journey to Vienna, my possession of her apartments—and ever more softly, ever more timidly—the finding of the bean—my return to my native city—the history of the evening before. Here I paused. I did not dare to look up. I played in the sand with my foot. Josephine's silence lasted a long while.

At last I thought I heard a sob. I looked up. She had hidden her face in her handkerchief. With a trembling voice I asked, "For heaven's sake, Miss Josephine, has my frankness displeased you?"

She let the handkerchief fall, and looked at me smiling through her tears. "Is it all true?" she asked, after a pause. I tore the bean from my neck, and held it up before her, with the words, "Here is my witness."

She took the bean, as if from curiosity, merely to examine the setting. Her tears flowed still more freely. Leaning on my arm, she laid her forehead on my shoulder, and whispered, "I believe in a providence, Walter!"

I clasped the lovely creature to my heart, and cried, "Now I could die!" She looked up at me alarmed.

The voices of persons approaching through the shrubbery warned us to go and meet them. Josephine still had the bean in her hand when we stood before her parents. The colonel saw it, and laughed aloud. Josephine hid her beautiful face in her mother's bosom—Yet why more words? You well know that Josephine is my wife; I wished to relate to you only the romance of my love.

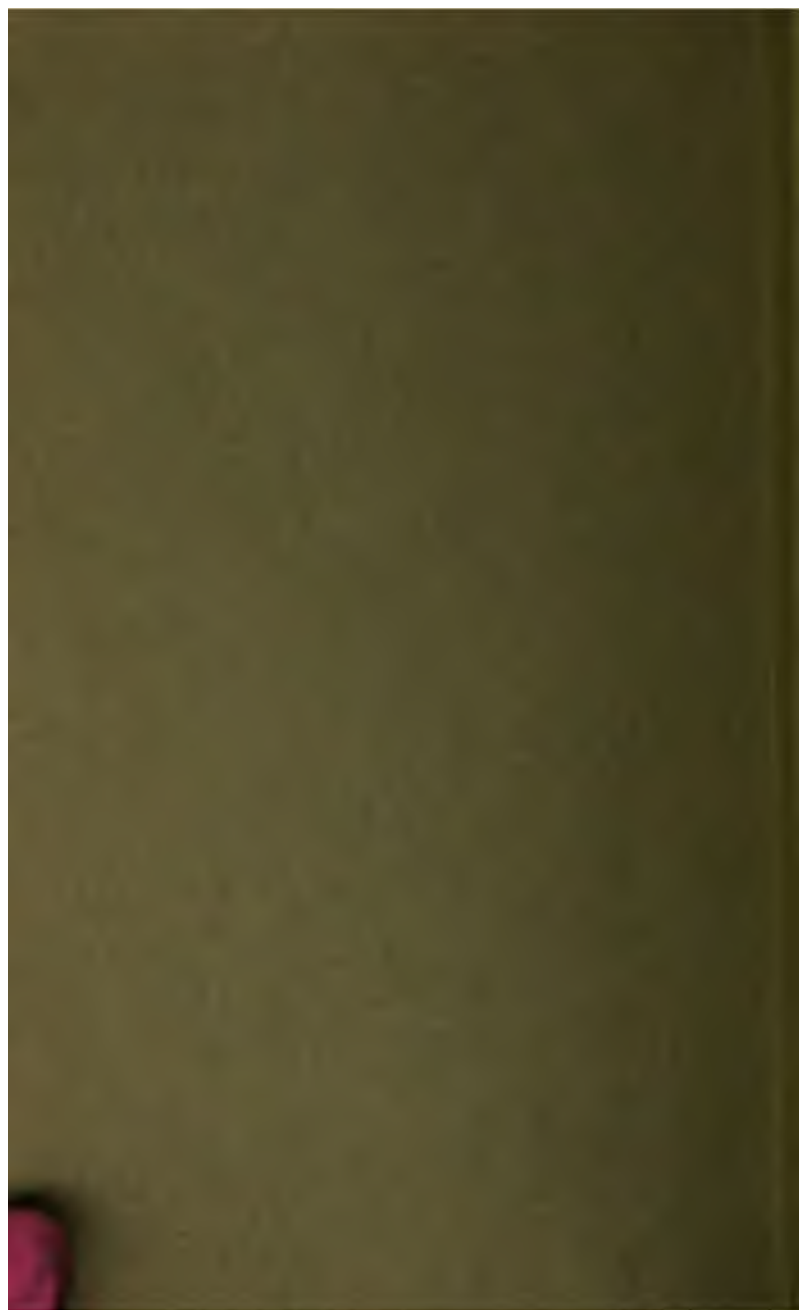
THE END.

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1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the addresses are listed below each name. The list includes the names of the members of the committee, the names of the members of the sub-committee, and the names of the members of the advisory committee. The addresses are listed in the same order as the names.



MAY 5 - 1931





